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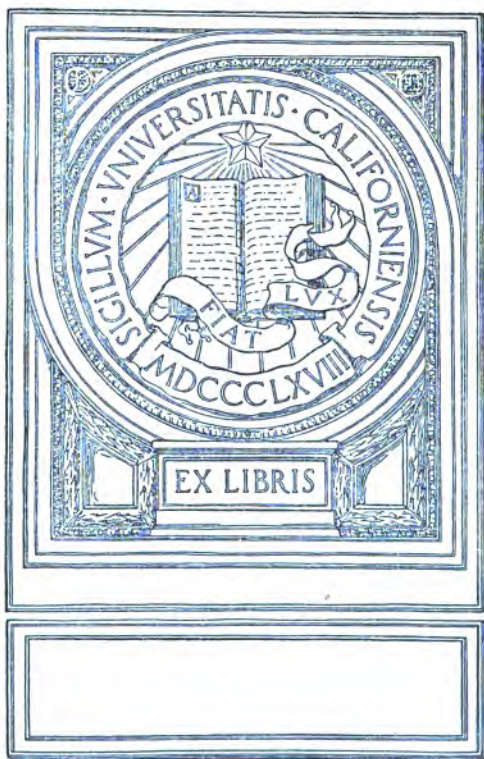
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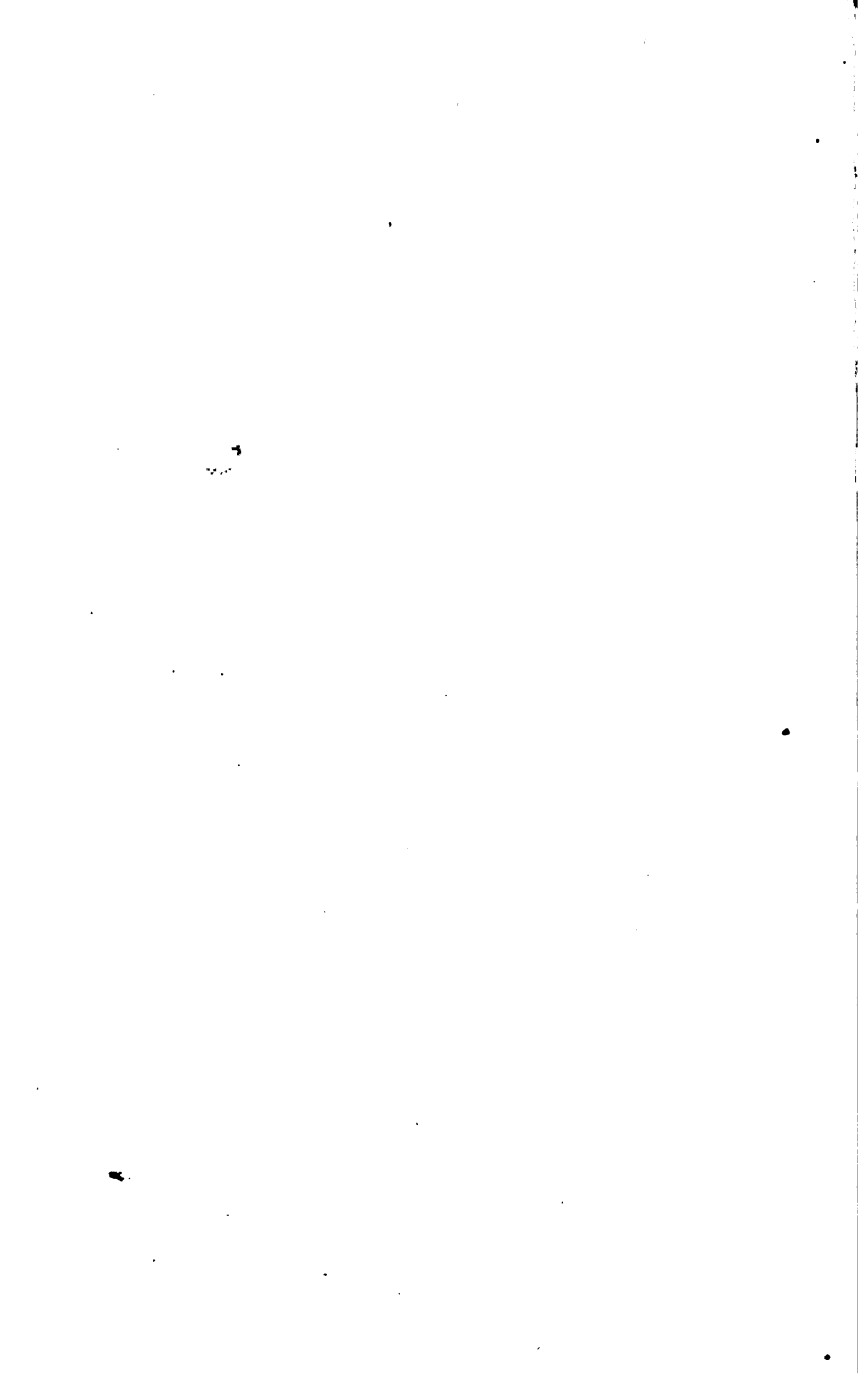
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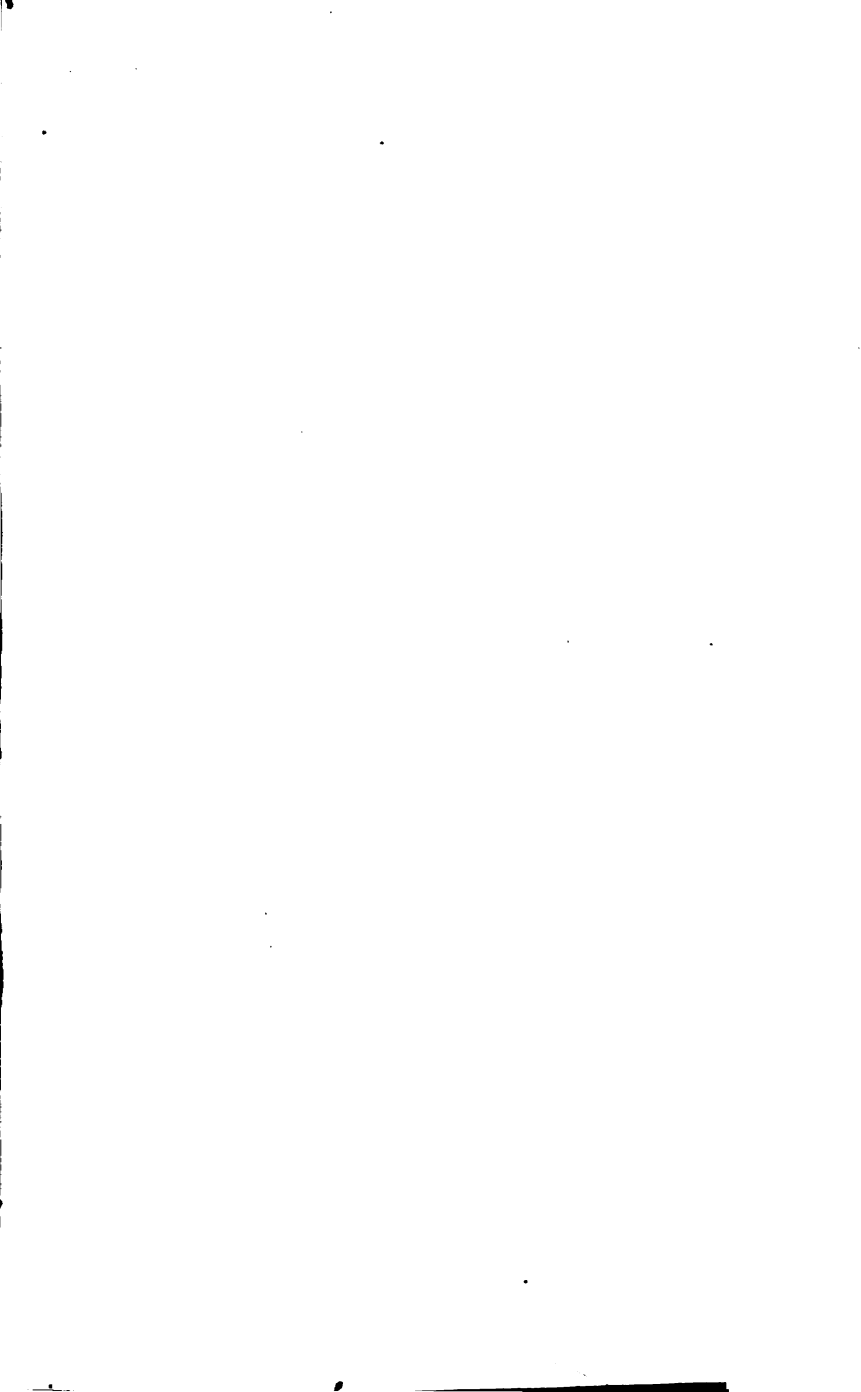
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P O E T S

AND

POETRY OF VERMONT.

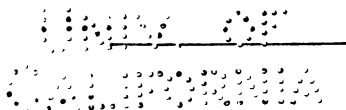
EDITED BY

ABBY MARIA HEMENWAY.

/

SWEET are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song.

—KEATS.



RUTLAND:
GEORGE A. TUTTLE & COMPANY.
1858.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
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The figure consists of two parts. The top part shows a single hexagon with vertices labeled a, b, c, d, e, f in clockwise order starting from the top-left. The bottom part shows a larger section of the lattice with vertices labeled a through i . The vertices are arranged in a hexagonal pattern, with a at the top-left, b at the top-right, c at the middle-right, d at the bottom-right, e at the bottom-left, and f at the middle-left. Additional vertices g, h, i are shown to the right and below the main hexagon, illustrating the connectivity between adjacent hexagons in the lattice.

KN

PREFACE.

THE design of this work is to represent the general poetic literature of Vermont from its early settlement to the present period. While several other States have, with just pride, represented in a family or cluster by themselves, their *leading* native poets, this, we believe, is the first enterprise of this precise character undertaken in any State.

The contents of this volume have been gathered, selected and prepared for publication at no small expense of time and patient labor. Indeed, had we been in the outset fully apprised of the nature of the responsibility we were assuming, it might never have been taken in hand; but once fairly committed, and receiving kind and constant encouragement from the many friends of the enterprise, we have never felt either wish or liberty to recede. Our labors might have been very materially facilitated, had we known just whom to invite to contribute. But laid under the necessity of addressing personally all whose names were from time to time forwarded to us — of extending a general invitation through the various county papers, we have been overwhelmed with a flood of manuscript of such extent, that from an aggregate of about three thousand pages we have been obliged to select our limited number. To such as may feel a disappointment in not seeing their productions

embraced in this volume, although perhaps earnestly solicited for their contributions, we would say, your favor is appreciated, but our limited space prevented us from giving them a place. Indeed, we are but too sensible that many as fair contributions as perhaps a large share of those herein published, may have been crowded out; yet, while our list had obviously to be vastly reduced, it is believed we have been as impartial in making our selections as circumstances would permit. To shield ourself yet further from any unnecessary censure, we would remark that *every page* of manuscript intrusted to us has been submitted to an examining committee, consisting of four gentlemen and several ladies from among our leading contributors, with whose approval the articles have been selected and given to the public as probably the wisest and most impartial choice that could have been made under the circumstances. It is with unfeigned pleasure that we improve this opportunity to record our most grateful thanks to that long list of friends who, by their active sympathy and hearty coöperation, have rendered much good service in the prosecution of this work; especially do we feel deeply obligated to those who, in its earliest history, smiled upon our labors, and gave us a hand of cordial welcome, among whom we are gratified to name Messrs. EASTMAN, NICHOLSON, FORD, SAUNDERSON, FOOTE, WHEELER, BROWN, BOWE, and *others*, who, instead of *waiting* to see whether we were to succeed, when a humble woman laid her embryo plan before them

and solicited either contributions or counsel, gave them cheerfully, freely. Nor would we forget in this connection to mention, and with feelings of the kindest fraternal regard, those Vermonters by birthright now resident in other States, who have enriched our volume by their contributions, and, by their words of sympathy and cheer, contributed not a little to render ours truly a labor of love.

To those editors who, by their timely and favorable notices of our work, have from time to time rendered us most signal and essential service,—to all those generous patrons who have lent their aid toward its circulation,—to those with whom poetry has been but a casual incident in their professional life, who claim no poetic name, but when solicited readily gave the influence of their names and contributions to patronize the Vermont Book,—to our benefactors one and all, would we express our most sincere and grateful acknowledgments.

With regard to the specimens which we have given of our deceased poets, we have endeavored to make our selections from the most reliable sources. We are not unmindful of the fact that there are probably yet many writers in the State whose poems may merit a conspicuous place in our volume, but whose delicacy may have prevented their presenting themselves without a direct invitation. Should this volume prove worthy of a successor, as it is confidently hoped that it will, we trust that not the least among its improvements will be the recorded names and productions

of all such deserving ones as in this edition may thus have been overlooked.

There remains now nothing more to add, save that we would by no means have it understood that we bring these selections before the public as the *gems only* of Vermont poetry. Had we felt at liberty to have cut down our list of writers yet another half, and in their stead enriched our pages with the poems of our best contributors, we should doubtless have gratified the general reader more and satisfied all good critics better. But this was hardly our design; but rather, so far as practicable, *to represent the general poetic literature of Vermont.*

Truly conscious of the imperfections that must mark a pioneer work of this character, even when presided over by a skillful and practiced hand, much more when brought out under the supervision of one all untutored in authorship, we tremblingly, yet trustingly, send our volume forth to the homes of Vermonters, who, we believe, will cordially receive and kindly cherish *their own*.

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POEMS OF J. L. ARNOLD, of St. Johnsbury.

LADIES MONITOR, by T. G. FESSENDEN, at Bellows Falls.

THE FALL OF PALMYRA, by N. H. WRIGHT, at Middlebury, 1817. Not extant.

AGE OF BENEVOLENCE, and RELIGION OF TASTE, by C. WILCOX, of Orwell.

THE SILENT HARP, by Miss E. ALLEN, of Craftsbury.

THE GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP, by Miss S. WATSON (now Mrs. BEMIS), of Northfield.

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POEMS OF MISS M. CUTTS, of North Hartland.

POEMS OF MRS. A. C. L. BOTTA, of New York, (native of Bennington.)

POEMS OF E. R. CAMPBELL, of Windsor.

APRIL LEAVES, by G. H. NARAMORE, of Albany, N. Y., (native of Underhill.)

Rev. O. G. WHEELER, of South Hero, C. R. BALLARD, of Montpelier, and others have published in pamphlet.

VERMONT.

LAND of the mountain and the rock,
Of lofty hill and lowly glen,
Live thunder-bolts thy mountains mock ;
Well dost thou nurse by tempest's shock
Thy race of iron men !

Far from the city's crowded mart,
From Mammon's shrine and Fashion's show,
With beaming brow and loving heart,
In cottage-homes they dwell apart,
Free as the winds that blow.

Of all the sister States that make
This mighty Union, broad and strong,
From Southern gulf to Northern lake,
There's none that Autumn days awake
To sweeter harvest-song.

And when the cold winds round them blow,
Father and son and aged sire —
Defiant of the drifting snow,
With hearts and hearths alike aglow —
Laugh round the wint'ry fire.

On Champlain's waves so clear and blue,
 That circled by the mountain lies,
 Where glided once the light canoe,
 With shining oar, the waters through,
 The mighty steamboat plies.

And now among those hills sublime,
 The car doth thunder swift along,
 Annihilating space and time,
 And linking theirs with stranger clime
 In union fair and strong.

The Southland boasts of vines and flowers,
 Of cloudless skies and silver waves,
 Of spicy groves and orange bowers,
 Lovely as dreams in youth's sweet hours —
 But 'tis a land of slaves!

When Freedom from her home was driven
 In vine-clad vales of Switzerland,
 She sought the glorious Alps of heaven,
 And there, 'mid cliffs by lightning riven,
 Gathered her hero band.

And still outrings her freedom-song,
 Amid the glaciers sparkling there,
 At Sabbath-bell, as peasants throng
 Their mountain fastnesses along,
 Happy, and free as air.

And if, through Southern pow'r and pride,
This broad, green land, in future time,
Shall hear the slave-roll by the side
Of Bunker's shaft, that marks where died
Her sons in strife sublime ;—

Lo, as the bugle-echo thrills,
New England's sons shall rally then,
And build their homes by mountain rills,
High up among our wild, green hills,
And sing free songs again !

The hills were made for freedom ; they
Break at a breath the tyrant's rod ;
Chains clank in valleys ; there the prey
Bleeds 'neath Oppression's heel alway—
HILLS BOW TO NONE BUT GOD !

WM. G. BROWN.

ROYAL TYLER

WAS a wit, a poet, and a Chief Justice. He was born in Boston in 1756. He was a Harvard graduate of the class of 1776. He wrote "The Contrast," the first comedy acted in America. He studied law in the office of John Adams, and removed to Guilford, Vt., about 1795. At this time he published a series of papers, entitled "An Author's Evenings." After this he wrote a comedy, which was repeatedly performed in Boston with success. In 1799 he composed a Fourth of July Ode for a celebration at Windsor, Vt., and a convivial song for the evening. In 1800, and for several successive years he was elected by the Legislature of Vermont Chief Justice of the Superior Court. In 1809 he published two volumes of Reports of Cases in the Superior Court of Vermont. For some twenty years he contributed to several publications, and received many commendations for his writings. Judge TYLER died at Brattleboro, Vt., August 16, 1826, having suffered for several years from a cancer in the face. [*Cy. Am. L.*, Vol. 1, Page 415.]

LOVE AND LIBERTY.

IN briery dell or thicket brown,
On mountain high, in lowly vale,
Or where the thistle sheds its down,
And sweet-fern scents the passing gale,
There hop the birds from bush to tree ;
Love fills their throats,
Love swells their notes,
Their song is love and liberty.

No parent birds their love direct ;
Each seeks his fair in plumy throng,
Caught by the luster of her neck,
Or kindred softness of her song ;
They sing and bill from bush to tree ;



Love fills their throats,
 Love swells their notes,
 Their song is love and liberty.

Some airy songster's feathered shape,
 O! could my love and I assume—
 The ring-dove's glossy neck he take,
 And I the modest turtle's plume—
 O! then we'd sing from bush to tree;
 Love fill our throats,
 Love swell our notes,
 Our song be love and liberty.

EXTRACT

FROM AN ODE COMPOSED FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

SQUEAK the fife and beat the drum,
 Independence day has come!!
 Quickly rub the pewter platter,
 Heap the nutcakes fried in butter;
 Set the cups, and beaker glass,
 The pumpkin, and the apple sauce;
 Send the keg to shop for brandy—
 Maple sugar we have handy;
 Sall, put on your russet skirt,
 Jotham, get your *boughten* shirt,
 To-day we dance to tiddle diddle,—
 Here comes Sambo with his fiddle.
 Moll, come leave your witched tricks
 And let us have a reel of six.

Father and mother shall make two,
Sall, Moll and I stand all a row ;
Sambo, play and dance with quality —
This is the day of blest equality.
Father and *mother* are but men,
And Sambo — is a citizen.
Thus we dance, and thus we play,
On glorious *Independent Day* ;
Rub more rosin on your bow,
And let us have another go.
Zounds, as sure as eggs and bacon,
There's Ensign Sneak and uncle Deacon,
And there's the Squire, too, with his lady —
Sall, hold the beast, I'll take the baby,
Moll, bring the Squire our great arm-chair —
Good folks, we're glad to see you here ;
Jotham, get the great case bottle,
Your teeth can pull the corn-cob stopple.
Ensign — Deacon, never mind ;
Squire, drink until you're blind ;
Come, here's the French and Guillotine,
And here is good Squire Gallatin,
And here's each noisy Jacobin.
Here's friend Madison so hearty,
And here's confusion to the treaty.
Come, one more swig to Southern Demos
Who represent our brother negros.
Thus we drink and dance away
This glorious *Independent Day* !

ADDRESS

TO DELLA CRUSCA, HUMBL Y ATTEMPTED IN THE SUBLIME
STYLE OF THAT FASHIONABLE AUTHOR.

O THOU, who, with thy blue cerulean blaze,
Hast circled Europe's brow with LOVELORN praise ;
Whose magic pen its gelid lightning throws,
Is now a sunbeam, now a fragrant rose.
Child of the dappled spring, whose green delight,
Drinks, with her snow-drop lips, the dewy light.
Son of the summer's bland, prolific rays,
Who sheds her loftiest treasures in thy lays ;
Who swells her golden lips to trump thy fame.
Brown autumn nurs'd thee with her dulcet dew,
And lurid winter rock'd thy *cradled muse*.
SEASONS AND SUNS AND SPANGLED SYSTEMS ROLL,
Like atoms vast, beneath thy "*cloud-capped*" soul.
Time wings its panting flight in hurried chase,
But SINKS in dew-drop languor in the IMMORTAL RACE.
O THOU, whose soul the nooky Britain scorns ;
Whose white cliffs tremble, when thy GENIUS storms.
The sallow Afric with her curl'd domains,
The purpled Asia with her muslin plains,
And surgy Europe — VAIN — thy soul confin'd,
Which fills *all space* — AND E'EN MATILDA'S MIND !
Anna's capacious mind, which all agree
Contain'd a wilderness of words in thee.
More happy thou than Macedonia's lord,
Who wept for worlds to feed his famish'd sword,
Fatigu'd by attic conquests of the old,
Fortune to thee a NOVEL world unfolds.

Come, mighty conqueror, thy foes disperse ;
Let loose " thy epithets "—THOSE DOGS OF VERSE ;
Draw forth thy gorgeous sword of damask'd rhyme,
And ride triumphant through Columbia's clime.
Till sober, lettered sense shall, dying, smile
Before the mighty magic of thy style.
How will Ohio roll his lordly stream,
What blue mists dance upon the liquid scene,
Gods ! how sublime shall Della Crusca rage,
When ALL NIAGARA CATARACTS THY PAGE.
Rise, Della Crusca, prince of bards sublime,
And pour on us whole cataracts of rhyme.
Son of the son, arise, whose brightest rays,
All merge to tapers in thy ignite blaze.
Like some Colossus, stride the Atlantic o'er,
A LEG OF GENIUS placed on either shore,
Extend thy red right arm to either world ;
Be the proud standard of thy style unfurled ;
Proclaim thy sounding page from shore to shore,
And swear that sense in verse shall be no more.

JOSIAS LYNDON ARNOLD.

JOSIAS LYNDON, the son of Dr. Jonathan Arnold, was born in Providence, R. I., in 1785. The family removed soon after to St. Johnsbury, Vt. ARNOLD was a graduate of Dartmouth, studied law in Providence, and was admitted to practice, but instead of pursuing his profession, accepted the office of tutor at Brown University. On his father's death in 1792, he removed to St. Johnsbury, where he married Miss Perkinson in March, 1796, and died after a ten weeks illness on the 17th of June, 1796.

His poems were collected, after his death, in a small volume, with a biographical preface signed James Burrel, jr. [*Am. Cy. L.*]

ODE TO CONNECTICUT.

* * * * *

BENEATH thy banks, thy shades among,
The muses, mistresses of song,
Delight to sit, to tune the lyre,
And fan the heav'n-descended fire.

Here nymphs dwell, fraught with every grace,
The faultless form, the sparkling face,
The generous breast by virtue form'd,
With innocence, with friendship warmed ;
Of feelings tender as the dove,
And yielding to the voice of love.

Happiest of all the happy swains
Are those who till thy fertile plains ;
With freedom, peace and plenty crown'd,
They see the varying year go round.

But, more than all, there fancy dwells,
For whom, departing from their cells,
The muses wreaths of laurel twine,
And bind around her brow divine ;

For whom the dryads of the woods,
For whom the naiades of the floods,
Those as for Dian fam'd of old,
These as for Thetis reverence hold ;
With whom if I could live and die,
With joy I'd live, and die with joy.

THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN

WAS born at Walpole, N. H., April 22, 1771. He graduated at Dartmouth in 1796, and afterward studied law at Rutland, Vt. In 1801 he visited England. In 1804 he returned, and for two years edited a paper in New York. We next hear of him in Bellows Falls, Vt., where for nine years he practiced law. He removed from Bellows Falls to Brattleboro in 1815, where he edited for a while the *Reporter*, but returned again to Bellows Falls, where he edited another paper for some time, and wrote a volume in verse, entitled "*Ladies' Monitor*." Afterward he removed to Boston, where he commenced the now distinguished agricultural paper, *The New England Farmer*. Here he numbered his few remaining days, dying of apoplexy, November 11, 1827. The Massachusetts Agricultural Societies have erected a monument over his remains at Mount Auburn. Thus Fessenden by birth-right belongs to New Hampshire, to Vermont by his education and the larger part of his literary life, and by his last labors and death to Massachusetts. [*Cy. Am. L.*]

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

It may very truly be said,
That his is a noble vocation,
Where industry leads him to spread
Around him a little creation.

He lives independent of all
Except the Omnipotent donor ;
He's always enough at his call,
And more is a plague to its owner.

He works with his hands it is true,
But happiness dwells with employment ;
And he who has nothing to do
Has nothing by way of enjoyment.

His labors are mere exercise,
Which saves him from pain and physicians ;
Then farmers you truly may prize
Your own as the best of conditions.

From competence shared with content,
Since all true felicity springs,
The life of a farmer is blent
With more real bliss than a king's.

EDWARD R. CAMPBELL.

MR. CAMPBELL was born in Rockingham, Vt., August 27, 1787. Died at Windsor, Vt., May 4, 1857. He was for many years a warden in St. Paul's Church, Windsor. A volume of his poems was published a few years since in New York.

THE LILY AND THE BEE.

ON its stem, the lily blossom
Breathed its fragrant odors far ;
Lifting to the sun its petals,
Chaste as only lilies are.

Wafted by the dallying zephyrs,
Over hill-top, vale and lea,
Tracing back its sweet aroma,
Singing, came the honey-bee.

Buzzing, now it sang, "I've found it ;
Now my sack I'll fill and go !"
"Rifler!" cried the pale-eyed blossom,
"Go thou, and no thank bestow ?

"Hast thou, dolt ! no heart for beauty,
Nestling in my golden cell ?
Brushing round my silver stamens,
Where the sylphs and fairies dwell ?"

But no answer gave the insect ;
It was practical and plain,
Cousin to some buzzing mortal
Bent on sordid love of gain.

THE SUN-DIAL.

[It is said that upon an Italian sun-dial is inscribed the following simple and expressive motto: "I only mark the hours that shine."]

"I ONLY mark the hours that shine,"
The dial cries ;
"I only mark the hours that shine,"
The shade replies ;
"And they are mine, the hours that shine,"
Rejoin the pale blue skies.
Were there no sun in heaven display'd,
On earth were neither light nor shade.

Whene'er the shadow writes its name,
It tells of light ;
It tells us from the sun it came,
In vesture white ;
That joy and grief are way-marks brief,
Wrought by a pencil bright ;
That all of life is light and shade,
By Truth's eternal sun-light made.

Our ills, brief shadows all are they,
And fleeting fast ;
For God's pure light of love, each day
Illumes the past.
The opening day and evening gray,
Both mellow'd shadows cast ;
And patient hope lifts up the eye,
In loving trustfulness on high.

" No shining hours without their shade,"
True wisdom cries ;
" And shadows into light shall fade,"
True faith replies ;
For God hath made both light and shade
A pathway to the skies.
Had earth no shade, thou sorrowing one,
O then, in Heaven, there were no sun.

THE CHRISTMAS GATHERING.

WILL they not come ?
Will merry Christmas bring
No festive gathering,
The priceless charities of hearth and home ?
The star-lit sky, how clear !
The air seems filled with tears ; 'tis cold —
Methinks it was not so of old.
Trim, trim the fire,
Tune harp and lyre ;
Be manful, O my soul, restrain the tear.

Are they all here ?
Come, let us gather round
Our hearth-stone, holy ground,
With spirit-gems inwrought. Are they all *here* ?
Come, dearest, let us call
The loved ones of our household, where
We oft with them have offered prayer,
And always praise,
To Him whose ways
Are fathomless, yet merciful to all.

Our old hearth-stone !
Ah ! there are tear-drops there,
And furrowed brows of care,
And cups of bitterness. The shadowy one,
Coming with stealthy tread,
Has from his ebon wings in wrath
Shed wasting mildew on our path ;

And offers me,
In sympathy,
The hearth-stone memories only of the dead.

Are they *all* here ?
Eight olive-plants had grown
Around my old hearth-stone,
Like blossoms in the sun-light. Year by year
As seeming ripeness came,
God sent in love the reaper forth
To take His harvest from the earth.
Are they *not* here ?
(Forgive the tear,)
They're here; my heart embalms them in God's name.

Aye, *all* are here ;
Seven are as jewels set
In Heaven's own coronet,
Teachers of holiness, afar, yet here.
Ah ! *one*, and *one alone*,
Remains to count the *vacant* seats,
While hallowed memory repeats
The joyous lays
Of other days,
That glad hearts chatted round the old hearth-stone.

Dust, ashes, earth ;
These are the relics strown
Around the old hearth-stone,
Memorials of their celestial birth.
And breathes the heart a sigh ?

'Tis holy ; let it rise, remain ;
Though tears may fall like summer rain,
We lift our eyes
To brighter skies,
To God's own Christmas gathering house on high.

A CITY OF BROTHERHOOD.

I.

IN the silent midnight watches,
In the solemn hush of night,
When the soul communes with Spirits
From the upper world of light ;
Then it was, awake or dreaming,
On the winds a Spirit came,
Like the sound of many waters,
And a voice that none may name.

II.

"Mortal !" cried that Spirit, breathing
Thrilling whispers to the ear ;
"Listen to the words of wisdom,
Look around thee, see and hear."
Then I heard a tale of wonder ;
Then I saw a wide domain,
Where the congregated thousands
Built a city on the plain.

III.

'T was a vast, full-peopled city,
Far the mightiest of the earth ;
Daily growing, gath'ring thousands,
Whatsoe'er their name or birth.
There the proud, the meek, the learned,
Rich and poor, and bond and free,
Young and old, in bonds fraternal,
Meet in perfect unity.

IV.

Quiet dwells within that city,
Strife and mammon enter not ;
Calm it seemed as holy Sabbath,
Ev'ry dome a holy spot.
None for love of lucre leave it ;
None rebel against its laws ;
Never yield they to the tempter,—
For the tempter gives no cause !

V.

Streets and alleys intersecting,
Laid with geometric art,
Witness'd to the love of order,
Both of head and chastened heart.
Marble mansions shone by moonlight ;
Every portal bore a name ;
But no sound of voice or footstep,
Thence from street or mansion came.

VI.

There I stood, amazed and musing,
Whether sleeping or awake ;
When to me, methought, the Spirit
In a gentler accent spake ;
Speaking in expressive silence,
Speaking to the soul in might :
“Mortal ! lift the eye, be manful ;
Out of darkness cometh light.

VII.

“See an oasis of beauty
Mid a barren world of strife !
See a city free from folly,
Anger, ills and jars of life !
Not a soul disturbs his neighbors,—
All the evil passions fled ;
Mortal ! Why ? *There is no waking,*
’TIS THE CITY OF THE DEAD !”

CARLOS WILCOX.

CARLOS WILCOX was born October 22, 1794, at Newport, N. H. When he was about four years of age his parents removed to Orwell, Vt., where the family still reside, and Orwell claims a representation in her adopted poet-son. He entered Middlebury College in his fifteenth year, and graduated with the highest honors. After which he graduated at Andover. His inclination was strong to devote himself to poetry, but he decided to enter the ministry. In 1824 he was ordained Pastor of the Congregational North Society of Hartford, Conn. As a minister, he united faithfulness with the most delicate propriety, and was greatly beloved. He died of consumption at Danbury, Conn., May 29, 1827, and was interred in the North Cemetery in Hartford, Conn. The history of this man has shades of sadness and mystery, but his character was exalted and beautiful. His testimony to the love of poetry is "from it I derive the most exquisite enjoyment." His principle poems are "Age of Benevolence," in five books, and "Religion of Taste," delivered before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, at Yale College.

A PRESENT GOD.

How desolate were nature, and how void
Of every charm, how like a naked waste
Of Africa, were not a present God
Beheld employing, in its various scenes,
His active might to animate and adorn!
What life and beauty, when in all that breathes,
Or moves, or grows, His hand is viewed at work!
When it is viewed unfolding every bud,
Each blossom tinging, shaping every leaf,
Wafting each cloud that passes o'er the sky,
Rolling each billow, moving every wing

That fans the air, and every warbling throat
Heard in the tuneful woodlands. In the least
As well as in the greatest of his works,
Is ever manifest His presence kind ;
As well in swarms of glittering insects, seen
Quick to and fro within a foot of air
Dancing a merry hour, then seen no more,
As in the system of resplendent worlds
Through time revolving in unbounded space.
His eye, while comprehending in one view
The whole creation, fixes full on me,
As on me shines the sun with his full blaze,
While o'er the hemisphere he spreads the same.
His hand, while holding oceans in its palm,
And compassing the skies, surrounds my life,
Guards the poor rush-light from the blast of death.

A SABBATH MORN.

To every new-born soul, each hallowed morn
Seems like the first when everything was new.
Time seems an angel come afresh from heaven,
His pinions shedding fragrance as he flies,
And his bright hour-glass running sands of gold.
In everything a smiling God is seen ;
On earth His beauty blooms, and in the sun
His glory shines.

A SUMMER NOON.

O'ER all the woods the topmost leaves are still,
E'en the wild poplar leaves, that, pendant hung
By stems elastic, quiver at a breath,
Rest in the general calm. The thistle-down
Seen high and thick, by gazing up beside
Some shading object, in a silver shower
Plumb down — and slower than the slowest snow,
Through all the sleepy atmosphere descends ;
And where it lights, though on the steepest roof,
Or smallest spire of grass, remains unmoved.
White as a fleece, as dense and as distinct,
From the resplendent sky a single cloud,
On the soft bosom of the air becalmed,
Drops a lone shadow, as distinct and still,
On the bare plain, or sunny mountain's side,
Or in the polished mirror of the lake,
In which the deep reflected sky appears
A calm, sublime immensity below.

TWILIGHT.

BUT now another scene,
To me most beautiful of all, appears ;
The sky, without the shadow of a cloud,
Throughout the west is kindled to a glow
So bright and broad, it glares upon the eye,
Not dazzling, but dilating with calm force
Its power of vision to admit the whole.
Below, 'tis all of richest orange dye,

Midway the blushing of the mellow peach
Paints, not tinges, the etherial deep ;
And here in this most lovely region shines
With added loveliness the evening star.
Above, the fainter purple slowly fades,
'Till changed into the azure of mid-heaven.
Along the level ridge o'er which the sun
Descended, in a single row arranged,
As if thus planted by the hand of Art,
Majestic pines shoot up into the sky,
And in its fluid-gold half dissolved ;
Upon a nearer peak, a cluster stands
With shafts erect and tops converged to one—
A stately colonnade with verdant roof ;
Upon a nearer still, a single tree
With shapely form looks beautiful alone ;
While further northward through a narrow pass,
Scooped in the hither range, a single mount
Beyond the rest, of finer smoothness seems,
And of a softer, more etherial blue,
A pyramid of polished sapphire built.
But now the twilight mingles into one
The various mountains ; levels to a plain
This nearer, lower landscape, dark with shade,
Where every object to my sight presents
Its shaded side ; while here upon these walls,
And in that eastern wood, upon the trunks,
Under thick foliage, reflective shows
Its yellow luster. How distinct the line
Of the horizon, parting heaven and earth.

MIDNIGHT.

Now drowned in sweet repose are man and beast,
 While swift and silent as on angels' wings
 Time by them flies. * * * *

'Tis midnight : o'er the marshy meadows rest
 Damp vapors, thin and pale ; while overhead
 Hangs far aloft beneath the firmament,
 And just beneath, a cloudy canopy,
 Milk-white and curdled in thick spots, oft called
 The seeds of coming rain, but to the eye
 Of fancy seeming like a flock of swans
 In mid-air hovering still. All nature sleeps
 Beneath the tranquilizing shower of light.

* * * *

I seem alone 'mid universal death,
 Lone as a single sail upon the sea,
 Lone as a wounded swan, that leaves the flock
 To heal in secret or to bleed and die.

Extracts from Age of Benevolence.

 ACTIVE CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

WOULDEST thou from sorrow find a sweet relief ?
 Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold ?
 Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief ?
 Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold ;

'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty ; not, when all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Wake thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night
When death is waiting for thy numbered hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight ;
Wake ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed ;
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might ;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God Himself inactive were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined ;
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed and feelings purely kind,
Strength to complete and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit
To light on man as from the passing air ;
The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,

Soon dies or runs to waste with fitful glare ;
And learning is a plant that spreads and towers
Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,
That 'mid gay thousands with the suns and showers
Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

Beware lest thou from sloth, that would appear
But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim
Thy want of worth ; a charge thou couldst not hear
From other lips, without a blush of shame,
Or pride indignant ; then be thine the blame,
And make thyself of worth ; and thus enlist
The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame ;
'Tis infamy to die and not be missed,
Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—
Shalt bless the earth ; while, in the world above,
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow ;
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in Heaven's immortal bowers.

Extract from a Poem on Taste.

ELIZABETH ALLEN.

MISS ALLEN was born at Craftsbury, Vt., in 1794. At that period the town was mostly a wilderness. Attendance at a district school of four months was the extent of her means for acquiring an education, save by self-culture and social intercourse. At the age of sixteen a fever deprived her of hearing. From this time her chief amusement was in prose and poetic composition. In 1832 she published a small volume of poetry, from which we give a brief extract. Though trammelled by deafness, and lacking the polish of education, her poetic mind glimmers through her essays. Affectionate in disposition, hers was a life of virtue and piety. She died in her native town, aged fifty-five years.

MY NATIVE MOUNTAINS.

LET cities boast their mimic arts,
 Their mossy domes, their glittering spires,
 And smoky atmosphere, and men
 With restless eye and drooping mind
 With anxious care distraught, while from
 Those giddy scenes remote we tax
 The powers of intellect or beck
 The muse, as skipping light from dell
 To dell she dips in crystal stream
 Her golden cup, and spacious meets
 To untaught wight a draught as rich
 As e'er gushed forth Castalia's fount.

* * * * *

Sweet wakes the morn!
 I see its auburn locks, now changed
 They glow with burnished gold, and now

Appears above yon orient height
Her dazzling eye ; creation leaps
With joy. The milk-maid seeks the fold,
While to the field the ploughman hies,
The student to his walk, and pleased,
The invalid peeps forth and smiles.

But lo !

The breakfast horn with its shrill note
Peals through the vales, and from the hills
Echoes its sweet and bold response.
My native mountains much are ye
Revered ; in your formation grand,
Your varied shapes and gushing streams,
I see the hand Omnipotent ;
Yon glassy lake, whose bosom bears
The lightsome bark, was His design ;
He gave it form and marked its bounds—
We reverence His name—His power—
And while, with filial love, we view
These scenes with countless blessings fraught,
O ! let us humbly give the praise
To Him, our common God,

WALTER COLTON

WAS born in Rutland, Vt., in 1797. He graduated from Yale College in 1822, and after a three years course at Andover, was ordained a Congregational clergyman. In 1828 he became editor of the *American Spectator*; in 1880 received a chaplaincy in the navy; in 1846 was married, and soon ordered to the squadron for the Pacific. He was afterward Alcade of Monterey, and established the first newspaper and was the builder of the first school-house in California, and the first to make known the discovery of California gold to the States. He returned to Philadelphia in the summer of 1850; and on a visit to Washington took a violent cold which terminated in dropsy. He died on the 22d of June, 1851. His principal literary works are a "Prize Essay on Dueling," "Ship and Shore," "Visit to Constantinople," "Deck and Port," "Three Years in California," "Land and Sea," "The Sea and the Sailor," "Notes on France and Italy," and "Italy and other Literary Remains," the last accompanied by a memoir of the author by Rev. Henry F. Cheever. The style of Mr. COLTON's volumes is lively and entertaining.

[Cy. Am. L.]

THE IDEAL.

[ONE of the fancies which belonged to COLTON's day-dreams was the singular belief that man carries, from his youth upward, on the mirror of his mind, a pretty faithful representation of the features of the fair one to whom he is one day to be allied in marriage. *Graham's Magazine*.]

THE hand that prints these accents here
 Was never clasped in thine,
 Nor has thy heart, with hope and fear
 E'er trembled back to mine.

And yet, from childhood's early years
 Some being like to thee,
 Unseen amid my doubts and tears,
 Hath sweetly smiled on me.

And oft in dreams I've twined the wreath
Above her eye of flame,
Then listened if some bird might breathe
The music of her name.

And oft have fondly sought to trace
Amid the fair and young,
The living type of this sweet face,
On fancy's mirror flung.

But in its unresembled form
The shadow dwelt with me,
Till, unperceived, life-like and warm,
It softly fell on thee.

Then into substance passed the shade,
With charms still more divine,
As o'er thy face its features played,
And lost themselves in thine.

MY FIRST LOVE AND MY LAST.

CATHARA, when the many silent tears
Of beauty, bending o'er thy dying bed,
Bespoke the change familiar to our fears,
I could not think thy spirit yet had fled,
So like to life the slumber death had cast
On thy sweet face, my first love and my last.

I watched to see those lids their light unfold,
For still thy forehead rose serene and fair
As when those raven ringlets richly rolled
O'er life, which dwelt in thought and beauty there ;
Thy cheek the while was rosy with the theme
That flushed along the spirit's mystic dream.

Thy lips were circled with that silent smile
Which oft around their dewy freshness woke,
When some more happy thought or harmless wile
Upon thy warm and wandering fancy broke,
For thou wert Nature's child, and took the tone
Of every pulse as if it were thine own.

I watched and still believed that thou wouldst wake,
When others came to place thee in the shroud ;
I thought to see this seeming slumber break,
As I have seen a light, transparent cloud
Disperse, which o'er a star's sweet face had thrown
A shadow like to that which veiled thine own.

But no ; there was no token, look or breath :
The tears of those around, the tolling bell
And hearse told us at last that this was death !
I know not if I breathed a last farewell ;
But since that day my sweetest hours have passed
In thought of thee, my first love and my last,

ICHABOD SMITH SPENCER, D. D.

DR. SPENCER was born in Rupert, Vt., February 23, 1798. The poetic element was inborn in his nature and early developed. At seventeen he lost his father; at eighteen left home, and, in the town of Granville, Washington county, N. Y., engaged, for about a year, in manual labor, where he united with the Congregational church. Soon after, he entered the Academy at Salem, N. Y., where he fitted for College, and went through a course of medical reading with a room-mate, which he afterward turned to good account in his many visits to the poor. Unaided by any friend or society he acquired his academic and collegiate education, and graduated at Union College in 1822. For three years he took charge of the Grammar School at Schenectady, N. Y. While here he read law, and cultivated an acquaintance with several Indian dialects, and also took up theology under Dr. Yates. His fame as a teacher had gone abroad, and Canandaigua fortunately secured him as the Preceptor of her Academy. To the languishing school he gave new life and raised it to a commanding position. While here he exercised his poetic talent to a considerable extent, though very carefully concealing the authorship. Here his poem on Time, of two hundred lines, was written, from which we give an extract. In 1828 he was married to Miss Hannah Magoffin, of Albany, N. Y. Mrs. Spencer survives her husband, also two sons and two daughters. The same year he was ordained Pastor of the Congregational church in Northampton, Mass. The pulpit where John Edwards had so long preached required great ability, yet here he became one of the most distinguished preachers that have adorned the American church. Such labors, however, wore upon him, and he decided to leave Northampton. Park Street Church, Boston, and the Second Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn among others gave him a call. He removed to Brooklyn in the Spring of 1832. The church when he came to it was but a weak colony of forty members, without a house of worship. Here he labored twenty-three years; a large and handsome church was soon erected, his society became the leading society, sending out many a colony to plant new churches. Eleven hundred and sixty-four members he received into this church by profession of faith. In 1830 he was called to the Presidency of the University of Alabama; in 1832 to the Presidency of Hamilton College; in 1853 to the Professorship of Pastoral Theology in East Windsor Theological Seminary, Conn., and received many other formal calls from the principal churches in New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Newark, Philadelphia and various other places, but he could not be induced to leave his Brooklyn charge. For four years he was Professor of Biblical History in the Union Theological Seminary, New York city, of which he was one of the

founders, and his death, which occurred November 23, 1854, was considered a public calamity and lamented deeply in New York as well as in Brooklyn. His prose works are "A Pastor's Sketches," in four volumes, the first series published in 1850; it has run through many editions, and had the most extensive sale of any strictly religious book published in America, and has been republished in England and on the continent. A sketch of his life and two volumes of sermons have been published since his decease. Dr. SPENCER was a man understood by but few, but by those privileged few his private character was admired and his friendship valued as no ordinary man's can be. As a preacher he was one of the most able that has ever occupied a pulpit in this "City of Churches." As a Pastor, in his "Pastor's Sketches" we can trace his footsteps through the wretched by-ways and alleys of a great city, by the bed-side of the sick and dying. Of him it may be said, "What his hand found to do, he did with his might." [*Ex. from Memoir.*]

TIME.

HEARD you that knell? It was the knell of Time.
And is Time dead? I thought Time never died;
I knew him old, 'tis true, and full of years,
And bald except in front; but he was strong
As Hercules. I saw him grasp the oak,
It fell,—the tower, it crumbled,—and the stone,
The sculptured monument that marked the grave
Of fallen greatness, ceased its pompous strain
As Time swept by. Yes, Time was very strong,
And I had thought too strong for death to grapple.
But I remember now, his step was light,
And though he moved at rapid rate, or trod
On adamant, his tread was never heard.
And there was something ghostly in the thought
That in the silence of the midnight hour,
When all was hushed as death, and not a sound
Crept o'er my chamber's stillness, or awoke
The echo slumbering there—in such an hour

He trod my chamber, and I heard him not.
 And I have held my breath and listened close
 To catch one footfall as he glided by,
 But not a slumbering sound awoke, or sighed ;
 And the thought struck me then that one, whose step
 Was so much like a spirit's tread, whose acts
 Were all so noiseless, like the world unseen,
 Would soon be fit for other worlds than this—
 Fit for high converse with immortal minds,
 Unfettered by the flesh, unchained to earth.

* * * * *

I strayed one night along the ocean's brink—
 It was a lonely and a rugged place ;
 The rocky cliff hung beetling o'er my path, .
 And just beneath me slept the waveless deep,
 Which the pale moonbeam kissed as soft and light
 As if it feared to break its slumberings.
 In such a wild and solitary place
 I was surprised, at that lone hour, to see
 A human form ; a youth of wasted frame
 Was seated on the fragment of a rock ;
 His brow was knit, and every muscle braced,
 As if to curb the feelings of his heart ;
 His moveless eye was resting on the wide
 And " moonlit deep," as shadows of the past
 Moved o'er his memory. I listened still,
 As in a deep and death-like tone he spoke :

The moonbeams sleep upon the wave,
 And cast their glimmer on the grave,

As if to cheer the darksome tomb,
 As if to light the sailor home.
 But on the heart with anguish torn,
 The heart that meets with haughty scorn,
 The heart that once has felt the fire
 Of love, and felt its flame expire
 Before the cold, unfeeling look,
 The scorn its feeling could not brook ;
 On such a heart no light can dawn,
 Its hopes are crushed, its joys are gone ;
 In such a heart no lingering ray
 Lights up the blank of hope's decay ;
 Its years of bliss are past and gone,
 Its fondest, dearest joys are flown ;
 Its days of love have glided by,
 And left a blank—its destiny.

* * * * *

Such strains, we say, are requiems on time.
 But if Time's dead, will he not rise again
 And meet us in the other world ? Oh yes,
 His spirit will, and in that other world
 Will meet his *murderers*. And who are they ?
 The proud, the gay, the thoughtless and the vain,
 Who crowd to scenes of midnight revelry ;
 The heartless miser brooding o'er his gold,
 Deaf to the cries of want, and ignorant
 That wealth has wings, and heaven cannot be bribed ;
 The countless throng, who make this world their all,
 Lay up their treasures here, and spend their days
 As if Eternity were but a song ;

These are Time's murderers, though he has been
Their kind and constant friend, watchful and true.
He rocked their cradle in their infancy ;
He soothed their griefs and taught them to forget
The thrills of anguish and the throbs of woe ;
He dried from childhood's cheek the tear that marred
Its mantling bloom ; he knit their sinews firm,
And braced their nerves to youthful energy ;
He spread before them all the bloom of earth,
Painted the landscape in its loveliest hues,
And breathed fresh fragrance on the rising gale ;
He crowned their board with plenty and their cups
Ran o'er with blessedness ; he gave them friends,
And taught them friendship's joys ; their hearts he framed
For love, and strung their souls to sympathy ;
Time was their real friend ; true to his trust,
He told them he and all his race should die,
And leave Eternity their guardian.

MRS. RHODA P. TUCKER.

RHODA P. HOWE was born in Middleton, Mass., November 20, 1813. Her parents removed to Norwich, Vt., when she was very young, and to Northfield, Vt., in 1835, where she was married in 1836 to William R. Tucker. She died in 1845, leaving two children. At the age of nine, several of her effusions appeared in the Norwich paper. She was for years a contributor to several Vermont papers; also for the *Boston Mercantile Journal*.

TO AN AUTUMN BOUGH.

BRIGHT Autumn leaves I gaze on ye,
And visions sweet my bosom swell;
It wakes no saddened thought for me,
Though my own fate ye seem to tell.

When last I gazed, all burnished green
The Summer woods were waving fair,
And now the varying tints are seen,
Which only Autumn forests wear.

Ah! ye have faded not more fast
Than she who loves sweet Autumn's gloom;
Her moments here will soon be past,
With you, she soon will find a tomb.

This bough by some kind hand was sought
To cheer me on my couch of pain,
And from the favorite grove was brought,
Where I shall never rove again.

Yet sweet to die 'mid Autumn hours,
When mourning forests sadly wave :
Better are withered leaves than flowers,
To strew upon my early grave.

RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD.

MR. GRISWOLD, the patron of American Poets, was born in Hubbardston, Rutland county, Vt., February 15, 1815. A great part of his early life was spent in voyages. He afterward studied divinity and became a Baptist clergyman. He has been associate editor of *The New Yorker*, *Brother Jonathan*, *New World* and several Boston and Philadelphia journals. In 1842 he edited *Graham's Magazine*. In 1850 he projected the *International Magazine*. He had a more extensive literary acquaintance, probably, than any other man in the country. The "Poets and Poetry of America" he edited in 1842; "The Prose Writers of America," in 1846; "The Female Poets of America," in 1849; "Washington and the Generals of the American Revolution," and "Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire," in 1847. His other works are "The Poets and Poetry of England in the Nineteenth Century," "The Sacred Poets of England and America," "Curiosities of American Literature," "The Biographical Annual," "The Present Condition of Philosophy," and a small volume of miscellaneous poems published in 1830. But few of his own poems have been preserved. He is best known as a biographer, critic and antiquary. Our literary annuals he knew by heart, and no man of letters has done more to present the claims of American literature to the world. Both his mind and disposition were complex, he alternated between the extremes of feeling; yet he possessed, with all his peculiarities, a most exact sense of justice, and though at times as a critic, dogmatic and severe, still he was nearly always the friend of the weaker party. In 1842 he resumed his ministerial profession. His sermons were his finest compositions, and delivered with taste and eloquence. He died in New York City, August 29, 1857.

TO JANE.

[WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A NEAR RELATIVE.]

ALONE sat Hagar in the wild,
Alone, with Ishmael her child,
And through the sultry midday air
Sent up to Heaven her earnest prayer.
Oh, lovely Hagar! keen thy woe,
Thine agony that few may know;
Yet though forsaken and alone,
One star benignant on thee shone;
And, as thy gaze was turned on high,
Its light made all thy anguish fly.
Oh, lovely Hagar! keen thy woe,
But God forbade thy tears to flow!

Remember her example, JANE!
When comes, as come it will, the pain
Of broken faith and heart-felt wrong,
For these, alas! to life belong.
When dark thy sky, when woes assail,
Bend not before the chilling gale,
But upward turn thine eyes to Him,
Whose love nor change nor grief can dim.
However dark thy way may be,
The same bright star will shine on thee
That turned to joy the bitterness
Of Hagar in the wilderness.

A GENTLE BREEZE FROM HER HIGH BROW.

A GENTLE breeze from her high brow

Throws back her raven hair ;

Oh, gladness has no longer now

Her wonted empire there !

That brow with clouds is overcast,

That cheek is wan and paled —

What spell has o'er her spirit passed,

And what her heart assailed ?

Another gaze : a tear is there —

The effort was in vain ;

When sorrow is too deep to bear,

Who shall its tears restrain ?

Now the deep fountain is unsealed,

The gushing waters rise,

Her agony is all revealed

In those o'erflowing eyes !

Upon her hand a diamond rare

Reflects the setting sun ;

But where is he who placed it there

When their young hearts were one ?

Oh, in that word the secret lies,

For they are one no more !

Joy in the faithful bosom dies

When Love's sweet dream is o'er.

[*From American Melodies.*]

THE LAST WORDS OF OSCEOLA.

[He urged to the end upon his fellow prisoners the duty of waging unending war against the treacherous and oppressive whites. *Daily paper.*]

HA! the wild and scorching pains,
Shooting through my throbbing veins,
And the dimness on my sight,
Turning the broad noon to night,
And the fires within the soul,
Which no longer brook control,
Tell me that my hour is come—
I must hasten to my home!

Hither MICANOPY—CLOUD—
Who with me before have bowed
Round our sacred council fires—
Hither, ere your chief expires!
Here renew the vow again
Ne'er to wear the white man's chain,
And while GOD shall give you life,
Ne'er to sheathe th' avenger's knife!

Wife! oh wife! come near to me,
Vail thy face and bend thy knee:
Swear by the ALMIGHTY'S arm,
Who will chide thee not, nor harm,
Ne'er to let thy hatred cease
Of the scourges of thy race,
Ne'er to yield, except to might,
Up the red man's sacred right!

Teach thy daughter, teach thy son,
How his race their father run ;
And may each of them inherit
His free soul, his fearless spirit !
May each scorn the white man's frown,
Who would tread the red man down !
May they each their freedom cherish,
And defend it till they perish !

May thy son be as a brand
Thrown from the ALMIGHTY'S hand
'Mid the councils of the braves,
Till around their fathers' graves,
From each mountain and each valley,
Old and young for strife shall rally—
Till God's anger sleeps no more,
And the oppressor's reign is o'er !

God ! breathe o'er the stormy floods,
'Mid the dark and gloomy woods,
Breathe into the red man's soul
Till he spurn the base control
Of the tyrants who would bind
With their fetters limb and mind—
God of Earth and Sea and Air,
Hear the red man's dying prayer !

Now, O things of earth, farewell !
Broke forever is thy spell !

Hopes that cheered my better days,
 Voices of rebuke and praise,
 Fields of strife with blood made gory,
 Hopes of freedom and of glory,
 Ye have left me now alone—
 OSCEOLA'S COURSE IS DONE!

MRS. EMMA WOOD SMITH.

EMMA WOOD was born at Windham, Vt., in 1822, where her widowed mother still resides. She grew up among our green hills like some bright blossom, with a rich mind seemingly unconscious of its wealth. Miss WOOD was a graduate of, and for several years an esteemed teacher in the Patapsco Institute, where her literary attainments gave her a distinguished position. The *Patapsco Young Ladies' Quarterly Magazine*, of which she was an assistant editor, bore many an impress of her talent. It was at this Institute that she united with the Protestant Episcopal church. The career of fame was open before her, but she chose the quiet circle of domestic life. In 1850, Miss WOOD was married to David P. Smith, of Calvert county, Md., and meekly folding the wing of her genius, sought to bless and beautify the home that it was her happiness to adorn. With her husband she removed to Florida, where she died of yellow fever, near Pensacola, October 18, 1853. Two days before her death, to quote from a Psalm of her own—

She wept for her darling babe
 That had fled to its home on high.

PICTURES OF WOMAN.—EXTRACTS.

I.

AND first, I sing of one whose skillful hand
 And culinary lore unrivaled stand;

Who rears an altar to her household gods,
And onward with a groveling spirit plods.
'Tis the chief end of all her mortal toil
To mend and make, to bake and roast and boil,
To keep the house from dust and cobwebs free,
And all the carpets neat, as neat can be.
If you should chance to be her honored guest,
She strives to please your palate with the best
Of all the dainties from her choicest hoard,
And rich abundance crowns the festive board ;
But if you seek to feed the craving mind,
No word of social wisdom can you find ;
Her busy thoughts are wandering far and free,
And dreaming what her next rich feast shall be.
If you should speak of aught but household cares,
She answers not, but vacantly she stares,
And wonders, while the tempting food you taste,
Your thoughts should wander from the rich repast.
The policy that rules the world at large,
She deems inferior to her household charge,
And in the same contracted, narrow sphere,
She grovels on from year to year.

II.

Another, though she was untaught in schools,
Unused to learning, and unformed to rules,
Glides through her duties with a native grace,
Filling with cheerful heart her humble place ;
She lists each spoken word of truth unknown,
And makes the fruit of others' thoughts her own.

She knows her powers, nor ever aims at aught
Beyond the bounds that mark her range of thought ;
But year by year some useful knowledge gains,
By close attention and unwearied pains.

III.

Go with me to the gorgeous halls at night,
And single out the brightest being there,
Whose eyes are flashing in the mellow light,
While gems are glittering in her raven hair ;
But who that reads the history of her heart,
Would bear its pain to win her richest spoil ?
For she hath squandered her bright gifts away,
To win " the hollow pageantry of earth,"
And stolen, to light an earthly altar's flames,
The glorious fires that owed to Heaven their birth.
The only study of her early life
Hath been to win the earth's ephemeral praise,
To trample on the hearts that she hath won ;
And still her thoughts to farther conquest raise.
But there are hours when conscience will not sleep,
And fearful whispers tell her of her sin ;
When the bright smile that lights her radiant brow,
Is but a mockery of the pain within.
Her wealth of love hath been poured out on dust,
That never will the precious gift restore,
And oftentimes she weeps for wasted hours,
And withered hopes that can be hers no more.
It is a fearful thing to bind the soul
In golden fetters to this fragile earth,

Or yield its powers to worldliness of thought,
To win a fading wreath of little worth.
If mirth and gladness claim the fleeting hours,
And pleasure call her to the gay saloon,
Woman may sometimes mingle with the throng,
And still preserve kind Nature's boon ;
But hidden in her inmost heart should lie
Undimmed the spotless jewels of her truth ;
Nor vainly should she strive to win applause,
For modesty should be the charm of youth.

IV.

Far from her home in yonder noisy crowd
Is one in woman's garb, who shouts aloud ;--
She speaks of Woman's Rights as if she thought
It were a favor to be forward brought,
And placed so openly before the gaze
Of mankind, in their most frequented ways.
She raves of party politics, and tells
How woman's rule should burst the potent spells
Which man hath exercised in ages past,
And to the ground her iron fetters cast.
The bar, the pulpit, legislative halls,
Should own her presence ; loudly then she calls
Upon her sex to leave their peaceful home,
And o'er the world like errant damsels roam,
Proclaim their rights and bid the oppressors yield
To them the sway, in council and in field.
Ah ! madly does she strive to win a meed
That would bring sorrow on her reckless head ;

She may not stand before the gazing crowd,
To win by eloquence their plaudits loud,
Denouncing sins of which the thought were shame,
And losing all to win the wreath of fame.

V.

And one we see who in the world of mind,
To her own faults is only deeply blind —
The writer of the worthless trash misnamed
As literature, for cheapness only famed.
She styles herself an authoress and seeks
For some to chronicle each word she speaks.
Forth from her busy and pernicious pen,
Flow tales of specters in the homes of men ;
Or base intrigue, or deep, corrupting art,
The emanations of a poisoned heart.
Some wandering hero she delights to paint,
In deed a pirate, but at heart a saint ;
To gild his crimes, his fiercest deeds approve,
And make mad passion take the name of love ;
Or heroine breaking all the sacred ties
Of filial love or kindred sympathies,
Leaving the paths which modesty has traced,
Scorning the bonds that social rules have placed,
And merging all her loves in one wild flame,
Unworthy e'en to bear the sacred name,
Pours out her being at an earthly shrine,
And lauds a fellow mortal as divine.

VI.

And there is one, 'tis meet that sweeter numbers
Should warble forth the words to sing her praise,
Who through this world a heavenly spirit wanders,
To strew with loveliest flowers life's roughest ways.
A thoughtful child, she read the book of Nature,
Her spirit won its tone from dancing streams,
And the bright smile, enlivening every feature,
Had caught new radiance from the sunny beams.
She loved each flower that by her wayside blossomed,
She loved the bird that sang its notes of glee,
And blending with all Nature's sweetest voices,
Arose her spirit's gentle minstrelsy.
From flowers and streamlets, books became her study,
With eagerness she conned the page of lore,
And hoarded up each cherished, time-worn treasure,
A gem to shine in memory's richest store ;
She felt the guardian of a soul immortal
Must still perform the every work of life ;
And toiling with a cheerful, trusting spirit,
Hath found her varied path with beauty rife.
And yet, no talent of her own she boasteth,
But modest as the violet on the sod,
She only reads in heavenly orbs the story
Of the full power and wisdom of her God.
She dwells within that cottage beaming brightly
Through the green foliage of the waving trees,
And there her sweetest words fall ever lightly,
As the soft whisper of the evening breeze.

The saddened heart is joyous when she cometh,
The eye of age is raised to see her smile,
The deaf ear lists to hear her silvery murmurs,
Her presence could the loneliest hours beguile ;
Her course through life is like a gentle river,
Dispensing blessings as it passeth on,
And many grateful hearts will shrine her image,
When from these rural scenes her voice hath gone.

VII.

Exalted is her character who shines
In the pure light of genius, and combines
A generous heart with intellectual might,
And toils to win the triumph of the right.
And she hath clothed the truths of wisdom deep
In words familiar, and the rugged steep
Of the proud "Hill of Science" decked with flowers,
To tempt the youthful from their idle bowers ;
Nor doth she scorn to weave the truth-like tale
In which some moral pure doth e'er prevail,
And youthful maiden hath no cause of fear
To choose a model for her conduct here.
The truly gifted on this earth are rare,
And lonely is the lot that they must share ;
The "meteor wreath" that they have ever worn,
Divides them from the world that they adorn ;
Self-sacrificing is their life of toil,
But thousands share its rich and varied spoil.
Thus she of whom I sing still toileth on,
Though the bright wreath of fame is richly won ;

And in the splendor that she justly wears,
She shines a sun amid attendant stars ;
And ever grateful for her glorious gifts,
Upward to Heaven her heart and voice she lifts,
And blesses Him whose power from day to day
Sustains and guides her in her upward way.
Hers is the sphere to woman seldom given ;
She moves as favored by the power of Heaven,
And seems a link by words and deeds of love,
Between our race and holy ones above.

THE EARLY DEAD.

THE dews upon the floweret's leaves are falling,
The glittering rays of burning day are fled,
And the soft twilight hour is now recalling
The treasured image of the early dead.

How fondly now will true affection linger,
And dream to win thee from some distant shore ;
Though sorrow, pointing with her shadowy finger
To the lone future, sighs, " Ye meet no more."

They say, 'tis weak to mourn though ties are broken
Which gave to earth its beauty and its bloom ;
That grief for thee should ever dwell unspoken,
And silent hang its garland on thy tomb.

I weep not, though thine eye hath lost its brightness,
Thy rich lip faded in the darkened grave—
Thy voice which gushed in tones of airy lightness,
Now floats no longer on the aerial wave.

I weep not ; mine is all too deep a sorrow
To melt and vanish in one burning tear ;
There's not a ray of light that hope can borrow
To shed upon the gloom of darkness here.

The stars are o'er me in their glorious splendor,
I've watched their coming in the cloudless sky,
And many a recollection, bright or tender,
Like a soft summer breath is floating by.

I think of those blest hours when thou wert near me,
The one bright image of my early dream,
Until I fancy that thou still canst hear me,
So true, so joyous does the vision seem.

Thou seemest here ; in every joy or sadness
My thoughts revert at once to dwell with thee ;
I long to share with thee my every gladness,
As thou wert wont to share thine own with me.

Thou'rt gone, and peaceful be thy tranquil slumber ;
I would not win thee back to earth again ;
But oh, that Time his sands would quickly number,
And free me from this world of pain.

DWIGHT SHEPARD BLISS

WAS born in Poultney, Vt., in 1827, and died of consumption June 5, 1847. He was a natural artist, self-instructed, and left specimens in landscape and historical painting remarkable for taste and finish for a pupil without a tutor. He was also passionately fond of music and poetry. The specimen we have selected from his poems was written but a few weeks before his death.

EARTHLY FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

Is it wrong to wish to see them
Who were dear to us on earth ;
Who have gone to heavenly mansions,—
Who surround a brighter hearth ?

Is it wrong to mourn their absence
From the parted household band ?
Should we check the sigh of sadness,
Though they're in a better land ?

Is it wrong to hope to meet them
Yet, upon that blessed shore,
And with songs of joy to greet them
When this toil of life is o'er ?

Is it wrong to think them nearer
Than the many of the blest
Who to us on earth were strangers,—
Must we love them like the rest ?

I've a mother up in Heaven,
And O ! tell me if ye will,
Will the mother know her children,—
Will she recollect them still ?

Can she look down from those windows
To this dark and distant shore ?
Will she know when I am coming,—
Will she meet me at the door ?

Will she clasp me to her bosom
In her ecstasy of joy ?
Will she ever be my mother,—
Shall I always be her boy ?

And, thou loved one, who didst leave us
In the morning of thy bloom,
Dearest sister, shall I meet thee
When I go beyond the tomb ?

Shall I see thy lovely features,—
Shall I hear thy pleasant words,
Sounding o'er my spirit's harp-strings
Like the melody of birds ?

And I think me of another,
Of a darling little one,
Who went up among the angels
Ere his life was scarce begun ;

O ! I long once more to see him,
And to fold him in my arms
As I did when he was with us,
With his thousand budding charms.

* * * * *

And will *Death alone* unfold us
All about the Christian's home ?
Must we pass the "narrow valley"
Ere we view the Glory-dome ?

Aye, 'tis true, the soul *must* suffer
And be bowed with anguish down,
Ere 'tis fitted for its dwelling,
Ere 'tis ready for its crown.

And ten thousand the emotions
Crowding round the restless heart,
When its weary strings are breaking,
When it feels it must depart !

But, O Jesus ! blessed Jesus !
Thou art love without alloy ;
Thou wilt meet and Thou wilt bless us,
Thou wilt give us perfect joy.

AMOS S. BLISS.

AMOS S. BLISS, brother of Dwight, died at Poultney, Vt., December 27, 1853, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. He was a quiet, unpretending young man, of delicate health for several years before his death. Deep and beautiful was his admiration of his brother's poetical talent, almost amounting to reverence. The poem we have selected is a tribute to the memory of this, his only brother. Now side by side sleep these young brothers who hopefully passed to the immortal life.

THOU ART GONE TO THE SPIRIT-LAND.

THOU art gone to the spirit-land, Brother,
Thou art gone to the spirit-land ;
And we are left alone, Brother,
Of all that household band.
The walls that echoed often
To thy firm, elastic tread,
Are silent, sad and gloomy,
For a noble soul has fled.

There are only two left now, Brother,
There are only two left now ;
For the hand of death lies cold, Brother,
Upon that marble brow.
The night-wind stirreth gently
The curtains o'er thy bed,
And murmurs, low and sadly,
A requiem for the dead.

It was very hard to part, Brother,
It was very hard to part .
From thee, so good and kind, Brother,
From thee, so pure in heart.
Our hearts are sad and lonely,
And the hearth is cold and drear ;
While down the cheek is stealing
Each bitter, scalding tear.

* * * * *

We are thinking of the past, Brother,
We are thinking of the past ;
Of those hours spent with thee, Brother,
Those hours too sweet to last.
And hast thou gone forever
From thy home and friends on earth ?
And shall we no more listen
To thy free and gladsome mirth ?

Oh, no, thou art gone to rest, Brother ;
Oh, no, thou art gone to rest
With the three that went before, Brother,
In the home of the bright and blest.
And methinks I hear thee saying,
As thy spirit Heavenward flies,
“ We will meet again, dear loved ones,
In that home beyond the skies.”

MRS. SOPHIA WATSON BEMIS.

MISS WATSON published at Montpelier, in 1840, a volume of Poems of one hundred and seventy-two pages, entitled "The Gift."

ON THE DEATH OF AN IMBECILE.

CHILD of misfortune ! few have shared
Such love as was thine own !
And all along thy rayless path
A guiding star, it shone.

Affection changeless—in excess
When love and pity meet ;
And find on earth a resting place,
A mother's breast the seat.

It asks no aid of outward charm,
Nor e'en the light of mind ;
It then becomes a holy thing !
But few the pearl can find.

Such love was thine, and earth is poor
The precious gift to buy ;
It woke with thy young dawning life,
And caught thy dying sigh.

And tender lives thy cherished thought
Within that mother's breast,
AFFLICTION marked thy course on earth—
Heaven guard thy peaceful rest.

A CHILD'S REQUEST.

Oh! bear me to the river's bank
Which glideth past our door,
When I am dead, for I would dwell
Still near it, as before.

For, were I laid beneath the ground,
I could no fragrance breathe;
And there would come no pleasant sound,
And I should lie and grieve.

But, in the stream, the pretty fish
Swim, sportive, all day long;
And when so dark I cannot see,
The *birds* will sing a song.

And be my grave a dwelling small,
Then you can come and go;
And I shall be so very glad
To have you come, you know.

And, mother, you will shortly see
'Tis pleasanter, by far,
Than had they dug a grave for me,
And shut out sun and star.

And I will be your little boy;
And, though I may not speak,
I'll look a love you'll understand,
And you shall kiss my cheek!

And, were it not my arms will be
So very—very cold!
I'd twine them round my mother's neck
With fond, though gentle hold.

And when you die, oh! will you come
And make your home with me?
Then you shall see how well I've planned,
Both for yourself and me.

The mother kissed her weeping boy—
A tear in her meek eye;
And solemn was the smile she wore,
And tender was the sigh.

And to her own weak, timid heart,
She pressed the hope sublime!
And told her child of home secure
Beyond the change of time:

And beautiful the light which shone
Forth from her lifted eye;
She seemed an angel, 'bout to wing
Her upward flight on high.

And her slight form majestic rose,
As, pointing with her hand
To the fair sky above her head,
She spake of the bless'd land.

And soon she died, and left that one,
Her only infant joy!
Oh! make that mother's hope thine own,
Thou poor, deserted boy!

THE FIRST SWEET OFFERING.

THEY bore the infant to behold
Its mother's face, as marble cold :
She did not sob—there burst no cry—
But from the fringe of her blue eye
One large and glitt'ring tear-drop fell
The little mourner's grief to tell.
And thus the brow death's impress sealed
Shone with the pearly gift revealed :
Never there rested gem so rare,
Though in a coronet most fair.
An infant's tear !—Could earth supply
Such wealth upon the brow to lie ?
Time's annals ! scarcely can they bring
A tale of such a wondrous thing ;
For scarce two summers had gone by
Ere first was ope'd that soft blue eye ;
And from it, falling, now we see
The tear of sensibility.
And yet, what could that infant know
Of death or change ? Ah ! who can show
What strange foreboding fears may fill
The spirit's young imagining ?
But let no rash officious hand
Wipe off the tear—here let it stand !
Bear it, fond mother, to thy rest,
The first sweet offering, and the best.

CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

Mr. EASTMAN published the first edition of his poems in 1848.

MY UNCLE JERRY.

I.

JUST round "the corner," up the street,
Among the elms and maples,
Beyond the noise of trucks and cars
And piles of "Northern staples,"
Where never, now, the uneasy tide
Of trade and traffic presses,
And ladies seldom promenade
To show their latest dresses ;

There stands a mansion built before
You ever saw a steeple,
Ere Treasury Notes and Tariff Acts
Had vexed a growing people ;
Before a spade had stirred the sand
That drifted round "the corner,"
Or you and I had ever heard
Of Chittenden and Warner.

II.

They laid the sills and raised the frame,
To all the town a wonder,
"From rise of morn till set of sun,"
'Twas done without a blunder ;

A gambrel-roofed, two-story house,
In front a tall black cherry,
And there, "the light of other days,"
Resides my Uncle Jerry.

A noble, old-school gentleman,
A personage quite rare
In these exquisite modern times
Of stays, rattans and hair ;
One of your true, whole-hearted men,
Whose house and store and basket
Are always open, and whose purse
Is yours before you ask it.

A little odd he seems, no doubt,
And ancient in his manners,
And hardly quite the thing too suit
Our modern style of Hannahs,
But just to see him wave his hand,
Or bow to Mrs. Grover,
You'd swear that you for once had met
A gentleman, all over.

A gray and somewhat longish cue,
Tied with a ribbon black,
Still hangs itself most solemnly
Adown my Uncle's back ;
His white cravat beneath his chin
Disdains a speck of dirt,
And nestling in his vest you see
The ancient ruffle-shirt.

And though he still adheres to shoes
 With buckles on the top,
 And nothing in his dress appears
 That indicates the fop,
 Yet ancient spinsters still declare,
 When quiltings were in vogue—
 Of course there's nothing in it—that
 My Uncle was "a rogue."

The hickory cane you always see
 He carries in his hand,
 With smooth-worn knots and loosened **point**,
 And polished golden band,
 Where half effaced his name is carved
 Upon the ivory head,
 He brought from old Connecticut
 As I have heard it said.

His snuff-box is a relic of
 The days of old Queen Anne,
 A Dutchman's name is on the lid,
 'Tis—something after Van.
 The buckles on his ~~sk~~knee came down
 From some renowned commander,
 And I have heard him trace them back
 Almost to Alexander.

III.

He speaks of politics, sometimes,
 Though latterly he spends,

On modern times, but little breath
Disputing with his friends ;
And Kansas wars and Cuban Schemes,
And all that sort of bubble,
Can give my Uncle, now-a days,
But very little trouble.

But if you care to hear about
When he was in his glory,
The early days of old Vermont,
That shine for us in story,
When " Hampshire Grants " were tracts of land
Somewhat in disputation,
Tracked by the most intractable
Of all the Yankee Nation ;

When Ethan Allen ruled the State
With steel and stolen Scriptur',
And waged, alone, against New York,
His " Beach Seal " war, and whipt her ;
Or anything of matters when
Our freedom we were winning,
He'll talk from dark to twelve o'clock,
And just have made beginning.

He'll tell you how for years we lived
Without a Constitution,
And put the laws we made in force
With perfect execution ;

When Sheriffs and Committees were
Our only legislators,
And Seth and Ethan of the law
The sole administrators.

To Guilford, he will tell you how
One evening Allen went,
To quell in that Republic, there,
Some little discontent !

The time, you know, old Ethan swore,
And looked upon their farms,
He'd Sodom-and-Gommorrah 'em,
If they didn't stack their arms ;

How long the Yorker part stood out,
And swung their scythes and axes,
And swore by all 'twas black and white,
They wouldn't pay their taxes ;
Till Bradley left the town without
A Lamb among her birches,
A Mrs. Hunt's ungodly son
Despoiled her of her Churches !

How John Monroe came on one day
With all his Yorker train,
And took Remember Baker up,
And — set him down again !
How one Ben Hough, who practiced law,
And freedom in his speech,
Received from one of Ethan's courts,
A verdict sealed with beech.

IV.

There's much, he says, about Vermont
For history and song,
Much to be written yet, and more
That has been written wrong ;
Of braver men, he says, than those
Who from the hill and glade,
Swarmed round the banner of Vermont,
No record has been made.

The Revolutionary war —
He says he'd like to know
Who, but the heroes of Vermont
Were first to strike the blow ?
At Lexington and Bunker Hill,
Before a martyr bled,
The first blood of that glorious war
At Westminster was shed.

Talk, says my uncle, growing warm,
About the South and West,
Far's I know, they are well enough,
Their lands may be the best ;
But when you come to talk of men,
You may depend upon't,
No State can boast of such a race
Of people, as Vermont.

They, independent as the winds
That fanned them where they stood,

They were the men who took old Ti'
Because they thought they would !
They were the men, who, through Champlain
Swept on to Montreal,
The first of all the North to rouse
At freedom's battle-call.

Neglected here, insulted there,
By every wrong oppressed,
Like cattle hound, like beasts pursued
From vale to mountain-crest ;
They were the men to stand alone,
Alone their rights maintain,
Alone their battles fight and win,
Alone their freedom gain.

The old Thirteen, united, fought
The Revolution through,
While single-handed, old Vermont,
Fought them and England, too ;
She'd Massachusetts and New York,
And—so the record stands—
New Hampshire, England, Guilford and
The Union on her hands.

Yet still from Windham to the line,
No muscle ever quailed,
No nerve relaxed its iron grasp
And not a sinew failed ;

While o'er her hills, her Single Star,
Hung glittering through the cloud,
And when the smoke of battle passed,
Vermont had whipt the crowd.

And when the record shall be made
And their position shown,
Their struggles clearly understood,
Their conquests fairly known,
No men of any age or clime,
In history will outshine
The heroes of the Single Star,
The Doe's Head and the Pine.

The Allens, Thomas Chittenden,
And Bradley, (Stephen Roe,)
Paul Spooner, Baker, Haswell, Hunt,
And many more, you know ;
Seth Warner, Fassett, Tichenor,
The Robinsons and Fays,
Are men, my Uncle thinks, to grace
A nation's proudest days.

But I can never tell you half—
You'd better call and see
My Uncle with his solemn cue
And buckles on his knee ;
He'll entertain you many an hour
With things 'twere vain to write,
And keep you listening to his talk
Delighted half the night.

You'll find a welcome in the style
Our fathers ate and drank,
A welcome free and full to all,
With little care for rank ;
The style that by the table showed
A bountiful provider,
When the Parson blessed the food prepared
And took his mug of cider.

V.

But Uncle Jerry's getting old
And leans upon his cane,
He tries to walk erect, but then,
It gives my Uncle pain ;
My cousin Ellen ties his cue,
And reads the latest papers,
And sings his favorite song, when he
Is troubled with the vapors.

And soon they'll miss along the hill,
And down his favorite glen,
Another of that glorious race,
Of old Green Mountain Men.
And I shall miss his vigorous "hem!"
And his accustomed, "Jerry!"
I say, my boy, you'll go it, yet,
You're like your Uncle, very."

A WIFE-SONG.

I TOUCH my harp for one to me
Of all the world most dear,
Whose heart is like the golden sheaves
That crown the ripened year ;
Whose cheek is fairer than the sky
When't blushes into morn,
Whose voice was in the summer night
Of silver streamlets born.

To one whose eye the morning star
Might for a sister own,
Upon whose lip the honey bee
Might build her waxen throne ;
Whose breath is like the air that woos
The buds in April hours,
And stirs within the dreamy heart
A sense of opening flowers.

I touch my harp for one to me
Of all the world most dear,
Whose heart is like the clustering vine
That crowns the ripened year ;
Whose love is like the living springs
The mountain travelers taste,
That stormy winter cannot chill,
Nor thirsty summer waste.

I SEE HER NOT!

I SEE her not! the spring is here
With gladness for the budding earth ;
I see her not! the one so dear,
Nor at the board, nor at the hearth ;
The dust is on her window-sill,
Her bird is dumb, her flowers are dead,
And in the fastened shutter, still
The spider weaves her gloomy thread.

Here, in her silent chamber, where
The solitary shadows dwell,
I watched with sweet and patient care,
The sister I had loved so well ;
And when a day of sharper pain
Had left her hopeless, pale and weak,
I sought to cheer her heart again,
And kiss the color to her cheek.

Here, through the long, long winter night
She wore the weary hours away,
Until at last the morning light
Came through her window cold and gray ;
Ah! how the dull beam on the glass,
Would still to her the hope restore,
That she, the leaves and growing grass,
Might live to look upon once more.

I could not tell her, what, to learn,
Would only needless anguish give,

That spring to her would ne'er return—
For on that hope she seemed to live ;
She could not, so she'd come to think,
She could not sleep beneath the snow—
Yet, as each day I saw her sink,
I knew, too well, it must be so.

And so it was—but yet her breath,
So quietly, one morn, was stilled,
While yet that hope was strong, that death,
To her, was but that hope fulfilled ;
For, hours before her spirit passed,
Sweet names of flowers her lips would spell,
And murmuring faintly, “ Spring at last ! ”
Upon her face the shadow fell.

I see her not ! the spring is here !
And gladness reigns through all the earth ;
I see her not ! the one so dear,
Nor at the board, nor at the hearth ;
The dust is on her window-sill,
Her bird is dumb, her flowers are dead,
And in the fastened shutter, still
The spider weaves her gloomy thread.

DIRGE.

SOFTLY !

She is lying
With her lips apart ;

Softly !

She is dying
Of a broken heart.

Whisper !

Life is growing
Dim within her breast ;

Whisper !

She is going
To her final rest.

Gently !

She is sleeping,
She has breathed her last !

Gently !

While you're weeping,
She to Heaven has passed.

JOHN G. SAXE.

MR. SAXE published the first edition of his Poems in 1849.

THE OLD CHAPEL BELL.*

WITHIN a church-yard's sacred ground,
Whose fading tablets tell
Where they who built the village church
In solemn silence dwell,
Half hidden in the earth, there lies
An ancient Chapel Bell.

Broken, decayed, and covered o'er
With mouldering leaves and rust;
Its very name and date concealed
Beneath a cankering crust;
Forgotten—like its early friends,
Who sleep in neighboring dust.

Yet it was once a trusty bell,
Of most sonorous lung,
And many a joyous wedding peal,
And many a knell had rung,
Ere time had cracked its brazen sides,
And broke its iron tongue.

* This ballad is a paraphrase of a prose tale, written by Mrs. Alice B. Neal.

And many a youthful heart had danced
In merry Christmas time,
To hear its pleasant roundelay,
Sung out in ringing rhyme ;
And many a worldly thought been checked
To list its Sabbath chime.

A youth—a bright and happy boy,
One sultry summer's day,
Aweary of his bat and ball,
Chanced hitherward to stray,
To read a little book he had
And rest him from his play.

“ A soft and shady spot is this ! ”
The rosy youngster cried,
And sat him down beneath a tree,
That ancient bell beside ;
(But, hidden in the tangled grass,
The bell he ne'er espied.)

Anon, a mist fell on his book,
The letters seemed to stir,
And though, full oft, his flagging sight
The boy essayed to spur,
The mazy page was quickly lost
Beneath a cloudy blur.

And while he marveled much at this,
And wondered how it came,
He felt a languor creeping o'er

His young and wearied frame,
And heard a voice, a gentle voice,
That plainly spoke his name.

That gentle voice that named his name
Entranced him like a spell,
Upon his ear, so very near,
And suddenly it fell ;
Yet soft and musical, as 'twere
The whisper of a bell.

“ Since last I spoke,” the voice began,—
“ Seems many a dreary year !
(Albeit, 'tis only since thy birth
I've lain neglected here,)
Pray list, while I rehearse a tale
Behooves thee much to hear.

“ Once, from yon ivied tower, I watched
The villagers around,
And gave to all their joys and griefs
A sympathetic sound,—
(But most are sleeping, now, within
This consecrated ground.)

“ I used to ring my merriest peal
To hail the blushing bride ;
I sadly tolled for men cut down
In strength and manly pride ;
And solemnly—not mournfully—
When little children died.

“ But, chief, my duty was to bid
 The villagers repair,
On each returning Sabbath morn,
 Unto the House of Prayer,
And in His own appointed place,
 The Savior’s mercy share.

“ Ah ! well I mind me of a child,
 A gleesome, happy maid,
Who came with constant step, to church
 In comely garb arrayed,
And knelt her down full solemnly,
 And penitently prayed.

“ And oft, when church was done, I marked
 That little maiden near
This pleasant spot, with book in hand,
 As you are sitting here,—
She read the Story of the Cross,
 And wept with grief sincere.

“ Years rolled away,—and I beheld
 The child to woman grown ;
Her cheek was fairer, and her eye
 With brighter luster shone ;
But childhood’s truth and innocence
 Were still the maiden’s own.

“ I never rang a merrier peal
 Than when, a joyous bride,
She stood beneath the sacred porch,

A noble youth beside,
And plighted him her maiden troth
In maiden love and pride.

“ I never tolled a deeper knell
Than when, in after years,
They laid her in the church-yard here,
Where this low mound appears—
(The very grave, my boy, that you
Are watering now with tears!)

“ *It is thy mother!* gentle boy,
That claims this tale of mine—
Thou art a flower whose fatal birth
Destroyed the parent vine!
A precious flower art thou, my child—
TWO LIVES WERE GIVEN FOR THINE!

“ One was thy sainted mother's, when
She gave thee mortal birth;
And one thy Savior's, when in death,
He shook the solid earth;
Go! boy, and live as may befit
Thy life's exceeding worth!”

The boy awoke, as from a dream,
And, thoughtful, looked around,
But nothing saw save at his feet
His mother's lowly mound,
And by its side that ancient bell
Half hidden in the ground!

GIRLHOOD.

WITH rosy cheeks and merry, dancing curls,
And eyes of tender light,
O, very beautiful are little girls,
And goodly to the sight!

Here comes a group to seek my lonely bower
Ere waning Autumn dies,—
How like the dew-drops on a drooping flower,
Are smiles from gentle eyes!

What beaming gladness lights each fairy face
The while the elves advance,
Now speeding swiftly in a gladsome race,
Now whirling in a dance!

What heavenly pleasure o'er the spirit rolls
When all the air along
Floats the sweet music of untainted souls,
In bright, unsullied song!

The sacred nymphs that guard this sylvan ground
May sport unseen with these,
And joy to hear their ringing laugh resound
Among the clustering trees!

With rosy cheeks and merry, dancing curls,
And eyes of tender light,
O, very beautiful are little girls,
And goodly to the sight!

I'M GROWING OLD.

My days pass pleasantly away,
My nights are blessed with sweetest sleep ;
I feel no symptoms of decay,
I have no cause to moan and weep ;
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold,
And yet, of late, I often sigh—
I'm growing old !

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy for rhymes,
My growing love for easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All tell me in the plainest voice—
I'm growing old !

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless of my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes—
I'm growing old !

I feel it in my changing taste,
I see it in my changing hair,

I see it in my growing waist,
I see it in my growing heir.
A thousand hints proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That even in my vaunted youth,
I'm growing old!

Ah me, my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears;
And every boon the hours bequeath
But makes me debtor to the years;
E'en flattery's honeyed words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tells me in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight
My somber muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of her wings,
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold;
Where all are blest, and none may sigh,
"I'm growing old!"

COMIC MISERIES.

MY dear young friend, whose shining wit
Sets all the room ablaze,

Don't think yourself "a happy dog,"
For all your merry ways ;
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid, if you can,
It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man !

You're at an evening party, with
A group of pleasant folks,—
You venture quietly to crack
The least of little jokes,—
A lady doesn't catch the point,
And begs you to explain—
Alas ! for one who drops a jest
And takes it up again !

You're talking deep philosophy
With very special force
To edify a clergyman
With suitable discourse,—
You think you've got him,—when he calls
A friend across the way,
And begs you'll say that funny thing
You said the other day !

You drop a pretty *jeu-de-mot*
Into a neighbor's ears,
Who likes to give you credit for
The clever thing he hears,

And so he hawks your jest about—
The old, authentic one—
Just breaking off the point of it,
And leaving out the pun!

By sudden change in politics,
Or sadder change in Polly,
You lose your love, or loaves, and fall
A prey to melancholy,
While everybody marvels why
Your mirth is under ban—
They think your very grief “a joke,”
You’re such a funny man!

You follow up a stylish card,
That bids you come and dine,
And bring along your freshest wit,
(To pay for musty wine;)
You’re looking very dismal, when
My lady bounces in,
And wonders what you’re thinking of,
And why you don’t begin!

You’re telling to a knot of friends
A fancy-tale of woes
That cloud your matrimonial sky,
And banish all repose,—
A solemn lady overhears
The story of your strife,
And tells the town the pleasant news;
You quarrel with your wife.

My dear young friend, whose shining wit
Sets all the room ablaze,
Do n't think yourself a "happy dog,"
For all your merry ways ;
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid if you can,
It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man !

ON AN UGLY PERSON SITTING FOR A
DAGUERREOTYPE.—AN EPIGRAM.

HERE Nature in her glass, the wanton elf,
Sits gravely making faces at herself ;
And while she scans each clumsy feature o'er,
Repeats the blunders that she made before.

WOMAN'S WILL.—AN EPIGRAM.

MEN dying make their wills, but wives
Escape a work so sad ;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had ?

ROBERT JOSSELYN.

MR. JOSSELYN, formerly of Woodstock, Vt., is now a resident of Jackson, Miss. His love for the Green Mountain Land, which he still cherishes as his home, is depicted in our first selection from his poetry. A small volume of his poems, entitled "Faded Flowers and other Poems," was published by B. B. Mussey & Co., Boston, in 1849.

SHALL I SEE THEM NO MORE ?

SHALL I see them no more ? Must I die far away
From all I so loved in life's earlier day ?
The parent who taught me the lessons of truth,
The brothers who shared all the joys of my youth,
The one gentle sister whose smile could destroy
All the fanciful griefs of the passionate boy ;
The schoolmates, my playmates, when study was o'er—
Shall I see them no more ? Shall I see them no more ?

Shall I see them no more, the Green Mountains that rose
Through the warm Summer sky to the region of snows ?
The valley where often I pensively strayed ;
The brook where I fished, and the woods where I played ;
The cottage that stood by the side of the hill,
And the cool spring hard by with its murmuring rill ;
The apple and cherry trees close by the door—
Shall I see them no more ? Shall I see them no more ?

O, bright are the skies that hang over me now,
And soft is the breeze to my feverish brow.

I fly to the lovely and mirth-moving throng ;
 I join in the laughter, the dance and the song ;
 But, gazing on visions of beauty and grace,
 The shadow of sadness steals over my face,
 I sigh for the lost ones time cannot restore—
 Shall I see them no more ? Shall I see them no more ?

O, God ! let me die where I first drew my breath,
 With my friends and my kindred around me in death ;
 Let not the rude hand of the stranger be laid
 On the cold, silent image of clay thou hast made.
 When my spirit is gone, let my body repose
 In its old mountain home, where the evergreen grows ;
 There they who still love me, my loss will deplore—
 Shall I see them no more ? Shall I see them no more ?

THE RETURN.

Too late, too late ! I stand beside thy grave,
 My sainted mother ! Cold the north wind blows,
 And darkly flit, across the misty sky,
 The clouds of Autumn ; but within my frame
 More coldly flows the current of my life,
 And darker falls the shadow on my soul.
 O, mother ! mine in Heaven ! when I last
 Beheld thee, drowned in tears and sobbing forth
 Unnumbered blessings on thy thankless child,
 I little thought it was our last farewell.

Ambition stirred within me ; I became
Fevered and restless in my humble home ;
My boyish brain was full of rosy dreams
Of fame and fortune ; I would fain go forth
And grapple with the world. Its honors won,
I would return and lay them at thy feet,
And thou shouldst glory in thy youngest born.
Presumption gross and ignorance profound !
And thus I left thee ; and the years rolled by
And brought no blossoms from the buds of hope,
No golden harvest from the seeds of toil,
No wreath of laurel for the brow of pride,
But lines of silver and the deepening marks
Of care, and wasting thought, and blasted joys ;
The fairy vision of my early days,
A world of goodness, purity and truth,
Brave men, true women, open hands and hearts,
Wealth for the toiling, honor for the wise,
Devoted friendship and unchanging love
Grew dim, and faded to a dreary blank !
And then, despairing like the prodigal,
And humbled to the very dust, I said,
I will again behold thy face, and die.
Alas ! thou then, wert dying, and I fear
Thy closing hours embittered by my fate.
Long hadst thou waited, often hadst thou prayed
For the ungrateful wanderer's return.
As day by day thy strength grew less and less,
Thy pulse more feeble and thy sight more dark ;
Weary with watching, and the icy hand

Of age was loosening every vital chord,
 Thy hopeful heart still whispered, "He will come,
 "These arms shall clasp him." Mother! I am here,
 But Oh, how changed! thou wouldst not know me now,
 Thy darling boy is dead. The ruddy cheeks,
 The laughing eyes, the merry, playful voice,
 The bounding step of childhood,—all are gone;
 A gray-haired man is weeping o'er thy grave!
 Subdued, repentant, prostrate and abased,
 But full of love for thee. As here I press
 The earth above thee, moistened by my tears,
 Thy every kindness, every tender care,
 With anguish wrings my bosom. Life may bring
 New friends around me, but no friend like thee;
 Love may return, but never love like thine.
 Forgive me, Oh, forgive me, mother dear!
 And from thy blissful mansion far above,
 Look smiling down, and bless, once more, thy son.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

SHE is modest, but not bashful,
 Free and easy, but not bold,
 Like an apple ripe and mellow,
 Not too young and not too old;
 Half inviting, half repulsive,
 Now advancing and now shy;
 There is mischief in her dimple,
 There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature,
She is schooled in all her arts ;
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of all hearts.
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile ;
O, a maid is sometimes charming,
But the widow all the while.

Are you sad ? how very serious
Will her handsome face become ;
Are you angry ? she is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb ;
Are you mirthful ? how her laughter,
Silver-sounding, will ring out ;
She can lure and catch and play you,
As the angler does the trout.

You old bachelors of forty
Who have grown so bald and wise,
Young Americans of twenty
With the love-locks in your eyes,
You may practice all your lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who could win and fool you all.

H. LADD SPENCER.

MR. SPENCER is a native of Castleton, Vt., now residing in New York.
He published a small volume of Poems in Rutland, in 1850.

ROSA BELL.

THERE is a little grave
In yonder mossy dell,
And slumbers there
The young, the fair,
The peerless Rosa Bell.

The violets perfume
The airs that breathe around,
And down the hill
A silvery rill
Sweeps with a plaintive sound.

She loved the flowers the best
That in the wild-wood grow,
And o'er her tomb
Do bud and bloom
The loved of long ago.

Sweet sing the birds at morn,
Upon the willow tree ;
At noon, at eve,
Sweet songs they weave,
Lost Rosa Bell, for thee.

MARY CUTTS.

A VOLUME of Miss CUTTS' poems was published by Crosby & Nichols, Boston, in 1852.

VERMONT WINTER-SONG.

AS SUNG BY THE CHERNEY FAMILY.

Do ye know, do ye know, far away in the North,
Is a land full of beautiful things ;
Where the snow-flakes are pure as the white summer
 rose,
And the merry, merry sleigh-bell rings ?

Oh, this land has a charm to all others unknown,
When old Winter comes scowling along !
Old Winter ! the season for pleasure and mirth,
For the dance and the blithe jolly song.

When the daylight is o'er, and the stars in the sky,
And the moonbeams are playing about,
Is a right joyous time for the beaux, and the girls
With their dear pretty smiles, to be out.

Oh, the blithe, merry ride, over hill, over dale,
Over ice, and o'er mountains of snow !
" With swift Morgan horses " as fleet as the deer,
Full of fun, full of life, on they go !

Oh, the sleigh-rides they have in the Green Mountain
State,

Do ye know, do ye know what they are,
When the pure icy crystals are all lighted up
By the moon and the glittering star ?

Hark, hark to the bells, how they jingle along,
'Mid the laugh and the wild note of glee !
While the hearts that are beating 'neath wrappers and furs
From all shackles but true love are free.

And then when arrived, what a glorious sight
Is the cheering, the bright rosy fire !
How it rises, and crackles, and blazes away,
As they pile the wood higher and higher !

And now for the dance, and the frolic and game,
While the nuts and the apples go round,
What a time ! what a time ! while, with song and with
shout,
The gay, merry voices resound.

O Vermont, loved Vermont, with thy soft Summer charms,
With thy wild winds and deep Winter snows !
Dear, dear are thy glad festive visions of joy,
And dear are thy scenes of repose.

How peaceful the hearth of thy laboring sons,
When the cares of the daylight are o'er,
With their warm, honest hearts, and their strong, hardy
frames,
By *exercise* formed to endure !

Then hail to Vermont, with her wool and her corn,
With her cheese, "and all that sort of thing!"
Let her snows beat away, and her winter-gales blow,
Yet, hail to Vermont, we will sing!

GREEN MOUNTAIN SONG.

AS SUNG BY THE CHERNEY FAMILY.

YE may sing, ye may sing, of the mild Southern breeze,
The climate of gentle repose,
Of the land where the vine and the olive unite,
And the sweet-scented orange-bud blows :
We will tell, we will tell, of the life-giving North,
With its noble old forest-trees great,
And where, never waning, 'mid beauties sublime,
Beams the star of the Green Mountain State.

Ye may sing, ye may sing, of the charms of the West,
With its wide-spreading prairies of green,
Where the buffalo ranges in freedom along,
And the Father of Waters is seen :
We will tell, we will tell, of the region where STARK
Taught of yore the invader his fate ;
Where ALLEN found soldiers all made to his hand,
In the wilds of the Green Mountain State.

Yes, hurra for Vermont! 'tis the land of the free,
The land of the strong and the brave ;

Hurra for Vermont, ever steady and true! —

What foeman can ever deprave?

Her fair are for worth and for beauty renowned,

Her "mountain boys" ever are *men*;

Her soil is unrivaled, her breezes are pure:

Hurra for Vermont once again!

Ah! other bright scenes may entice us away;

In other lands oft we may roam;

Yet still will the heart ever beat with delight

At the name of its own mountain-home.

Then hurra yet again for our dear native State,

Though oft we may wander afar;

For Vermont, brave Vermont, with her evergreen hills,

Hurra! and hurra! and hurra!

MRS. ANNE C. LYNCH BOTTA.

ANNE C. LYNCH was born at Bennington, Vt. After receiving an excellent education at a Ladies' Seminary in Albany, N. Y., Miss LYNCH removed to Providence, R. I., where, in 1841, she edited the *Rhode Island Book*. An illustrated volume of her poems has been published. In 1855, Miss LYNCH was married to Mr. V. Botta, formerly Professor of Philosophy in the College of Sardinia, and member of the National Parliament.

[*Cy. Am. L.*]

THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY.

SPEAK low ! tread softly through these halls,
Here genius lies enshrined ;
Here reign in silent majesty
The monarchs of the mind.

A mighty spirit host they come,
From every age and clime ;
Above the buried wrecks of years,
They breast the tide of time.

And in their presence-chamber here
They hold their regal state,
And round them throng a noble train,
The gifted and the great.

* * * * *

Here shall the poets chant for thee
Their sweetest, loftiest lays,
And prophets wait to guide thy steps
In wisdom's pleasant ways.

Come with these God-annointed kings,
Be thou companion here ;
And in the mighty realm of mind,
Thou shalt go forth a peer !

TO ———, WITH FLOWERS.

Go, ye sweet messengers,
To that dim-lighted room,
Where lettered wisdom from the walls
Sheds a delightful gloom.

Where sits in thought profound
One in the noon of life,
Whose flashing eye and fevered brow
Tell of the inward strife.

Who in those wells of lore
Seeks for the pearl of truth.
And to Ambition's fever-dream
Gives his repose and youth.

To him, sweet ministers,
Ye shall a lesson teach;
Go in your fleeting loveliness,
More eloquent than speech.

Tell him in laurel wreaths
No perfume e'er is found,
And that upon a crown of thorns
Those leaves are ever bound.

Thoughts fresh as your own hues
Bear ye to that abode,—
Speak of that sunshine and the sky
Of Nature and of God.

GAY NARAMORE.

A VOLUME of his poems, of two hundred and fifty pages, entitled "*April Leaves*," was published in 1857, by E. H. Bender, of Albany, N. Y.

SAN MONTA.

I.

SAN MONTA the antique Painter,—
Far 'mid arching rocks he dwelt,
Where the great eternal Mountains
Rise forever till they melt
In the grandeur-blue of heaven.
And he painted, morn and even,
With all hues of light and gold,
All the beauties Nature told.

II.

SAN MONTA the antique Poet,—
Far o'er earthly clouds he soared
With his proud imagination ;
And he blessed the inspiration
Of each spirit-whispered word,
And he blessed the God of Heaven
For each ecstatic whisper heard.

So he studied Nature's beauties,
Not as rigid school-men do
By the sickening midnight taper,

But with heart to rapture thrilling —
Grasping all the world ere knew,
With a longing aspiration,
As of mortal that would woo
Love of the radiant angels
From the holy ether blue —
Studied, learned the Life of Nature,
Marked her laws through veiled creation,
From her deepest thought foundation,
Loves and darker passions, too.

Free as light, himself, he wondered
All the world should not be free,
And he often gravely pondered
On the *right* of Tyranny ;
Mused that life should be but freedom
To prepare for life to be,
Till beyond Time's surging river
He should warble love forever,
Etching songs for angel choirs,—
So he wills to dream or ramble
As the passing scene inspires,
Scorns the worldling's hollow strife,
Paints with pen and pencil bold,
Joys his life of morns and evens
With all thoughts and rhymes the heavens
Can unfold —
Dreams full oft in holy evens
He is tuning seraph lyres !

III.

SAN MONTTO, the antique Noble,
Knew no nobler rank than Toil,
Never knew that Degradation
Stamped vile shame on every nation
That deigned delve the vulgar soil.
For he lived in the Dark Ages
Ere the sun of science shone,
Spangling with its glorious brightness
Slavery's *freedom*-worshipped throne,—
Ere the kindly soul of Justice
Had been glozed to Sorrow's moan,
Ere the fashion of the earthly
Had been guide to Heaven alone !

So he toiled and sang in gladness,
Sowed his lands with measure bold,
Sang, and garnered up in gladness
Golden measures manifold.
Toiled till day went down the mountains
Into regions drear and cold ;
But what time the deepening fountains
Glittered in the twilight gold,
Bright he pictured all rapt visions
Truth could catch or Art could mould,
Tranced with highest thoughts and rythms
Earth and Heaven can unfold !

IV.

SAN MONTTO, the antique Artist,
With all human frailties told,

Would that hearts as true and noble
Pulsed our present, proud yet cold.

Rest ignoble, vile, tame sameness
Rusts our Genius natures out ;
Or else blighting avaricious
Passions bar their fires about.
Would that heaven-born Truth and Justice
Were not sepulchered in gold ;
Would all hearts that think for Freedom
Dared to speak and act as bold ;
Then the truthful age of glory
Should unfold !

“ I’LL REMEMBER.”

“ I’LL remember ”—it floats
In my memory
Like the golden notes
Of yesterday ;
Like the songs of the spheres that wing from the sky,
And encircle the world with harmony.

“ I’ll remember ”—it weaves
O’er my rough path rich bowers,
Thy smiles for the leaves,
Thy love for the flowers,—
It charms the welkin, though writhing with storms,
Into heaven-borne clouds, lit by rainbow forms !

IF I LOVE THEE WILT THOU LOVE ME ?

LITTLE child upon the meadows,
 Poet-child at play,
 While all nature laughs around him,
 Talks the hours away.

“ Smiling daisy of the meadows,
 Buttercup of May,
 If I love thee, wilt thou love me ? ”
 Daisy smiled away.

“ Waving willow of the meadows,
 With thy tresses gay,
 If I love thee, wilt thou love me ? ”
 Willow waved away.

“ Soaring bird above the meadows,
 Trancing earth to-day,
 If I love thee, wilt thou love me ? ”
 Warbler soared away.

“ Wimpling brooklet by the meadows,
 Answer me I pray,
 If I love thee, wilt thou love me ? ”
 Brooklet turned away.

Little child upon the meadows,
 Poet-child at play,
 Brown-eyed child, when no one loved him,
 Wept the hours away.

CHATHAM.

MAY is always bright and gay
When it comes up Chatham way,
Chatham banks were very fair
When Spring, and you and I were there,
Without a care.

Chatham is a bustling town,
But the Stena Kill comes down
(Nursling from old Berkshire's breast)
Humming songs of dreamy rest
Adown the West—

Down by Burnsted, simple scene,
Chatham, of thy banks of green.
Homely cottage built of wood,
Over which in solitude
Three chestnuts brood.

Many a land and sea I've passed,
Thinking that perhaps at last
Heaven might give me leave to rise
From the spell that always lies
In those dark eyes.

Magic scenes and fairy forms!
Jenny, can you tell what charms
In those Chatham valleys lie?
Would I might know ere I die
What spell, and why!

AWAY.

ONE token-word. Black clouds with craggy wings
Have chased a drowning night of shades away,
And morning, with her thousand offerings
Of glowing beauty, has been barred to-day.
Yet not all cheerless is the world around,
For, far against the sky the mountains grim
Are drunk with light—and warbling notes profound
Swell from the forests dim.

And gray old eagles eddy as they pass,
Winging afar from deep immensity ;
And brooklets born where battling torrents be,
Low-hushed by zephyrs, nestle in the grass.
And now aslope the vales where lead mists creep,
And aspens tremble as the storm-god dreams,
And o'er the lily beds where Naiads sleep
The sunlight streams.

Ah, well-a-day ! 'tis open toil-time now,
And I must break awhile the magic spell,
Must bind my youth-thought hopes about my brow,
And push me forward for the guerdon well.
Eva, wilt go with me ? I may not tell
Thee life will always be as bright and gay
As when Time's fairy-chiming, vesper-bell
Proclaims to flowers the marriage eve of May—

Perchance this morn may not be glad as when
Old Winter took his snowy curtains down,

And Spring sat with thee in the Stena glen,
And wove her blossoms with thy tresses brown,
And gave thee rosebuds with her kisses sweet,
And looked love in thine eyes—for long since then
The Summer with slow pace and sunburnt feet,
And girdle of thick leaves and ripening wheat

Passed the earth by, and Autumn sauntered forth ;
Yet the same garments which the South winds wove
With purling rain-drops from the dewy North,
Are left the grove.

Eva, wilt come with me—wilt thou not say ?
The sun careers his pathway o'er the sea ;
I would not hie me up the mountains gray
Apart from thee !

Wilt come ? Beneath this living roof of trees,
Whose ancient boughs swim in the hights above,
Are twined with luscious fruits, wild flowers of love,
And singing bees
Go on their way, and winds, and birds flit by
Enwreathed in so much beauty, one would say
Empyrian spirits plume their wings to-day
Beneath the sky.

Away shall be our course, embowered with vines,
That climb caressed by birches, fragrant sweet,
Or where the grandeur-towering mountain pines
Speak courage meet !
No meteor passions here. Rapt Energy

Must joy each moment, and the love which flows
From out the curtain of the heart's repose
But nerves life's purpose high.

And love that ever wings from thy dark eyes
So deep, and yet so sparkling, full of fire,
Must nerve a spirit's pinions aye to rise,
To soar aye higher.

The vessel rocks—alas! and but a dream?

'Tis dear. Too true "away," for thou from here
Art far. Ah, now I know me well the sea-bird's scream,
And—that hid parting tear!

One word—"remember!" How the thoughtless cars
With brazen feet sped on their iron path,
Till June's mazed sun went down the hills in wrath,
And lone night came beneath the dizzy stars,
That glimmered through the rifted folds of clouds
Like Hope and Joy in shrouds—
And I was borne with day
Away.

Again was changed. I started at the sigh
Of the storm-spirit, and the gurgling moan
Of wild lost waves, as shouting winds rushed by,
And pent-up billows struggled with a groan;
Pale lights flashed out from the hurrying sea,
Then fainted from their eyries, ocean-worn,
In the dim distance—madly I was borne
Away from thee!

EFFIE ANGELL.

EFFIE with the dark brown hair,
Effie of the laughing eye,
Lips which angels fain might share
Though to share them were to die,
Smiles the angels well might wear,
When they near the Throne Most High,
Has thy heart e'er known a care ?
Can thy lips have known a sigh ?

Effie's very name is power,
Sways her world with wondrous might,
For she bears the angels' dower
Throned on Fame's serenest hight.
Can it be that clouds e'er lower
Round thy angel-trancing sight ?
Canst thou 've known a saddened hour
With thy lyre, the Heaven's delight ?

Effie, angel with such light
Beaming from such laughing eyes,
Seemed a Queen of Joy last night,
Reigning in some Paradise !
All hearts knelt beneath their might,
Yet could not ever hope to rise—
I would have given the world last night,
To know such lips could utter sighs !

Effie, angel without care !
In the garden-bower to-night—

Oh, how different the air !

For those eyes spoke such delight
To a soul of what despair,—

Tears had veiled their burning light,
Yet, O Christ, what love was there !

Effie, what of Fame to-night ?

E. LAKIN BROWN.

A NATIVE of Plymouth, Vt., now a resident of Michigan.

THE SAPLING'S APOLOGY.

DESPISE me not, that lithe and slim,
Of tender rind and slender limb,
No giant arms I upward cast,
Defiant to the rushing blast ;
That 'neath my broad, umbrageous head
No flocks in sheltered rest are spread ;
That venturous from my dizzy hight,
No eaglet takes his earliest flight.
The loftiest oak, whose rugged form
Meets as in sport the howling storm,
And claps in glee his hands on high,

To hear the winds go moaning by ;
That very oak once humbly bent
When the young fawn against it leant ;
But many a genial summer shower
And summer sun have lent their power
To nourish, and by slow degrees,
To crown at length the king of trees,
That gives, by close concentric rings,
Proofs of innumerable springs.
Years, whose long calendar may tell
How many a nation rose and fell,
While 'neath the gentle dews of heaven
The stately oak hath stood and thriven.
Me, then, despise not—future suns
As bright as the departed ones,
May shed their quickening rays on me,
Till I become a giant tree ;
And many a songster of the grove
From my tall branches sing his love.

REV. ORVILLE G. WHEELER.

THE DESERTED HOME.

THE old deserted home !
Oh ! who that once could fondly claim
A spot with that endearing name,
 Wherever he may roam,
 But oft will turn,
 With tears that burn,
His eyes to that familiar place,
Abandoned now by all his race ?

O, I can see them well,
The snow-white house with dark green blinds,
The path that through the door-yard winds,
 The trees where shadows fell
 O'er flowering bush,
 Softening the blush
Of roses bright, that mother's care
Had planted, kept and nourished there.

My mother loved her flowers,
They were the gentle counterpart
Of those which bloomed within her heart.
 O, sweet the quiet hours
 She snatched from toil
 And life's turmoil,

With calm communing both did bless
With sweet exchange of loveliness.

O, yes, the well is there,
Wherein the mossy bucket hung,
Which cooled our lips when we were young,
And thither did repair,
And neighing Nell
And roguish Bell,
Who watched the dripping buckets, too,
Ready to drink when we were through.

The dear old fruit trees bend
Their loaded branches to the ground,
The purple vines are creeping round,
And sweet enchantment lend ;
The garden plot,
Delightful spot,
Within the lonely picket fence,
Of treasures rich, the rare essence.

Why do I linger here,
When opens wide the ancient door,
By us so often passed before ;
Why starts the scalding tear ?
Alas ! alas !
Why should I pass
That threshold dear ! and weeping gaze
On relics sad of other days ?

Right by the sacred hearth,
Where father used to sit, I see
Where daily, too, he bent the knee,
And soared away from earth
In such a prayer,—
The very air
Seemed hallowed, while he meekly bowed,
And pure devotion breathed aloud.

And there the table stood,
Around which gathered all the band
Of loved ones—spread by mother's hand
With such delicious food
As only she,
It seemed to me,
Of all the world could e'er prepare,
For us who daily feasted there.

And there my bed was made,
Between whose sheets we nightly crept,
Brother and I, and sweetly slept.
Our prayers devoutly said,
O, sweet the bliss
Of good-night kiss !
That she, so good, so tried, so meek,
Our mother left upon our cheek.

Dear old deserted home !
Farewell, I cannot longer stay,
Since all I love are far away.
Oh, let me longer roam,

Nor look again,
 With throbbing brain,
 Upon this spot, so lonely now ;
 A long farewell, I sadly bow.

A TRIBUTE TO MARSH.—AN EXTRACT.

[JAMES MARSH, the Scholar and Philosopher, President and Professor in the University of Vermont, was born in Hartford, Vt., July 19, 1794, and died July 8, 1842.]

* * * * *

WE fear to lisp thy virtues, lest the flowers
 Around thy grave, with blushes should reproach
 The man whose crude, untried and humble powers
 Should rudely dare such sacred theme approach ;
 But then we love thee so, our burning heart
 So sweetly whispers to itself of thee,
 It fain would try divine Apollo's art,
 And singing set its silent music free.
 Could I the pencil's magic power employ,
 I'd paint Philosopher, with lofty mien,
 Accounting it his highest joy
 To sit at Jesus' feet, and there be seen
 With holy, tranquil aspect, seizing all
 The words that from the greatest Teacher fall.

* * * * *

As we recall his body, pale and worn,
 Trembling, as the harp trembles when its strings

Awaken deepest melodies,—we mourn
That God so feebly guarded life's deep springs.
That modest tenement was far too frail
For such a soul as his to dwell in long ;
Such never-tiring thought could scarcely fail
To do the strongest frame a fatal wrong.
But God did chasten sore our selfish hearts,
That would have fettered to our chilly shore
A heart so pure—a spirit fit to soar
To brightest realms, whose sunlight ne'er departs,
Or lets the darkness in to furnish needless rest
For those who dwell forever with the blest.

Tremulous his voice ; with Truth 't was freighted so
It wavered like an undulating strain
Of music, or like limpid rays that flow
From stars reflected from the rippled main ;
His manners bore an unaffected grace ;
Enough for him to seem just what he was ;
He loved us all, we saw it in his face,
And there we read our most effective laws ;
He seemed to die—his form is shrouded now,
And hidden from our view. But there he sleeps,
And though we cannot see his pale, high brow,
Nor check the grief that unresisted creeps
Among our joys, that spot so justly dear
We'll visit oft, and o'er it drop a tear.

WASHINGTON.—AN EXTRACT.

OUR Hero stood and eyed the gathering storm,
 And higher towered his firm, unbending form,
 His hand untrembling grasped the trusty blade,
 He called on God his country's cause to aid ;
 His soldiers caught his calm and holy trust,
 And trod their guilty terrors in the dust ;
 They saw the pledge of triumph in his eye,
 They vowed to gain it or with him to die.
 Through all the perils of those changeful years,
 He wavered never with the nation's fears ;
 Such wisdom with such courage was combined,
 To noble aims his purpose so confined,
 The Records of the Past you search in vain—
 You find *like* him none to reward your pains.

* * * * *

The red man's arm was weak when he was near,
 The Briton felt a new, peculiar fear ;
 The death-hail fell in showers around his path,
 Yet ever harmless spent its potent wrath.

* * * * *

When war had ceased, and they who sternly braved
 Its perils, proudly Freedom's banner waved,
 O, who but he could take the nation's helm,
 And safely guide the new-created realm ?

* * * * *

His courage and his wisdom failed him not,
 When Peace new trophies to his honor brought ;
 Ambition's proffers met his proud disdain,
 He left the Chair of State without a stain.

* * * * *

From other men he stands so far "apart,"
So "grand, peculiar" to the Freeman's heart,
That there is room for many a smaller star
To whirl within his sphere, yet beam afar
From him ; so far, indeed, they nothing lose
With him in competition ; none would choose
To bring their brightness, but contented glow,
With lesser lights, that shine in spheres below.
Bend not the knee before the gorgeous Sun,
It would be wrong to *worship* Washington ;
Yet may the dismal morning never dawn,
When highest reverence shalt for him be gone,
When e'er Americans shall *lightly* speak
His name,—make haste, a grave for Freedom seek.

He died too soon ; ah, no ! God called for him
Before his strength decayed or eye was dim ;
No second childhood claims our sympathy,
No long imprisonment ere he was free ;
He fell while garlands wreathed his honored brow,
As proudest oaks before the tempest bow,
With all their blooming foliage richly spread,
To ease their fall and make their dying bed ;
He passed away before his heart had bled
To see Oppression triumph o'er the dead,
Ere men had dared those doctrines to deride
For which his brothers fought, for which they died.
He slept ere slavery had been found to be
The chosen Bridegroom of fair Liberty.

'Tis passing pleasant in these *honest* days,
When *some* men relish still the hero's praise,
To think how kindly, yet how plainly spoke
Our Chieftian, ere the golden bowl had broke ;
No bitter taunts were hurled, no rude reproof,
His pale lips pleaded in the slave's behoof
Before the solemn majesty of Death,
While all the Nation listening held its breath :
' All men should have their rightful liberty,
' All men are equal is high Heaven's decree,
' We did not fight to rivet human chains,
' 'Tis not for this our blood-bought Freedom reigns—
' My slaves are free, I leave no bonds behind,
' Ho, brothers ! see, I every cord unbind.'

Near Vernon's Mount the Patriot Father sleeps,
And o'er his ashes heaven nightly weeps ;
Many a pious pilgrim hieth here,
To pay the transient tribute of a tear.
It seemeth holy near the humble mound,
And hushed the foot-falls hesitating sound ;
A mighty Presence seems to fill the air,
With muffled steps the stranger walketh there.
No other grave hath such mysterious power
To awe the soul. Far distant be the hour
When thoughtless men shall break its sweet repose,
O, never, while Potomac's water flows ;
Aye, let him sleep where his last work was done,
In holy slumbers rest our Washington.

LUCY A. HITCHCOCK.

A NATIVE of Addison county, Vt., now residing in Canada East.

WHY MUST WE LOVE ?

WHY must we love, when our dreams of bliss
 Fade all so soon away ?
Why must we love in a realm like this,
 Of darkness and decay ?
Why was the beautiful born to dwell
Deep in our hearts with its mystic spell,
Bidding us worship them all too well —
 The idols of a day ?

Why must we love in this changeeful sphere,
 Where gleams of summer light
Vanishing leave but a cloud, a tear —
 Shadows where all was bright ?
Why do we cherish each thrilling tone,
Gushes of melody swiftly flown,
Leaving us sadly to weep alone,
 And bless them in their flight ?

Why must we toil with a viewless chain,
 Wearing its weight of woe,
Wreathing bright smiles while a fearful pain
 Hides in the heart below ?

Why must the spirit in secret pine,
Laying its all on the same dear shrine,
Frail things that seem almost divine,
 Why must we love them so ?

Why must we love, when the yawning tomb
 Ever may claim its prize,
Hiding away in its depths of gloom
 Laughter of sunny eyes,
Robbing the cheek of its crimson glow,
Sealing the lips of melodious flow ?
Why must we love when so well we know
 All that is lovely dies ?

Why must we love ? Let the angels tell ;
 They who have watched our strife,
Glad when the feeble bore long and well,
 Struggles with anguish rife !
Love hath a mission of mercy here,
Lifting the soul to its native sphere !
There where the harps and crowns appear,
 Love hath an endless life.

JAMES DAVIE BUTLER

WAS born in Rutland, Vt. He graduated at Middlebury College, after which he spent eighteen months in Europe; he is now a Professor in Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana.

THE BAY AND CITY OF NAPLES.

[FRAGMENTS from a poem entitled "ABROAD AND AT HOME," pronounced before the Alumni of Middlebury College, at the Annual Commencement in 1851.]

HERCULEAN pillars passed, we onward hied,
And Naples, peerless siren-queen, espied.
In orange barques I skimmed the tideless bay,
Though sometimes, nothing loth, becalmed we lay;
Its shape a goblet, gemmed with craggy isles,
The purest azure known in heaven it smiles.
Vesuvius, with miter-cloven crest,
Which smoking plume-like pillars aye invest;
The mount with red right hand and voice of pride,
And blackened lava streaming down his side;
The ashy mound, Pompeii's unsealed grave;
Beneath Sorrento's toppling crags, the cave
Curtained with ivy; Naples, named of right
For comeliness a Virgin's face, snow-white;
The mountain's bosom her unequaled throne;
Grim forts with orange groves, and villas lone
Burst on my view, as quick and curious eyes
I cast from side to side, with glad surprise.
I trod these shores where death resigns his prey
And calls long-buried cities forth to-day.

In hollow deeps the stones of fire I broke,
Where mountain craters echoed every stroke.
Blest clime ! where flowers and fruits dance hand in hand,
Where Virgil's tomb o'erlooks his fairy land ;
As years roll on 't will more and more be prized,
And glow in memory etherialized.

Yet who this earthly Paradise possess ?
The sons of Lazarus, or drone noblesse,
In malice, serpents, yet of courage void,
By Roman, Spaniard, Frank, in turn destroyed,
They live to eat, content to live for this,
And *Far Nicente* deem the hight of bliss.
Oh, bitterest gall in slavery's sorceries !
That whoso drinks no more shall freedom prize.
But can man sink so low ? It cannot be.
The wish, the dream,—to fight for liberty
Yet shines a day-spring to the serfs who thrill
From Masaniello down—volcanic still,
As Etna, when Enceladus essays
To rend its rocks and 'scape its wrathful blaze,
Though as in pain the frenzied giant turns,
So Freedom's wine they quaff till madness burns,
And burst their chains, like pent-up lava flood,
Powerful to ruin, impotent for good.

SWITZERLAND AND THE ALPS.—EXTRACT.

HAIL, next Helvetia! hail, thou rugged earth,
Where Liberty, sweet mountain-nymph, had birth;
Nymph who, with sheltering arms, embraced our sires,
Martyrs that fled from Mary's bigot fires.
Be mounts of terror, mounts of tempest mine,
Though legends to thy fastnesses assign
The spirit-walking of that wretch undone,
Pilate accursed, who doomed the Blessed One;
Thy pillars adamantine prop the sky,
No cornucopias with thy snows can vie.
O, with what joy I roamed thy secret cells,
Marveled at peaks slender as icicles,
Resplendent white, or roseate at even,—
Alp above Alp, till earth ascends to heaven.
In solitude the mountain's voice I heard,
Not half so sweet the song of spring-time bird,
The avalanche,—the cataract of snow,
Whose flakes long gather force, then rush below;
When faintest breeze those magazines unbars,
Gleaming they downward plunge, like shooting stars,
With leap volcanic bursting from a cloud,
And startling tones, like thunder long and loud!
O, for an hour on surging glazier seas,
Those floods congealed, and ruffled by no breeze,
Icebergs, or crystal castles, eminent
With flashing turret, spire and battlement,
The mountain's shielded side, or flashing crown,
Or robes of ermine flowing stately down,

Or icy gauntlet that from secret caves,
Defiant of the sun, the snow-king waves,
A gauntlet melting 'neath the sultry ray,
And yielding homage to the God of Day,
The glaziers, scattered links of chains immense,
Or fetters once fast binding continents.
Where rivers stand like walls, mountains flow down,
Till where an Eden bloomed now quarries frown,
Bloody and raw the cliffs still pierce the sky,
Or gaunt like skeletons of worlds that die.

Thou diest not, thou wastest not, Mont Blanc,
Sun-proof the glazier shield along thy flank,
The avalanche, thine arrowy quiver, yields
Exhaustless snows to whiten flowery fields,
The bird of Jove still makes thy mandates known
To life-guard pyramids that gird thy throne,
Thy cliffs, like air-built castles, skyward climb,
Thy topmost pinnacle as heaven sublime.

MRS. F. L. H. DEARBORNE.

MISS FRANCES LYDIA HYDE was born in Wallingford, Vt. She now resides with her husband, Dr. Dearborne, in Mouqueta, Iowa.

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

I LOVE my home, my mountain home !

Where rude winds gaily blow,
And flowers of bright and changing hue,
In rich profusion grow ;
Where wild birds warble forth their lays
Upon the greenwood tree,—
Oh ! that is the spot
By the world forgot,
So highly prized by me.

The murmur of the mountain rill
Is music to mine ear,
The voice of nature ever speaks
In tones I love to hear ;
Her dim old forests, shady nooks,
And flowers are fair to see,—
Oh ! that is the spot
By the world forgot,
So fondly loved by me.

The palace with its stately halls
And gay enchanting bowers,
Hath not the charms to soothe the mind
In life's tumultuous hours ;
The solemn stillness of the woods,

Where nature revels free,—
Oh ! that is the spot
By the world forgot,
So often sought by me.

• The bards may sing of fairer lands,
And gayer homes than mine,
Where beauties with a haughty brow
In costly diamonds shine ;
I sigh not for their empty pomp,
Still, still would I be free
To roam o'er that spot
By the world forgot,
So dearly prized by me.

MRS. LAURA A. BOYCE,

OF FAYSTON.

ONWARD.

ONWARD and upward, though darkness surround thee,
More gloomy the night, the day is more fair ;
Now break the sad chain of deep sorrow that's bound thee,
And never give up to that demon despair.

Yea, onward and upward, for brightly to-morrow
The morning may dawn full of gladness and joy,
All brighter 't will seem for this dark night of sorrow—
Bliss were not so sweet if it ne'er had alloy.

REV. J. E. RANKIN,

OF ST. ALBANS.

NURSLING VESPERS.

[“*Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise.*”]

A row of little faces by the bed,
A row of little hands upon the spread,
A row of little roguish eyes all closed,
A row of little naked feet exposed.

A gentle mother leads them in their praise,
Teaching their feet to tread the heavenly ways,
And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide,
The little errors of the day to chide.

No lovelier sight this side the skies is seen,
And angels hover o'er the group serene;
Instead of odors in a curious censer swung,
There floats the fragrance of an infant's tongue.

Then, tumbling headlong into waiting beds,
Beneath the sheets they hide their timid heads,
Till slumber steals away their idle fears,
And like a folded bud each face appears.

All dressed like angels, in their gowns of white,
They're wafted to the skies in dreams of night;
And heaven will sparkle in their eyes at morn,
And stolen graces all their ways adorn.

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

OH ! tripping through the busy street,
And pattering like the rain,
I hear the noise of children's feet,
In morning aprons trim and neat,
And bound for school again.

Such packages of neatness now,
Done up and sent with care !
They loiter onward anyhow,
Then scamper from some vagrant cow
That turns up unaware.

I seat me in my study-door,
Before the clock strikes nine ;
I watch again at half-past four,
When all at once they homeward pour
A noisy, straggling line.

I stray from town on holidays
To meet the groups so fair,
Returning from their woodland plays,
With heads arrayed in comic ways,
And droll, fantastic air.

I never see them, but my heart
Is full of love for life ;
And moisture in my eyes will start,
In spite of a half-stoic art,
And an unmanly strife.

Angels sow blessings in their eyes,
And knot them in their hair ;
And how would they the lesson prize,
If world-worn souls were only wise
To find those blessings there !

MY OWN MOTHER.

My own mother is growing old,
The snow-flakes fleck her hair ;
And in her brow, full many a fold
Lies doubled up by care.

The luster's left my mother's eye,
That light of life's first day ;
And stealthy years I'm loth to spy,
Each one purloin a ray.

Oh ! not so brisk as once it was,
Her footfall on the floor ;
And 'mid her toil there's many a pause
She could not brook before.

That sadness in my mother's mien
Aforetime was not there ;
For sore, sore years her heart hath seen ;
God kept her from despair.

Yet sweet to me that brow of hers,
And sweet that sprinkled hair ;

The freest breath of air that stirs
Fans not a face more fair.

Though gentler hands should cling to me,
And later love be mine,
This heart's young gift shall ever be,
My mother, only thine !

And may life's winter, kind and calm,
Yield many tranquil years ;
And faith discover healing balm
For human doubts and fears.

God grant thee, mother, all the prayers
That struggle in thy heart ;
And in that home which Christ prepares
May all our names have part !

BLINDNESS.



Dies moritur. Plautus.

THE day to me is dead ! Nor in the West
Is settled for repose its glorious head ;
No morning's call will wake it from its bed,
As one might greet an over-sleeping guest.

The day to me is dead ; but ah ! the night,
The ever speechless night is deader far ;

I cannot read the language of the star,
Each evening burning with a new delight.

I waken then, and think my sight restored,
And to the casement make my creeping way ;
But from th'eternal censers comes no ray
Upon my deadened sense with healing poured.

The day to me is dead ! Ere I arise,
I hear the stifled bustle of the morn,
As when a long-expected babe is born—
But share not in the general, glad surprise.

The day to me is dead ! My house within,
The choicest, most delightful sense is gone ;
The smile, the tear, the look I doted on,
I cannot now detect, though I may win.

The day to me is dead ! The little hand
I cannot see, thrust helpful into mine ;
Nor can I view the pitying look divine,
By which my darkened face is scanned.

Compassionate, my children gather round,
While I sit back amid this fell eclipse :
Their mother has some solace on her lips,
Which dies within her, ere it be a sound.

I wonder if they ever doubt my love !
For now I cannot speak it in a glance ;
I know it must their secret woe enhance
To view these vacant sockets set above.

The day to me is dead ! I kneel in prayer,
But need not now my outer eye to close ;
My soul hath always a constrained repose,
For from its chambers none is gazing there.

Darkness alone around, I breathe and feel ;
All sounds come from its cavernous abyss ;
And light would seem a blessedness, a bliss
Too sweet for aught but Heaven to reveal !

I waver now 'twixt faith and dark despair ;
I cannot think this stroke some accident,
A random shaft that came to me half-spent,
And quivering here for want of God's great care.

Thou, God, art near the helpless and the blind !
Is this thy shadow resting on my soul ?
Then panting forward to Life's welcome goal,
I will not deem thy providence unkind.

The day to me is dead ! I ne'er shall see
On earth an emblem human or divine ;
But when my Father's glories on me shine,
His smile my new eternal day shall be !

C. L. GOODELL,

OF CALAIS.

ETHAN ALLEN.*

WHAT though our mountains, and our lakes and plains
Ne'er woke to Norman songs nor classic strains,
Nor fill the mind with grand, old-storied act,
Where fancy softly tints the rugged fact,
Yet shouts for Freedom and for human right
Have rung right roundly in triumphant fight,
And men with hearts as pure as mountain air,
With thoughts as clear as their bright fountains are,
With manly, stalwart forms, and nerves of steel
Have worked in earnest for their country's weal,
Have put the forest and the foe to flight,
And trained alike the mind and soil aright.
Here are no crumbling towers, no ruins gray,
Where gouty despots ruled a sluggish day
Ere they dissolved, and to the future age
Left but a crown to head some musty page ;
But Freedom here her sacred altar lights
For God's true worship and man's dearest rights.
Hence rose this town, the fair lake's queenly bride,
Her jewels sparkling on the silver tide,

*THE author claims no merit for this poem, except that of local interest in the subject. It was written as a college exercise, at Burlington, where **ETHAN ALLEN** spent his last days. His tomb is upon a commanding eminence which overlooks the beautiful valley of the Champlain, which he did so much to celebrate.

And on her brow the stately college dome,
 O'erlooking wave and plain, and mountain home.
 Hence teem the fields with Ceres' golden corn,
 And church-spires glitter in the blush of morn.
 Hence Freeman true in field and senate sway,
 And smiles of beauty cheer the toiling day.
 And whose the hand? and whose the welcome voice
 That broke the fetters, bade our sons rejoice?
 On yonder hill-brow, where the willow weeps
 O'er early, honored dead, old ETHAN sleeps!

Remove the vail of three score years and ten,
 Ere our Green Mountain Boys had grown to men,
 And view the leader of that fearless few
 Who fought the Yorkers and the Britons, too.
 No coxcomb he, the foeman's rank to yield,
 And tilt with ladies on some fancy field;
 No book-worm in the classic dust to toil,
 Extracting roots from Greek and Roman soil;
 Nor bigot claiming Saxon lords to be
 The only heaven-born grafts for Freedom's tree,
 While the wild olive plants, of darker shade,
 Are doomed to cotton-field and everglade.
 A strong, bold man was he, in form and mind,
 Though little in our modern schools refined.
 Like forest oak grown strong by wind and storm,
 Such was his lion mien and hardy form;
 "A dauntless spirit sat upon his brow,
 That would not yield, and could not bow."
 He lived in earnest, and from nature caught

The fire of action and of manly thought.
To sword or plow he gave a ready hand,
And worked as zealous on, as for the land.
No traitor's taint, no coward's fear had he,
His eagle spirit loved the bold and free ;
No insult brooking, stooping to no wrong,
The right defending, fearless of the strong.
His creed of rights was learned from Nature's page,
The aid of master minds of every age,
Till it the passion of his life became
To guard his country's rights—defend its name.
And add an iron will, an honest heart,
A mind to plan, a hand to act its part,
A hope that glowed, though ne'er a gladdening ray
Foretold the coming of a brighter day,
You have the outline of that stalwart peer,
Whom Nature trained to guard her wild frontier ;
And through his checkered life he never proved,
In truth or duty, false unto the cause he loved.

When England's lion on our borders raged,
Himself turned showman and old ETHAN caged
And bore him off, a crazy king to please,
With biped-bear, fresh caught 'mong western trees.
Mark how, though chained, his spirit rose in might,
And quizzing priest and noble put to flight !
His Freedom was a birth-right never sold
For New York pottage nor old England's gold ;
The one he published in the *Whipping Post*,
The first State organ which our freemen boast,

And still, no token of respect to lack,
 Affixed the " seal of beech " upon the back ;
 The other, Satan-like, who sought his aid,
 Found no ports open to Satanic trade.
 His daring spirit and commanding form
 Bespoke the hero and foretold the storm.
 See, how the trembling soldier crouched in fear,
 Nor questioned more, as thundered on his ear—
 " Give up old Ti ! Its rugged walls I claim,
 In Congress' and in great Jehovah's name !"
 (Two powers in England then, but little known,
 And here they seem each other to disown.)
 Our country's story has no brighter page,
 Though full of valor as the Roman age,
 No nobler words have we from pen or tongue,
 Of those who Freedom sought or virtue sung.

HURRA for old ETHAN,
 The hero of Ti !
 Whose heart was most dauntless
 When danger was nigh.
 His sword was an army,
 His presence a host,
 Who bolder and braver
 Can chivalry boast !

The lyre of the poet,
 The pen of the sage,
 May quicken the spirit,
 Enlighten the age.

Still, the sword of the hero,
When drawn for the truth,
Is the pride of the aged,
The glory of youth.

Old ETHAN, we love thee,
Thou valiant and bold,
Thy name shall be spoken
Where brave deeds are told.
While bright skies bend o'er us,
And pure waters flow,
In the name of old ETHAN
We'll to victory go.

Then let every Freeman
Remember with joy
The deeds of old ETHAN,
The Green Mountain Boy.
From mountain and valley
Let patriots cry—
“Hurra for old ETHAN,
The hero of Ti!”

And he is all our own. No foreign soil
Received the blessings of his manly toil;
Yet fires of Freedom which his valor fanned,
Shall one day kindle in the darkest land,
And this decree go forth o'er land and sea,
“Where ruled the despot shall rejoice the free!”
On this clear lake arose the victor's note,

On these hills did his gallant banner float ;
He labored here, and here, alas ! he died,
The Freeman's idol and the Soldier's pride ;
And here, where labor with its sturdy hand
Brings forth the products of a happy land,
Where Learning holds its court in classic hall,
And Art responds to Genius' magic call,
Where eloquence and song their power combine
To stir the heart and charm the willing mind,
Let Freedom's torch the patriot's heart illumine,
And wreaths be woven to o'erhang his tomb.

REBECCA T. BUCKMAN,

OF SOUTH WOODSTOCK.

MEMORY.

As a bee with honey laden
From the fragrant bowers,
So kind memory comes bringing
Rich and precious flowers,
From the teeming meadows vast,
Of the treasure-freighted past.

From the fairy realm of childhood
Sweetest buds she brought,

Wearing still their morning jewels
By the sunbeams wrought—
While the gentle summer air
Steals the perfume folded there.

And the hopes so glad and golden
In the heart of youth,
With its holy aspirations—
Seekings after truth,
Come again with added glow
From the days of long ago.

Priceless gems of wisdom gathered
In maturer years ;
Lessons learned in bitterness,
Culled 'mid doubts and fears,
Touched by Memory's magic art
Into life and beauty start.

Fair magician ! may thy treasures
Bring no sadder thought ;
For the seeds that we are sowing,
Seeming now as nought,
Live in memories bright or sad,
Shadow life or make it glad.

MRS. ALMIRA H. PETTINGILL,

OF WESTON.

A REQUIEM.

REST, loved one, rest : around thy narrow dwelling
The rose we 've twined, to bloom in beauty there,
On zephyr winds a requiem soft is swelling,
And pensive notes come floating through the air.

Rest, loved one, rest : thy spirit's now reposing
'Mid bowers of peace, where love's bright streamlet flows,
Where seraph choirs eternal joys disclosing,
Chant thy release from guilt and earthly woes.

We miss thy smile, we miss those tones of gladness
Which thrilled our heart like some low music strain ;
We mourn for thee, yet in each hour of sadness
Hope gently breathes, " Our loss thy endless gain."

Then rest thee, rest, since thy freed soul is sharing
Eternal bliss in realms of unknown care ;
This our glad hope, our spirits heavenward bearing,
With thee to meet in that blest mansion fair.

JULIA WALLACE,

OF WATERBURY.

EARTH'S ANGELS.

WHY come not spirits from the realms of glory
To visit earth as in the days of old,—
The time of ancient writ and ancient story ?
Is Heaven more distant, or has earth grown cold ?

Oft have I gazed, when sunset clouds receding
Waved like rich banners of a host gone by,
To catch the gleam of some white pinion speeding
Along the confines of the glowing sky ;

And oft, when midnight stars in distant chillness
Were calmly burning, listened late and long,
But Nature's pulse beat on in solemn stillness,
Bearing no echo of the seraph's song !

To Bethlehem's air was their last anthem given,
When other stars before the One grew dim ?
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison ?
Or where exulting martyrs raised their hymn ?

And are they all within the vail departed ?
There gleams no wing along the empyrean now,
And many a tear from human eye has started
Since angel touch has calmed a mortal brow.

No! earth *has* angels, though their forms are moulded
But of such clay as fashions all below ;
Though harps are wanting and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow,
Theirs was the soft tone and the soundless tread ;
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
They stood " between the living and the dead."

And if my sight, by earthly dimness hindered,
Beheld no hovering cherubim in air ;
I doubted not—for spirits know their kindred—
They smiled upon the wingless watchers there.

There have been angels in the gloomy prison—
In crowded halls—by the lone widow's hearth ;
And where they passed, the fallen have uprisen—
The giddy paused—the mourner's hope had birth.

I have seen one whose eloquence commanding
Roused the rich echoes of the human breast,
The blandishment of wealth and care withstanding,
That hope might reach the suffering and oppress.

And by his side there moved a form of beauty,
Strewing sweet flowers along his path of life,
And looking up with meek and love-bent duty,—
I called her angel, but he called her *wife*.

Oh, many a spirit walks the world unheeded
That, when its vail of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft—its bright way unimpeded—
Wearing its glory like a starry crown!

ATHENWOOD.

A LEGEND OF ST. MINNIE.

WERE you ever in Montpelier ?
Not that fine old town of France,
But a fair Green Mountain village
Young for legend or romance.

Brave and hardy are the people
Of our Northern State frontier ;
So affirmed a bold invader,*
And the knowledge cost him dear.

Firm in Doric strength and beauty
Stands their Capitol ; its dome
Looking down upon a river
Something like the stream of Rome.

Winding through the verdant valley,
Like a shaken silver chain,
Flows the mountain-born Winooski
To the beautiful Champlain.

* Sir John Burgoyne.

But we follow not his current,
For the theme will bid us stay
'Mong the hills that nurse his torrent,
Near the Capitol, to-day.

Just across the sparkling river,
Where yon hill-road winds away,
Lightly lifts the graceful elm-tree
Many a slender waving spray.

Where the tiny song-birds rally,
Chirping from their leafy screen,
And the mountain breezes dally,
Coming down a bright ravine.

There, above the village murmur,
And the din of mill and forge,
Stands an artist's quiet dwelling,
In the green and narrow gorge.

On a sultry day of summer
Sank beneath the wayside tree,
One who sighed, in foreign accent,
"Mary Mother, pity me!"

'Twas a sad and weary woman,
With a child of tender years,
On her feet the soil of travel,
On her face the stain of tears.

Surely she can toil no farther
'Neath the bright un pitying sky ;

But for that sweet, patient infant,
It were well that she should die !

Hers had been a happy bridal
In a distant father-land ;
Hers a husband brave and noble,
Firm, yet gentle, hopeful, bland.

Tyranny proclaimed him rebel,
For a patriot heart had he ;
They, in want, had fled from peril —
He was buried in the sea.

In her land of cross and convent,
Sweet Madonna, pale and fair,
Shrine of saint or tomb of martyr,
Wins the stricken soul to prayer.

Now she scans that peaceful cottage —
Gray its walls and sloping eaves —
Lifting up its modest gables
Carved in pendant oaken leaves ;

Rustic porch with open portal,
Arched windows, diamond pane —
Sure it bore no slight resemblance
To some humble rural fane.

Was it not a wayside chapel,
Built in form of holy cross ?
Was it hermitage ? or dwelling ?
Long she mused, and much at loss,

Till an organ-tone came swelling
On the silent summer air ;
Quick she mounts the rocky terrace,
Lifts her child from stair to stair.

In the softly shaded parlor
Minnie had sat down to play
Hopeful hymns that cheered her husband—
These should while the hours away.

On she played and sang, unheeding
Her who on the threshold stood,
Dreaming of an old cathedral
Far beyond the ocean-flood.

Through the curtain came the sunlight
With a crimson-tinted ray ;
So it fell, from storied window,
Where in youth she kneeled to pray.

Near her stood a slender table,
Fair the Parian vase upon 't,
Quaintly carved from antique sculpture—
Was it not a marble font ?

On the walls hung glowing pictures—
“ Autumn scenery,” richly wrought,
Graceful forms and gentle features—
Not the haloed head she sought.

When the soaring anthem ended,
Timidly she moved to say,

“ Lady, please, is it a chapel ?
I have need to rest and pray.”

Oh, not utterly mistaken
Was that simple, fervent heart ;
Less than only Heaven’s own altar
Is the shrine of Love and Art.

Minnie placed a couch with pillows,
Offering rest and sweet relief ;
Spoke as woman speaks to woman .
In her trial-hour of grief.

Bringing food, the cup of water,
Covering for the sunburned child,
Laughed the winsome little creature—
Sweet the wayworn pilgrim smiled.

“ Now my weary heart is lighter ;
Mary Mother heard my plaint—
If I found no priestly altar,
Surely I’ve not missed a saint.”

HIDDEN HARMONIES.

THE harp may hang unnumbered years
On some deserted wall,
And ne’er on loving, listening ears,
Its melting music fall.

It needs the artist's thrilling touch,
The master's moving hand,
A spirit-impulse—only such
Its sweetness may command.

The brightest gem is black amid
The darkness of the mine,
From heaven's golden glory hid ;
'Tis light that bids it shine.
The purest pearl is valueless
In ocean's rugged cave,
And he who would the prize possess
Must seek it 'neath the wave.

The heart is like that hidden pearl
Within the silent shell,
When Sorrow's troubled waters curl
Above its secret cell.
But Friendship's fond and fearless hand
The swelling surge may brave,
Or Love may lift from shrouding sand
The treasures of the wave.

The mind is like that costly stone
Dark in its native bed,
Till Education's light hath shone
And Science's beam is shed.
But when the diamonds of the mind
A kindling ray have caught,
Golconda's pride is dim beside
The flashing gems of thought !

The soul is like that lonely harp,
From whose unfingered strings
Tones of strange melody depart
Upon the zephyr's wings.
But who shall tell its sweetness, when
The rapture-touch is given,
And blissful chords—unstrung till then—
Are harmonized in Heaven.

NORMAN WILLIAMS BRIDGE

Is the youngest son of the late Hon. John Bridge, of Pomfret. From his boyhood he never knew firm health. In 1844 he commenced a collegiate course, but was attacked with paralysis, which deprived him of the power of walking. In 1850, his sufferings partially subsiding, he commenced the study of music, anxious to devote his time to some useful employment; but in 1851 his right arm and hand was rendered entirely useless. Three years after, this painful paralysis seized his left arm also. He is now unable to be raised from his bed. His are poems fresh from a tried yet unsubdued heart, taken down from his lips by an amanuensis.

THE THRUSH.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MISS E. A. WEST.

FROM forest glen where wild flowers blush,
And warbling winds the moss-bound rill,
Thy glorious anthems, flute-voiced thrush,
My soul with deep vibrations thrill.

Those heavenly strains at distance heard,
In sunless days and dewy hours,*
Remind me of some high-souled bard,
Who sweetest sings when Fortune lowers.

Thy notes so plaintive, rich and wild,
Thy fancy's high and varied flights,
Bespeak thee Nature's poet-child,
The muse no earthly sorrow blights.
And is it genius fanned by grief
That now thy touching ode inspires ?
And canst thou find in song relief
For yearning thoughts and high desires ?

Or doth it rather fire than cool
The thirst for what none here possess ?
The good, the true, the beautiful,
In their primeval loveliness ?
Ah ! when ye touch the sweetest strings
Within poetic earth-bound lyres,
Feel ye the want of seraph wings,
To soar and sing with heavenly choirs ?

Is this what gives thy pensive tone ?
Or miss ye radiant leaflets green,
That less than one short year ago
Gave to thy bowers an Eden sheen ?

* It is a peculiarity of this species of the thrush to, seemingly, sing the sweetest in dark, lowery weather. Their voice is seldom heard in a cloudless day save at "early morn" or "dewy eve."

Or is the tender ode ye sing

Inscribed to flowerets passed from sight,

Sweet charmers of a bygone spring,

Pale victims of autumnal blight ?

Or is there something dearer, far,

Departed from thy rural home ?

The mate that was thy guiding star,

And gave to life its light and bloom ?

And this sweet plaint a requiem

For her whose soul to thine was wed—

That rainbow-giving, spirit-gem,

Now from its lovely casket fled ?

Or mourn ye for dear absent ones,

Lost friends and friendships, hopes and dreams,

Voices that touched harmonic tones

To all thy purest notes and themes ?

And are thy joys now flown above ?

And doth thy spirit never pine

For sympathy of thought and love,

Or melting lay attuned to thine ?

Ah ! not like many a lonely bard,

Canst thou for genial echoes yearn—

Thy joys of song are never marred

By meeting with no sweet return ;

Warm hearts responsive beat to thine,

Thy lofty strain seems understood,

For I now hear its notes divine

Retouched in each adjacent wood,

As sweetly blend the swelling strains,
And die away as softly clear
As silvery chimes from distant fanes
That waft to Heaven the voice of prayer ;
And yearning souls will skyward soar
While listening to those glorious lays,
Wherein angelic voices pour
The melody of heavenly praise.

In life's elysian spirit shade,
Such pure-toned choirs my fancy hears,
Blending with harps by seraphs played,
And kindred bands from circling spheres,
While sacred streams in concert sing
With hallowed zephyrs, leaves and showers,
And birds join sweetest caroling
Among immortal boughs and flowers.

THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.

[MISS ANNE C. LYNCH, in speaking of the National Monument at Washington, says: "The spacious gallery of the rotunda, at the base of the column, is designed to be the Westminster Abbey, or National Pantheon, to contain statues of the heroes of the Revolution, and pictures to commemorate their virtues, while the space beneath is intended as a place of burial for those whom the Nation may honor by interment here; and in the center of the monument are to be placed the remains of Washington."]

ALAS! his final grave shall never feel
The influence of Nature's soothing powers ;
The music, light and shade, and bloom, and weal
Of song-birds, sunshine, verdure, dews and flowers.

No pensile willow there shall e'er outspread
To vernal sun and breeze its leaf-strung lyre ;
Nor 'mid green waving galleries o'er his bed,
Be heard sweet summer's heavenly-warbling choir.

Around his urn shall cling no clasping vine,
Nor emerald sod be decked with flowerets bright,
Whereon the moon and stars may kindly shine,
And pure, celestial dew-drops softly light.

But there vain man shall rear a massive pile
Of marble cold, and senseless granite stone,
Between the casket and the sunbeam's smile,
And this shall be the grave of Washington.

Who'd crave a final burying-place like thine,
So lifeless, gloomy, cold and damp and dark ?
Who would not rather Nature's works divine,
Than those of men their place of sleep should mark ?

Wouldst thou not choose to rest 'neath heaven's blue dome
Where sunshine bright and verdure green might blend ?
And moonbeams soft embrace a fragrant tomb,
And star-dropt tears new bloom and beauty lend ?

Wouldst thou not choose a grave where sylvan bowers
And murmuring streamlets breathe a tuneful prayer ?
An epitaph divinely marked in flowers,
And sung by heaven-taught minstrels of the air ?

MISGUIDED LOVE AND GENIUS.

O'ER others raise thy heart as high
As is thy gifted spirit,
And shed no tear, nor breathe a sigh,
For what's beneath thy merit.

It is to orbs that gem the sky
Earth owes her hues of splendor ;
To those, then, mirrored from thine eye,
Let not thy heart surrender.

Shrine, only with thy dreams so bright,
'Tis wise to be forgetting ;
Gem, radiant with but borrowed light,
Is worth no golden setting.

So now away such counterfeit,
With darkened skies and sorrow,
A sun may dawn upon thee yet,
Whose light the moon can borrow.

Till then keep heart at thy control,
Spring vines and May flowers blooming,
And with the essence of thy soul
The realms of thought perfuming.

The stars that crown the azure dome
Of thy imagination,
May many a darkened mind illumine,
As Nature's lamps, creation.

Thy mental soil,—dew, light and air,
With gems from fancy's bowers,
On Poesy's winged mount can rear
Apollo, breathing flowers.

Sweet verse-embroidered Alpine heath,
In verdureless dominions ;
An evergreen vine-spreading wreath,
Where eagles rest their pinions.

Moss, forest-shaped and rainbow-dyed,
Round rock-rimmed springs and glaciers,
Harmonious reeds where swans o'erglide
Deep shadeless crystal treasures ;

And groves ideal evergreen,
Boughs high and wide extending,
With vines and fruits of Eden sheen,
And Heaven's orb'd mirrors bending.

Where spirit-birds may fold their wings
Within elysian portal,
And gleaners of divinest things
May gather sweets immortal.

Now let such glorious deeds engage
Thy heart and hand and lyre,
And nought in life's unwritten page
E'er dim thy muse's fire.

Like pearl-strung lutes in moonlit stream,
Blue lakes night lamps revealing ;

With heaven-born light gild each bright dream,
Each golden thought and feeling.

And these may guide life-freighted barks
To isles of thornless flowers,—
With rainbow smiles and seraph larks
Fill skies of clouds and showers.

Then will thy wealth of thought and love—
Thy life, star-crowned like even,
A priceless boon and blessing prove
To thee, and earth and Heaven.

AMANDA L. WALKER,

OF GRAFTON.

THE MARBLE WAITETH.

Waits the marble in the quarry,
In the mountain's rugged breast,
Waits to tell of fame and glory,
Waits to tell where loved ones rest.

Some great thought now lies unspoken,
Yet to traverse all the earth,
Silent waits the block of marble
To immortalize its birth.

For our names the marble waiteth ;
Shall a name for us suffice ?
Rather in the hearts that love us
Let our monument arise.

MAKING HAY.

THERE's sunshine in the meadows where
The merry mowers go,
And pleasantly the scythe-blades click
While swinging to and fro.
The dews lie sparkling on the grass,
The birds are warbling gay,
While we with happy hearts go out
To toss the fragrant hay.

The summer breath just stirs the leaves
Upon the maple bough,
And in a mellow haze lies wrapped
The distant mountain brow.
The waters sing a soft, low song,
And we some cheery lay,
As with our rake and fork we turn
And gather up the hay.

The oxen grave as jurymen,
Stand chewing side by side,
As with a shout the children come
To load the hay and ride.

And we go back in memory
Through meadows green and gay,
And live our childhood o'er again,
While gathering in the hay.

We 're all haymakers, every one,
From peasant to the king,
And through the meadow-grass of life
We all a scythe do swing.
Some lightly, gayly mow along,
Some in a bungling way,
And some do cut a monstrous swath
In trying to make hay.

Some through the pleasant places mow,
Some through the bogs and fern,
And some stand leaning on their scythes,
And wish their luck would turn.
Some mow around each bramble bush,
And some cut through their way,
And never mind a scratch or two,
If they but make the hay.

Some loiter where the shade trees are,
And some among the flowers,
And some go chasing butterflies
Through all the brightest hours.
Some find their rest in constant toil,
Some make their task but play,
And all, lead on by head or heart,
Or both, go making hay.

THE OLD PARSON.

I SEE him now, as the summer-time
Of the "long ago" comes with the chime
Of sabbath-bells, far past his prime,
Still sowing the Gospel seed.
A pale old man, with thin, white hairs,
Going meekly up the pulpit stairs,
Lifting his soul in fervent prayers
For the flock he goes to feed.

He had been to the bridal—and bowed in prayer
O'er the coffined form of many a pair,
Whose children's children were sitting there,
In the pride of youthful bloom.
Yet, though he had come that long, long way,
His mind was as bright as a summer day,
For the glory of God, he used to say,
Shut out all earthly gloom.

His coat was in fashion years before,
But you could not tell what style it bore,
For he lead your thoughts from the cloth he wore,
Right home to your souls so bare.
Sometimes he forgot what the grammars said,
But with better food his flock was fed,
For the *heart* was filled as well as the head,
By sermon, psalm and prayer.

In the lordly hall where the rich man dwelt,
In the humble shed where the pauper knelt,

There were precious souls alike, he felt,
And alike asked God to bless.
Dear, good old man, how his heart would glow
When he saw the seed he loved to sow
For Jesus' sake, spring up and grow,
Bearing fruits of righteousness.

He had been poor and he cared for such,
Another's woes would his pity touch,
For he knew what meant that "inasmuch,"
And *he* lived out what he knew.
His life was a sermon that comes again
Long after the lips have said amen,
And it speaketh now as it used to then,
Go thou likewise and *do* !

DAY.—AN ALPHABETICAL ACROSTIC.

AWAKE my harp, awake my voice,
And sing the joyous song that thrills
All Nature's pulse, with her rejoice,
And shout glad echoes to her hills.

Behold from out her western home,
Beaming with all her glowing charms,
Bright-eyed and chaste Aurora comes,
Bearing the Morning in her arms.

Cautious at first, the rosy child
Creeps from her arms with half-ope'd eyes,

Culling the dew-drops free and wild,
Climbs with them, laughing, up the skies.

Down on the leafy forest nook,
Down on the hill, the valley fair,
Deep, restless sea, the lake, the brook,
Descends and rests the sunlight there.

Each flower that grows on hill or dale,
Each bright-winged warbler in the grove,
Each leaf that quivers in the gale,
Echoes glad Nature's song of love.

Freighted with perfume from the flowers,
From spicy groves beyond the sea,
From every nook of earth's fair bowers,
Floats the glad zephyrs light and free.

Green wave the dark pines on the hills,
Green waves the tender grass below,
Gushing with life, aglow the rills
Glisten with sunshine as they flow.

High up the sky the Day ascends,
Her broad, high brow enzoned with light,
Her robe, where gold and azure blends,
Hides in its folds the star of night.

In the green pastures on the slopes,
In peace the flocks go forth to graze ;
Industry plows and sows, while Hope
Invites him to the harvest days.

Just like a glorious thing of light,
Joy walks amid the balmy air,
Joins Love to make the earth more bright,
Joins Hope to fan the brow of Care.

Kindly the sun looks from the sky,
Kisses the soil Industry tills,
Kindles new light in Hope's bright eye,
Keeping his onward progress still.

Lessening in length along the plain,
Lie the dim shadows trailing where,
Light-winged Aurora 'gan to reign,
Less and still less they gather there.

Morn now has climbed the sky to where
Midday looks from his regal throne ;
Morn falls asleep 'mid upper air,
Midday poised high reigns king alone.

'Neath the green boughs the flocks retire,
Noon's fervid rays to 'scape awhile,
Near cooling streams, or climbing higher,
Now woo the mountain zephyr's smile.

O'er earth and sea, and up the sky,
One golden flood of light has spread ;
On viewless wings the moments fly,—
One stroke of time and Noon has fled.

Proudly the sun nods to the west,
Points to the night his fingers long,

Painting new glories on his crest,
Pours softer light earth's bowers among.

Queen-like amid the upper blue,
Quietly walks the Day along ;
Queen-like earth gazes up to view,
Quite charmed she wakes her lyre to song.

Raising her myriad voices high,
Rolls sweetly out her joyous lay,
Rolls the deep anthem to the sky,
Reëchoed back by passing Day.

Soft and still softer glows the light,
Shadows grow longer in the vale,
Streams of bright crimson, gold and white,
Spread o'er the west and then grow pale.

They 're faded now, and to his rest
The sun retired ; the mountains high,
Towering against the gloomy west,
Talk with the Twilight in the sky.

Unplaiting all her dusky hair,
Up the blue dome Twilight ascends,
Up, up the blue, to light her there,
Unnumbered stars her steps attend.

Vega, the glory of the Lyre,
Vies with the Swan in vestal light,
Vesper one moment lights her fire,
Vails then her glory from the sight.

Where shines the Candle of the north,
With stealthy, slow and measured tread,
Walks clumsy, growling Ursa forth,
While at his heels, by Bootes led,

Xantip's hounds follow—braver ones
Xerxes' whole army could not show;
Xiphias brings, too, her bright-eyed sons,
Xylon to guard in fields below.

Yonder in regal robes arrayed,
You'll meet queen Cassiopé near where
Young Perseus wooed a beauteous maid,
Yearning to call his own the fair.

Zoning the skies shine countless stars,
Zinguella walks a path of light,
Zephyr peeps through his silver bars,
Zodius then spreads his tent—'tis Night.

MRS. ELLEN H. BULLARD MASON.

A NATIVE of Vermont, now a Missionary in Burmah.

HOME-FLOWERS IN BURMAH.

Is an Orient morning gushing
O'er the hills and the jungle glades?

Is an Orient sky soft blushing
Through the palm-trees lofty shades ?
Hearest the roll of the Sepoy's drumming ?
The bugle sounding loud ?
With the hum of the maidens coming
To the tank in a tawny crowd ?

Are dear home-tones now blending
On the lawns and the ancient wall,
While the turbaned brows are bending
Where the evening shadows fall ?
While silk *patsoes** are fluttering,
And sandaled feet go by,
And pagoda bells are uttering
New strains of minstrelsy ?

Are the bulbouls out, and ranging
Like flowers on the mango trees ?
Are the sunbirds lightening, changing,
And wreathing the fragrant breeze ?
O yes ! and the limes are blowing,
And the champus waving bright,
And the rivers, in rainbows glowing,
Are ringing : " 'Tis light ! 'tis light ! "

Yet we mothers heed little these pleasures—
Our children most dear are our flowers,

* *Patso*, the Burmese lower garment, usually of brilliant plaided silk, about three feet in width, and eight or nine feet in length, worn girt around the person, and often thrown gracefully over the head or shoulder. In the morning this is usually the only garment worn, besides the turban and sandals.

Our roses, our waters, our treasures,
Soft claiming the loveliest hours ; —
Nor do vigils of love ever o'er us
A paleness or sorrowing fling,
' *Tis the partings, heart-breaking before us,*
That trembling and shadowing bring.

These dear little ones we so cherish,
Now flashing with love and delight,
Oh ! will they, when earth-treasures perish,
In bliss greet our fond, eager sight ?
Or will our sweet flowers then be riven,
And scattered, lie withering away ?
Be torn from the glories of Heaven —
Eternally banished from day ?

- With fears, and with yearnings, here sighing,
We 're waiting for pitying love ;
Save ! save them, O God ! we are crying,
To bloom in thy gardens above ;
And lo ! while in agony pleading,
Faith clinging, though shattered and driven,
Love, pointing to Hands ever bleeding,
Soft whispers : " My jewels in Heaven."

PROF. GEORGE G. SAXE,

OF POULTNEY.

THE DEW-DROP.

THE livelong day a thoughtless flower
Enjoyed the genial light,
Forgetting that the sunny hour
Must change to somber night.

But when the darkening hour at last
O'ertook the trembling one,
It mourned the careless moments past,
Regardless of the sun.

And ere his rays with orient light
The hills and vales had drest,
The weeping flower a dew-drop bright
Had cradled on its breast.

And now it held the jewel up,
With grateful praise and prayer,
And showed the sun within its cup,
His image shining there.

Thus thoughtless man, when sorrow's night
Has lent its chastening rod,
Seeks tearfully the Ruby bright,
Which sweetly shadows God.

MRS. H. B. WASHBURN,

OF LUDLOW.

THE GREEK MAIDEN.

THE Sister Arts may linger o'er the thought
Immortalized by POWERS. Thy gifted touch,
Son of our Mountain Land! hath well nigh given
Life to the marble form; and Poesy
May breathe a plaintive strain for the GREEK SLAVE.

LONG years have sped, yet once again
My footsteps press my native plain;
Long years have passed, and now once more
I stand upon my native shore;
There was my home; on Scio's Isle
My heart first felt a father's smile;
That angel smile! whose sunny beam
Will still through clouds of sorrow gleam;
There was my home; my infant ear
There listened to a mother's prayer;
Long years have passed—that sainted prayer
Oft saves my soul from black despair.
Back, Memory, back; paint those fair scenes!
How sweet the distant prospect seems!
There was my home; beneath the brow
Of that green slope it nestled low;
My happy home! where peace and love
E'en brooded as a gentle dove!

'Midst those rich vines, those sweet, bright flowers,
I sported gay in childhood's hours ;
The sun-light pierced the dark green shade,
And quivered on the verdant glade,
While o'er the scenes of after days
Hope's sunshine cast its glowing rays.
But that deep cloud—what means its gloom?
Alas! my sun was hid ere noon ;
The dark foe came—Father in Heaven !
From my torn heart all joy was riven !
Oh! could that day of blackest woe
Be blotted from my memory now !
In vain I seek Oblivion's power
To hide the horrors of that hour ;
My father's honored hairs laid low !
My cherished mother's marble brow !
My brother's blood! poured forth to save
His sister from a living grave !
The hated Crescent waves on high !
List to that shout—that fearful cry !
Save me! oh, save from dark despair !
Death! give me death! is Clio's prayer !

* * * * *

'Tis past! long years have rolled away ;
Memory alone recalls that day.
Scenes of my youth! the moon's soft light
Tints with its rays thy foliage bright!
Pours its full flood of radiant beams
O'er hills and rocks, and silver streams!

Home of my love! quiet and calm
Thy beauty breathes a soothing balm!
That soft clear sky—how sweetly fair!
No cloud is seen to linger there;
The glorious stars look placid down,
As if to still my weary moan;
On my sad soul rests holy peace,
Bidding all wilder passions cease;
Heaven is my home; go, dark despair!
Thou hast no place to linger here!
Father! again I'll see thee there;
Mother! thy smile—how brightly fair!
Brother and friends! we'll meet once more;
Sorrow and death forever o'er—
There is our home; we'll meet above,
Where all is joy and peace and love.

RUTH.

WHERE Moab's fertile plains once lay, in glowing beauty
drest,
Now spreads a dreary, barren waste, far as the eye can
rest;
There, where a nation flourished once, in plenty and
repose,
Scarce, for the hardy camel's food, a scanty herbage
grows;

While o'er the sandy desert roams the Arab fierce and
wild,
Where dwelt in peace the Moabite, and fertile meadows
smiled.
Thy pride, O haughty nation, hath thy sure destruction
wrought,
And o'er thy once fair, happy land, deep misery has
brought!
How changed that land, since, driven forth from Bethle-
hem's famished plain,
The Jewish exiles sought a home, and to thy borders
came!
From thy luxuriant, fertile vales, their wants were well
supplied,
And there the youthful Israelites chose each a gentle
bride.
Did they forget their father-land, the gracious gift of God?
His holy temples, where His priests with hallowed foot-
steps trod?
Was it for this that stern disease, with sure and fatal
power,
Was suffered to lay low in death the children and the sire?
How sank the mother's heart in grief, when, helpless and
alone,
On a strange soil she stood, and wept her earthly treas-
ures gone;
Then rose her native land to mind, the scenes of early
youth,
The Holy Mountains, where the Lord was worshiped in
the truth;

The Promised Land ; her fathers' graves, and Jordan's
sacred stream,

Float o'er her memory like a distant, sweet and soothing
dream.

Aye! home may be forgotten in Prosperity's bright hour ;
Full sure to be remembered when the clouds of Sorrow
lower !

Again her native land she seeks, for now her widowed
heart

Claims, e'en in Bethlehem's rugged rocks, a long-lost
offspring's part,

And the remembered fragrance of the lowliest flower
that blooms

Among their fissures, sweeter seems than the East's rich
perfumes.

Was there no tie that bound her still to Moab's fostering
land ?

The loved ones of the dead were there ; they still her
steps attend ;

They fondly linger near the form of her, that mother dear,
To their kind care and love bequeathed, with sad and
parting tear,

By those to whom, with purest love, in their bright early
youth,

They gave their hearts, and joined their hands in holy
marriage truth.

"Return my daughters, to thine home ; the Lord be kind
to thee,

As thou hast kindness shown to them, and kindly dealt
by me ;"

And bitter tears that mother shed, as with the farewell
kiss

She sought to sever from her heart the thought of former
bliss ;

And bitter tears bathed Orpah's cheek, as now she bade
farewell,

And with a lingering step returned in her own home to
dwell.

Woman is lovely in her weakness ; 'neath life's storm to
bend,

And cling to some kind shelter, as the tempests wild
descend ;

But lovelier when, at duty's call, she braves the torrent's
roar,

Nor shrinks from danger to relieve the helpless and the
poor.

Naomi was not left alone ; one still her steps sustained ;
She was not childless yet ; Ruth with her mother yet
remained :

" Entreat me not to go," she said ; " I must not leave
thee now ;"

And high resolve and holy truth sat on her lofty brow ;
" Whither thou goest, I will go ; thy home shall, too, be
mine ;"

And in her dark, expressive eyes, the tears of pity
shine ;

" Thy God shall be my God," she said ; " where thou
diest, there will I ;

And there will I be buried, too, in death with thee I'll
lie."

Yet not again did that lone mother seek to change her
will ;

She felt that earth for her retained one source of comfort
still.

Together then they traveled on to Bethlehem's wished-
for plain ;

How memory fills Naomi's heart, as to her home they
came !

For home it was, though scenes of change had passed
since last she trod,

With the elastic step of hope, that green and fragrant sod.

"Is this Naomi ? can it be ? the happy wife who left
Her native land with her fair sons, and now of all
bereft ?

"Call ~~me~~ not so," she said ; "Naomi I am now no more ;
But call me Mara, for with grief I've been afflicted sore.
A bitter lot was mine, but 't was the Lord who dealt the
blow ;

And though he has afflicted me, the Almighty's hand I
know."

Now came the beauteous harvest days, gladdening each
open brow ;

Famine, with its long train of ills, is all forgotten now ;
As the mild rays of the clear sun strike on the moun-
tain's hight,

Each sheltered vale and murmuring stream reflects the
radiance bright.

O'er the wide fields of ripened grain the sturdy reaper
bends ;

The busy gleaner, in his train, with thankful heart attends.

One too was there, a gleaner she, with bright and cheerful
brow ;

Her toil was pleasure, for she labored for a mother now ;
With patient industry, she picked her daily scanty store,
Rewarded by that mother's love, she sought nor asked
for more.

But not unseen, or yet unmarked, was now that pious
care ;

The master of the field drew near, Boaz himself was
there ;

Boaz, the rich and bountiful, the friend of virtuous need,
Followed by blessings as he went, of such high worth the
need.

His quick, discerning eye soon marked the stranger
gleaner there,

Noted the sweet and noble mien of her, that woman fair,
Straight sought her lineage to know, and with a bounding
heart

Learned that from him she well might claim some kindred
part.

Still, yet uncertain of her worth, prudence would bid
him wait

Till time should prove her truth deserving of such high
estate ;

With kindly words and gentle looks, and soothing voice
he spake,

And bade her stay within his field, and of his cheer
partake ;

For of her kindness he had heard, her self-denying love,
" The Lord will recompense thy work, all other praise
above ;

A full reward He, the Lord God of Israel, will give,
For thou hast trusted to His love, under his wings to
live."

But when, with fearless confidence and at a mother's word,
She sought for favor in his sight, and claimed his just
regard,

He owned her virtue, and ere long received her as his
wife,

And the Lord's blessing rested on his long and happy
life.

Naomi's latter days were passed in holy peace and love ;
Better, indeed, than " seven sons " did that loved daugh-
ter prove,

While, through long ages, still rich blessings rested on
her race

Till, in a Savior's birth, was centered never-ending praise.

SARAH E. ABBOT,

OF SUDBURY.

GONE.

THE loved, the beautiful is gone,
When all life's hopes were bright,
And left full many a heart to mourn
O'er such an early blight.

Gone, when her life must have been sweet,
And nought of sorrow known ;
When many a worn and weary one
Would gladly for her frown.

Gone, when the music of her voice
Could cheer and charm the heart ;
Gone, when her fresh and sunny smile
Did love itself impart.

Gone, like a bright and shining light,
That throws a halo round,
Which lit with joy a happy home
Where sighings now abound.

Gone, as the sun does from our sight,
And we're in darkness left ;
Yet still we know 't is shining on,
While we're of it bereft.

Thus may we feel the dear loved one,
Gone to the grave's dark rest,
Has only gone more bright to shine
Forever with the blest.

REV. WILLIAM FORD,

OF BRANDON.

THE LAST ROSE.

I SAW a rose all fresh and fair
As beauty's glowing cheek ;
Alone amid a score it hung,
Pensive and meek. .

Alone, because its sisters dear
Were withered all and dead ;
And yet they shed a fragrant balm
Upon its head.

It blushed at its own loveliness,
And from it came a sigh ;
It wept—I saw the pearly drop
Stand in its eye.

The faded group, all lifeless now,
Seemed sacred to its heart ;
It grieved with those once beautiful
So soon to part.

Sweet rose ! survivor of the dead !
Pure emblem of the child
Of angel innocence, and soul
Serene and mild,

That lingers in this earthly scene,
Bereft of kindred friends,
Emblem of that pure prayer which from
Her heart ascends.

Loved ones all dead ! no mother dear
Or sister hears her moan ;
None kiss away the orphan's tear—
Friendless, alone.

That lonely rose, with crimsoned cheek,
Shall wither from its stem ;
“ *Blessed are the dead,*” breathed that sweet child,
“ I’ll sleep with them.”

SUMMER SHOWER.

THE thunder-storm had passed away,
The day was now declining ;
From out the west the king of day
Unvailed was brightly shining ;
While in the east the storm-cloud dark,
From which the shower was streaming,
Went floating on—the lightening spark
Along its brow still gleaming.

In majesty a rainbow proud
The storm-king’s throne was arching,
As if the monarch of the cloud
In regal state was marching ;

As when from western skies, amain,
That rolling mass was looming,
The distant thunder of the train
Still o'er the hills came booming.

It rose in wrath ; there seemed a woe
O'er all the land impending :
'Tis passed—a priceless boon—and lo !
Its treasures still descending ;
Its dripping skirts of limpid pearl
Are filled with golden blessing ;
The grateful flowers their leaves unfurl,
To soft low winds' caressing.

The richest good the heavens impart,
Thus men are oft deploring ;
They fear, through unbelief of heart,
When they should be adoring ;
For o'er the wildest storm that blows,
A heavenly light is shining ;
God rules the world, our wants he knows,
Proud man, then cease repining.

NIGHT.

THE world's great heart lies still. Death's sister, Sleep,
Has smoothed each wrinkle from the brow of Care,
And kissed the tear-drops from pale Sorrow's cheek,
As moonbeams kiss the waves when storms are o'er.

Life's busy thoroughfares, which yester-noon
Were quivering with the surging tides of men,
Like over-burdened life-boats tempest-tost
Above the white surf of a rock-bound shore,
Deserted all, are still as wooded vales
Wrapped cold in Winter's stainless winding-sheet.

The music of the day is dead ; the birds,
All nestled quiet in their leafy bowers,
Are dreaming sweetly of to-morrow's joys ;
And not a sound from nature's cheerful choir
Breaks on the midnight air, save the sharp note
The mournful cricket quavers to its mate.
How beautiful is night ! The trembling stars,
As if affrighted from the coming day,
To the sweet strains of their soft harmonies
Fly westward, lest Night's coronal should pale
Ere Poesy, who loves these solemn hours,
Hath filled her heart with beauty.

Now Fancy,
Sportive-winged, roams forth o'er earth and spheres,
Unbound by sense or reason, jubilant ;
And, like the frost-king on the murmuring rills,
With fingers delicate her fabric weaves
Of airy gossamer, rich studded o'er
With brilliants of high thought.

A thousand hues
Have all the heart's sad, sacred memories

At this lone hour of musings most serene,
As thronging from the Past unbid they come,—
Dim shadowy memories, lovelier
For the mellow light which the night of years
Sheds on them, as the landscape holier seems
Beneath the shimmering of the silver moon.
The hallowed recollections of our youth
And joyous childhood, how they come and go—
Long withered joys, the blighted buds of hope,
The dear departed, and the meeting spots
Where youthful love her ardent words and sighs
Breathed soft into the ears of guileless trust,
Around them still affection fondly twines,
As twines the sweet convolvulus around
Some evergreen which lifts it to the sun.
The dead are here again ; the solemn shades
Of those we loved so well, above whose graves
Heaven's sentinels their holy vigils keep
By night, are all about us ; each zephyr
Seems a message from the land of souls ;
The murmur of the distant waterfall
A requiem chanted o'er departed joys.

Thrice blessed Past ! through whose dim vista now,
With streaming eyes, I see that dear sad face
That first looked love on me, and taught my heart
To thrill responsive to a mother's love !
O hallowed Night ! around whose lofty brow
Omnipotence hath wreathed a thousand suns,
Shine on ! with soft benignant splendör shine,

Till youthful Morn, uprising from the east,
With songs of birds awakes the world to life,
And from her radiant skirts, in rapturous joy,
Flings over heaven and earth refulgent day.

WITH MIGHT FOR RIGHT.

WRONG stalks o'er earth like a demon fell,
Each sacred thing to blight ;
Art cannot paint nor language tell
The force of its crushing might ;
Yet knowing God will defend the Right,
Till wrong the earth shall fly,
Go, battle for the Right with a holy Might,
Resolved to win or die !

When morning comes, like a blushing bride
Her smiling lord to greet,
Dashing from flowers their dewy pride
With her joyous, bounding feet,
O then rush forth like a beam of light,
Or a meteor through the sky,
To battle for the Right with a holy Might,
To conquer or to die !

From morn to eve, through each golden hour,
Some godlike aim pursue ;
With dauntless brow and arm of power
Be bold to dare and do.

Armed *cap-a-pie* for the mortal fight,
Each foe must fall or fly ;
Then battle for the Right with a holy Might,
Resolved to win or die !

When laughing Spring, like an angel fair,
Comes tripping through the bowers,
With songs of birds, and her balmy air
Perfumed by a thousand flowers,—
Then plume thy soul for an eagle's flight,
Truth's sword gird on thy thigh,
To battle for the Right with a holy Might,
To conquer or to die !

When Autumn brown, with his withering breath,
Blights every beauteous thing ;
When Winter lays in the urn of death
What bloomed so fresh in Spring,
With steadfast eye on the watch-tower light
Each oar with vigor ply ;
Still battle for the Right with a holy Might,
Resolved to win or die !

By night, by day, all the seasons through,
O'er earth from pole to pole,
There's work for all generous hands to do—
There's work for heart and soul ;
Then bare thine arm, though a stormy night
Impend from a starless sky,
To battle for the Right with a holy Might,
To conquer or to die !

•

COURAGE ! PILGRIM !

PILGRIM through a vale of sorrow,
 Battling with the storms of time,
Pressing o'er life's pathway narrow,
 Hoping for a milder clime,—
Does thy way seem rough and dreary,
 Like Arabia's desert strand ?
Courage ! faint not, nor grow weary,
 Yonder lies the better land !

Have life's sweetest blossoms perished ?
 Withered like the Autumn leaf ?
Fled the fondest hopes once cherished,
 Leaving nought but tears and grief ?—
Courage ! pilgrim ; see before thee
 Joys like tulips springing sweet !
Smiling skies are bending o'er thee,
 Bear up bravely !—this were meet.

Dream not cypress shades shall never
 Cease to mantle thee in gloom,
That thy heart must bleed forever—
 Stricken for an early tomb :
Courage ! clouds shall break assunder,
 Heaven's sweet sunlight bathe thy soul ;
O'er life's woes thou'lt cease to wonder,
 When thou gainst the spirit's goal.

Life is not all gloom nor gladness,
 Darkness holds disputed sway :

•

After every night of sadness
Comes a bright and peaceful day.
Life's a trial till it closes ;
Grace descends to crown each hour,
And he who on Heaven reposes
Triumphs over evil's power.

In coy morning's rosy blushes,
Hope sees signs of sunny skies,
But ere noontide o'er us flushes
'Neath the storm-cloud young hope dies.
Such is life ;—and yet at even
Oh ! what sunset beauties glow !
So shall break the dawn of Heaven
O'er thy path of storms and woe.

B. WALLACE HIGHT,

OF ALBANY.

THE DREAM OF LIFE.

LIFE is called an idle story,
Ending ere 'tis well begun ;
Like the day's departing glory,
As the swift declining sun ;

Time, its steady flight revealing,
Is forever onward stealing,
Rapidly its circles wheeling,
Soon life's course is run.

But life is not all a fancy,
Sinking to Oblivion's sea,
Filled with gilded necromancy,
From all care and burden free ;
For life has its noble missions,
Aims exalted—high positions
Elevating all conditions ;
Thus did Heaven decree.

Then, with ceaseless vigor striving,
Seek to win a noble name—
Be a hero in the action,
And fulfill life's highest aim ;
Earth shall fling its laurels o'er thee,
Time shall lay its gems before thee,
Future ages shall adore thee,
Crowned with lasting fame.

G. N. BRIGHAM,

OF MONTPELIER.

CLOSING SEASONS.

I.

SERE and rainy comes the sad October,
Stealing on the footsteps of the Summer ;
With the garments of the dead and dying,
And her scattered garlands round her lying,
Reddened leaves within the woodland falling—
Straggling sunshine which but seems a mocking—
Now reminds that all the hues of gladness
Born in spring-time, shortly end in sadness.
Plaintive sings the robin 'mong the branches,
Where the fitful sunbeam plays its glances ;
Branches sere and yellow and half naked,
Robbed of beauty by the hoar-frost's hatred—
Humid clouds o'erhang the crystal door-way ;
Dark the skies so radiant and starry—
And the moon half drowning in the shadow,
Peers upon the night a Queen of Sorrow.
Ah ! and sad and mournful comes the wailing
Of the winds amidst the forest stealing—
And the dirges of the passing seasons,
Bring to us the sternest, saddest lessons.
Dark and rainy is the sere October,
Walking with a footstep staid and sober ;

Where the flowers lay scattered on the meadow,
Where the dead are sleeping 'neath the willow.
Careful gathers she the golden harvest,
And her sickle reaps, and never spareth,
Reaps the vintage of the goodly Summer,
Of the Winter is the dark forerunner.
But her somber garments dyed in sadness,
Hath, behind the scene, something of gladness,
For, though storms attend the sad October,
Brighter skies are seen when storms are over.
So life's drama hath its somber passing,
While the mortal fiber hath its lasting ;
But the scene will brighten on life's canvas,
When the mists of time have passed behind us.

II.

Dreary are the shadows of November,
When the storms their bitter strifes engender,
And the leaden clouds outpour their fountains
In falling torrents up among the mountains ;
All the valleys swell with floods,
Rolling with their drifting woods.

Out afar upon the fearful ocean
Shrieks the angry gale in wild commotion ;
Heaving up the foamy-crested breaker—
Woe betide the vessel if they take her
'Mong the reefs and rocks there buried, darkling
Where the billows dash on wild and startling,
O'er the coral and the amber,
Where the dead may find their slumber.

Oh ! 'tis dark upon that waste of waters,
Where the canvas in the tempest flutters,
Where the creaking masts betoken danger—
And the voices of the Great Avenger,
'Mid the tumult of the wild commotion,
Out upon the dread and fearful ocean,
Utter warnings from the cloud—
Mutter dirges from the shroud.

God have mercy on the toil-worn sailor,
Beating up against head-winds and weather !
For the leaden clouds of dark November
Bring the storm-gale and the pealing thunder ;
And the peril in the azure spoken—
The barometer's unfailing token—
Speak of comings on the sea ;
Dark and fearful they may be !

Winds are wailing up amid the forest,
Sighing where the climbing ivy creepeth
O'er the lintels and the falling arches,
Hymning dirges as the season passes—
Passes silent down among the eras,
Rolling ever, ever in the vistas
Which the passing moments cast,
Dim and fading, on the past.

Listen to the echo of the ages,
With the frost of time upon her pages ;
Echoes of the lost and long forgotten,
Echoes where the marble slab has fallen,

Echoes of the seasons in their marches,
From the fallen lintels and the arches ;
And from all those echo voices
Hear the story of the ages.

Aye, as Autumn, in her mourning dresses,
Weaves the shroud which dreary Winter presses
Sadly down upon those withered faces,
Which were lately Nature's blooming graces,
Know that life is pictured in the mirror,
And the scene draws ever, ever nearer,
Till the closing moments come—
Till 'tis written, life is done.

As the changing seasons in their marches
Through Time's gateways and along his arches,
Wake the lyric voices of the minstrels,
Tinge the roses and the blooming daffodils,
Paint the golden harvests of the Summer,
Bring the garments of the Autumn comer,
Ring the changes of the year—
Onward, onward ! never fear.

Dare to live amid these solemn changes ;
Dare to write thy name upon the ages
Which are passing, passing from the future,
Back among the past. "Be not neuter"
Where the memory of the dead and dying,
And the voices of the mighty living,
Tell of deeds of love and labor—
Death does often bring a Savior.

III.

Dark and drear upon the hoary mountains
Hangs the drifting storm-cloud's burdened curtains ;
Loud the deep-toned winds moan up the valleys —
Moan along the distant mountain alleys ;
And the pine trees sigh within the forest —
Sigh the cliffs aloft where storm-bird broodeth,
Sigh the castles and gray aisles, where the mosses
Grow among the lintels and the arches ;
Sing the dirges of the year's departure,
Tell the coming of the dread hereafter.

All the ashen sky is draped in darkness,
All the leafless hill-tops hang in blackness ;
Lonely by the river stand the elm trees ;
Stripped are all the branches of their green leaves,
Stripped are all the maples of the woodlands,
All the waving willows of the moorlands.
Down the leaden skies the snow-flake cometh,
Sifting through the branches of the forest,
Spatting into streams that wind the valleys,
Drifting on in squadrons 'mong the eddies,
Or, dissolved, is rolling in the current,
In the silent, ceaseless flowing current.

Thicker, faster comes the falling snow-flake,
Deeper, deeper lying on the landscape,
And the highways 'long the beach and woodlands,
Lay beneath the snow-piles from the Northlands.
Whistling through the crevice by the window,
Wailing o'er the moorland and the meadow,

Come the gusty winds along with snow-sleet,
Driving, piling round the door and well-sweep,
All the beach along the sounding sea-shore
Pile with snow-drifts to the mighty sea-door ;
Moans aloud the distant storm-clad mountain,
Wail aloud the storm-tossed deeps of ocean,
And the landscape stretches in her ermine,
In habiliments of grief and mourning,
Passes thus away the year Forever ;

And *we* in the storm of life rush onward,
Ever onward, *upward, else the downward,*
To the coming future—*the hereafter,*
To our *long homes* in the great *Forever*.

THE CROUCHING LION—(*Camel's Hump*.)

HAIL to thee ! proud monarch of evergreen mountains,
Raised aloft and afar in the realm of the clouds !
Thus high embattled ; thy bleak forehead huge and bare,
Holds the same stern defiance to seasons and age.
The icicle's beard, nor the drapery of Spring,
Scarce change thee. That hoar temple looms up as of
old.
The bleak air of thy rugged old throne sighs ever
Through thy beetling crags ; ever through thy caverns,
Thy corridors and towers, aloft in the sky.
The storm-cloud here garners his thunder ; and Jove's
bolts

Rend the heavens and rattle at thy front! The lightnings

Play around thee! Yet unawed, the same proud monarch,
Thou dost hold thy bearing. Ay, dost rock the cradle
Of the tempest and sport with the Thunderer's arrows.
And bright Phoebus, as the Earth wheels around in her
car,

First and last beams on thy brow—gilds thy ducal palace
With the tints of day—while beneath thee old Night
Holds her sable dominion. Favored of mountains!
When with heat as fervid as burns in the tropics
We are sweltering our noons in-doors or in shade,
Thou'rt regaling with cool breezes and with fountains;
And how eager we gasp for the breeze—at the brook
We most lusciously quaff, as it steals from thy sides,
Down the winding vale and over the parched meadows,
And the spruces and hemlocks ensandal thy feet
Where the wild flower creepeth, and the tangled thicket
Echoes to the sweet minstrelsy of birds. Ay, up
To the verge of thy bold and bare summit climbeth
The twin-flower; the violet opes her frail petals
In thy stern presence, nursed by the sunbeam and cloud;
And the footfall of deer and timid fawn, straying
Up the bold steep of thy old dominion,
Has been heard. The eagle's wild cry has resounded
In thy halls so ancient—here hatched the young eaglets.
Veteran old! Long hath the forest primeval,
That adorned thy temples in the days of thy youth,
Been uprooted; thy forehead left bare in thy years;
Still from erst—ever from days so ancient and old,

Thou hast loomed mid the clouds in the Green Mountain
State,
Emblem of Freedom—the FLAGSTAFF OF LIBERTY!
Beacon of Light! o'erlooking the tomb of ETHAN,
The Father of Vermont—the Hero of Old Ti!
Lone and solitary there stands thy bold visage,
Grim above Champlain! Pile on pile thy dread palace
Soars into the limitless ether! and topmost
The fierce LION crouches, just springing thy summit,
Defying invasion and growling Independence!

ALICE BY THE BROOK.

How often by the summer brook
Of old I used to ride,
When Alice, with her happy look,
Was sitting by my side.

I never thought of beauty more,
Nor thought it could be less;
I felt the charms she had in store
Would cheer a wilderness.

A little roguish was her eye,
Whene'er she stole my whip;
With witching dimples laying by
The smile upon her lip.

Her lashes shaded eyes of blue,
That had a mellow light;

Her cheeks were fresh with rose-bud hue,
Her neck was snowy white.

As gay as magpie chatted she—
Now pouting at a pun,
Then laughing at our pleasantry
A little overdone.

She laughed right out in jolly glee,
As down the parson's lane
I turned, and hinted, jovially,
She'd better change her name!

'T was many, many years ago,
That Alice rode with me—
Her virgin heart as pure as snow,
Her spirits wild and free.

I went away, far o'er the sea,
And Alice went to school;
I fear she thought too much of me!
Alas! I was a fool.

A hectic stole upon her cheek,
I never saw her more;
The words she last was heard to speak:
"Tell him I'm gone before."

The birds have many seasons flown
As Winter stole apace,
But have returned with merry tone
When nature changed her face.

The flowers have blossomed in the Spring
By every wayside nook ;
But never do we hear a thing
Of Alice by the brook.

MRS. D. M. F. WALKER,

OF ESSEX.

JUDSON'S GRAVE.

HE sleeps beneath the ocean foam,
His grave as spacious as his home ;
What though no shaft shall mark the spot,
His virtues ne'er will be forgot,
And tears from every nation lave
The broad expanse of Judson's grave.
None can disturb his sweet repose,—
That spot an angel guards and knows ;
Bright coral flowers around it bloom,
Rich ocean gems adorn his tomb,
But never rolled an ocean wave
O'er gem more rich than fills his grave.

MRS. A. H. BINGHAM,

OF BRANDON.

SONG.

I'm lonely — and my sad heart pineth
Dearest — for thee ;
Thy love like tendrils 'round my spirit twineth,
And silently
I feel myself drawn nearer, nearer,
Unto thy heart ;
Each moment, thou becomest dearer, dearer,
And tear-drops start,—
I feel them from my eyelids gushing,
All mournfully ;
A tide of feeling to my bosom rushing,
Speaks love of thee.

I'm lonely — and my heart now turneth,
Dearest — to thee ;
For thy companionship my spirit yearneth,
Oh come to me ;
I languish for the sweet communion
Of kindred soul ;
Where thoughts of beauty in a gentle union
Together roll ;
Where love and tenderness, impulsive feeling,
Harmonious meet,
And to the heart, come gently, softly stealing,
Loving and sweet.

I listen for thy footstep's falling,
Thy soft low tone ;
Thou answerest not my spirit's calling,
I am alone.
When wilt thou come again to bless me ?
When, heart to heart,
Dearest—wilt thou again caress me,
Sweet joy impart ?
Close by thy side, my fond heart, lonely
Could never be,
If in this wide world dwelling, only
Wert thou and me.

TO YOUNG LADIES.

A WORD to the girls of our brave Yankee Nation,
So loved and admired by the Lords of Creation ;
Who, though they pretend to be wonderful wise,
Are always ensnared by your bright witching eyes.
Your personal charms, with your smiles and your glances
And the glittering net-work of glowing romances,
Many sensible fellows may draw to your snare ;
But girls, let me tell you, you'd better beware,
Though your bright eyes and beauty may win you a lover,
If sense does not back them, the game is all over.

To be truly a lady—a lady well bred,
With all of your charms, you must have a sound head ;

And a sensible girl, you *may* know, understands
How to use to advantage, her head and her hands.
Now I've heard a girl say, that *she* did not know
How to knit a whole stocking, and oh dear! to sew,
At least on plain sewing, the thought was quite shocking.
She would not, for the world, stoop to mend her own
stocking,

But when she went home would take it to mother.
You'll scarcely believe it, but there was another
Who said that she did not know how to wash dishes! .
Now *that girl*, I'm sure, has my very best wishes ;
But if I were a man, and she were a Hebe,
And as rich, and as great, as the old Queen of Sheba,
Do you think that I'd marry her? marry her—never!
If I lived an old bachelor for it, forever.

I've heard many say, that they did not know how
To cook a potatoe ; the sight of a cow
Would give them hysterics ; the crow of a cock
Would give to their nerves a most terrible shock.
These delicate girls have all learned to make
Holes and scallops in cambric, and *very nice* cake.
But mercy! to think of a shirt for their brother,
Or to fry up a pan full of nut-cakes for mother,
The thought were enough to distract—and all that,
They surely should die, just to smell of the fat.

Now girls, let me tell you, just roll up your sleeves,
Go into the kitchen, make butter and cheese,

And dumplings, and dough-nuts, and nice loaves of bread,
Both wheaten and Indian—don't shake your head;
But go right to work, prepare a good meal;
Learn to cook ham and eggs, and beef-steak, and veal;
Make puddings, and pies, and take care of the cream,
Keep everything 'round you in order and clean;
You must learn to mend stockings, to sew and to knit;
My darling young ladies, 'twont hurt you a bit;
But see if it does not prove true to the letter,
You'll be happier far, and a thousand times better;
It will make you more sensible, more at your ease,
And you'll please all you meet, without *trying* to please.

Meantime, my dear girls, you must lay up a store
Of good useful knowledge. You must explore
The mystical workings of Nature's great plan,
And the greatest events in the history of man;
Mathematics and Logic, and Rhetoric too;
The History, both of the old times and new.
There are three things, young ladies, pray learn to do
well,
They precede all the others—to read, write and spell;
Learn to draw and to paint, and all that sort of thing,
To play the piano, to dance and to sing;
Learn as much as you can, and then do not shirk,
But take hold with your mother, and help do the work.

HIDDEN SORROW.

[“ EVERY heart knoweth its own bitterness.”]

THERE 's many a grief that's unspoken,
There 's many a bosom that's sad,
There 's many a heart that is broken,
While all seemeth outwardly glad.
Every heart hath its own hidden sorrow,
Which the eyes of the world may not see ;
There is trouble for all—though they borrow—
There's a sorrow for you and for me.

Though our voice and our smile seem the lightest,
Though cheerful and happy our song,
Though our face seem the gladest and brightest
Of any amid the gay throng ;
Though our laugh ringeth loudly and gaily
In the merriest rounds of glee,
It is true that both nightly and daily
There's a sorrow for you and for me.

Though fortune upon us is smiling,
Though splendor, and honor, and fame,
With their syren-like charms are beguiling,
Through life it is ever the same ;
Beneath all our smiles there's a feeling
Which the eyes of the world may not see,
In our solitude ever is stealing
A sorrow for you and for me.

Though the earth smileth gladly and brightly,
And the birds fill the air with their song,
Though the soft cooling breeze kisseth lightly
Our brow as it it passeth along,
Though we live 'mid the birds and the flowers,
And beauty clothes all that we see,
In our solitude cometh the hours
Of sorrow for you and for me.

PRAAYER IN SICKNESS.

OH! let me live, my Father—life is sweet
And full of beauty and of joy to me ;
While present hopes and future prospects meet
To form for me a happy destiny.
I know that e'en the brightest hopes decay ;
That many an anchor fails to which we trust,
Our treasures ruthlessly are torn away,
Our idols crushed—lie mouldering in the dust.

But yet, my Father, life is dear to me,
As through its mazy paths I pass along ;
The beauty and the harmony I see
Inspire my spirit with a gush of song.
My heart is swelling with a wild delight,
Its chords are touched to many a thrilling strain,
As all earth's beauty bursts upon my sight,—
To try to sing the half I feel were vain.

I love to live, my Father—yet I know
Temptations 'compass me on every side,
And disappointments meet me as I go,
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death betide,
And coldness often meets me where I turn
For sympathy and love and kindly trust,
And friends for whom with tenderness I yearn,
My heart all coldly trample to the dust.

But yet, my Father, yet I pray to live,
For there are those to whom my life is dear,
Those whom I love and who would gladly give
Their all of life could they but keep me here.
And earth is beautiful and fair and bright,
The air is filled with sweetest melody,
The breezes play around me soft and light,
And everything in Nature speaks of Thee.

So for the sake of these bright things of earth,
The birds, the flowers and the pure blue sky,
For all the beauties Thou hast given birth,
My Father let me live. I cannot die;
And yet I would not murmur—let me say,
Thy will, not mine, whate'er it be, be done;
Help me to bow submissive, Lord I pray,
For what is best is known to Thee alone.

“THE CITY OF THE DEAD.”

THEY are sleeping, sleeping, sleeping,
In the city of the dead ;
While the cold, cold moon is keeping
Vigils for the dead.

Let the winds be whistling shrilly,
Let the winds be blowing chilly,
Or the air be calm and stilly,
Still they sleep, sleep, sleep,
Their long, unwaking sleep,
In the city of the dead.

Underneath the damp sod slumbering,
Still and cold they lie,
Never heeding, never numbering
Moments passing by—
There in dreamless sleep they're lying ;
Mortals, to the same goal flying,
Vainly over them are sighing.
It is deep, deep, deep,
Beneath the damp sod deep,
That city of the dead.

Sadly friends are o'er them weeping,
Still they keep
Still and silent, ever sleeping,—
Dreadful sleep !
Lying there by one another,
Are the father and the mother,
And the sister and the brother ;

Weep, weep, weep,
Vainly for them weep,
That city of the dead.

But a trumpet will be sounding
By and by,
Through this city vast resounding
From the sky ;
Speaking them in tones of thunder,
Waking them from their deep slumber,
Filling them with fear and wonder,
Speak, speak, speak,
It will to them speak,
That city of the dead.

PHILIP BATTELL,

OF MIDDLEBURY.

THE MAYFLOWER.

'Tis sweet as the summer, the night on the sea,
'Tis soft as an angel's, the watch over thee,
Gentle ship ! on the wave, when the heart is at rest,
And fear, stilled with prayer, is asleep in the breast ;
And they that have left us, in spirit are fled,
And the past unforgotten, its tendrils are dead :

O! Land, ho! 'Tis the tomb of our grief and our fear,
The womb of futurity's slumbering here;
The dash of the sea shows its guardian near.

There's tempest above us, to leeward we're driven!
There's storm on the billow, and tempest in heaven!
The mast is half broken, the sail in the wind,
Our dread is before us, our hope far behind!
Why not on the ocean His goodness forget,
When water breaks o'er us, and daylight is set!
O! Land, ho!—No; but the rocks of the beach
Are afar, and the speed of the tempest shall reach
Only billows unbroke, that of tenderness teach.

All's well, save the bosom long panting and worn,
Save the strength uncomplaining, for love has forborne,
Save the shrouds newly spliced, and the masts newly set,
And the sails newly white, and the ropes darkly wet;
There are murmuring voices, and glistening eyes,
And foam tasseled billows, and sun-smiling skies;
O! Land, ho! There's a cloud white and high—
It is snow on the sea, it is land in the sky,
And the sea is forget, save a tear in the eye.

On sweeps the broad billow, we're fast on our way;
The Pilgrims that float are more anxious to-day
Than when, driven by tempest, they fled from its wrath,
Or when heaven with stars full of light watched their
path.

O, serve now the Lord! There's no sin against Him,
In the land in the shadow of infancy dim!

O! Land, ho! and the pledge must be said
To serve Him who made us, and love Him who bled,
And follow the light which His gospel has shed.

The Mayflower is anchored, she feels the land breeze;
The masts in her hull answer back to the trees;
All pledged and all loyal, the charter they've signed,
That each gives to each, thus his freedom to bind;
From the cabin they rise, as a nation of men,
Too few for its hope, but its birth-day was then!
O! Land, ho! and the breakers in melody roar,
The heart of Creation is fresh on the shore,
And God to its lord doth his image restore.

ORRIN PIERRE ALLEN,

OF VERNON.

WHENCE THE POET'S LAY?

WHENCE swell the poet's dulcet numbers?
Whence flow his thoughts of magic song?
Why stealeth o'er his spirit's vision
Sweet scenes that never cheer the throng?
Go ask ye of the laughing fountain
Why gushes forth its sunny stream?

Go ask the child when clothed in slumber
Why angels sketched its fairy dream ?

The poet's soul is formed for music ;
And he but echoes forth the notes
That rise within, as sigh the harpstrings
When summer's zephyr o'er them floats.
His lays are but the deep outgushing,
The gleaming forth of inborn light ;
The soul's reflex, whose rays of beauty
Shine forth like stars of night.

Within his spirit deep is welling
A sacred fount of stirring thought,
That sendeth forth its hidden treasures,
With generous flow though still unsought.
His flowing words and measured accents,
Are but the sounding ripple in the flow
Of Fancy's clear and pearly river,
That bathes the soul with crystal flow.

If longer, deeper, thou wouldst question,
Whence rose the poet's charming lay ?
I'd point to Him whose love and goodness
Sent song to cheer man's lonely way.
Yea, Him who 'woke the rolling anthem
Among the morning stars on high,
And bade the spheres in all their courses
March to the sound of Melody.

ANSON A. NICHOLSON,

OF BRANDON.

THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.

[A DIVISION of the ruined army, consisting of many thousand men and horses, sought to escape by crossing a frozen lake adjoining their line of march. The surface began to yield beneath the enormous load, when a few balls and shells from the French batteries broke the ice, and the whole mass was plunged into the freezing waves. A fearful cry, resounding above the roar of battle, ascended from the lake, as the frantic host struggled for a few moments in the agonies of death. But soon the icy waves closed silently over them all, and these unhappy victims of war were sepulchered forever.—*Abbott.*]

NIGHT, like a slave, obeys her lord's behest,
As lurid dawn from shadows intermits,
And lo ! full orb'd, appears with burnished crest,
The " Sun of Austerlitz ! "

The clarion bugle trills its ample throat,
The martial drum resounds with war's alarms,
Whilst busy preparations all denote
The discipline of arms.

The invader comes with all a victor's pride,
His eagles fluttering to the early day,
To crush the hydra front of powers allied,
And sweep their might away.

Each beating heart with triumph is elate,
Each eager eye is turned upon the foe,
The veteran soldiery impatient wait
The sanguinary blow.

Marengo's stormy siege and Lodi's fall,
Beyond the Po are glories unforgot,
And Montabello's thunderings recall
The scenes of Montè Notte.

Scarce half a league to eastward stood revealed
In stern array the enemies of France,
Their camp-fires smouldering on the tented field
Were dimmed by day's advance.

And Russia's serfs, deployed in frowning ranks,
And trenched by sable Austria's chosen knights,
In stern defiance wheeled their columned flanks
On Prutzen's stormy hights.

The invading chieftain reined his fiery steed
Where thickest fell the furious leaden spray,
And cheer'd his forces both by word and deed
To bide the stern affray !

The sunlight glimmered from their bristling steel,
And lightning poised upon each sheathless blade ;
Carpathia echoed back with sluggish peal
Their furious cannonade !

As whirlwinds lash the waters of the deep,
Upon the foe their chivalry they fling,
And with a torrent's overwhelming sweep,
Bear down its cumbrous wing.

They turn, recede, they strive with ardent toil,
They rally, rush, and trample down the slain,

And Russia's legion yields a mighty spoil,
Its center cut in twain !

Confusion closed disaster's fatal tide,—
Instinctive fear obeyed its stern decrees,—
The valleys saw, and every mountain side,
The flying refugees.

Their footprints mingled in those Northern snows,
As from the scene of carnage dire they fled,
Whilst over all the victor's shout arose
In acclamations dread.

Could they but gain the fastnesses behind
Yon icy barrier to their flying feet,
Amid the forest depths they still might find
A cover for retreat.

Discretion hath no tongue for craven fear,
Sealed is her voice, her energy to plan,
While desolation's stride is in the rear,
And hope lights up the van.

Their frantic flight is o'er that treacherous plain,
Regardless of the depths below that dwell,
They only heed the crash of iron rain,
Torpedo, shot and shell !

Those icy walls are creaking while they pass,
The surface trembles 'neath its cumbrous load,
And, yielding like a bridge of brittle glass,
They battle with the flood.

One shriek arose, one agonizing cry,
Above the din of battle wild and shrill—
And carnage closed its over-sated eye,
And all again was still.

TAKE CARE!

THERE be ways besprent with brambles,
Take care!
There be paths that end in shambles,
Take care!
Shame results from little sinnings,
Mighty ends from small beginnings,
Take care! take care!
One false step may be retraceless,
Clasping quicksands void and baseless,
And a doom reviled and graceless,
Take care! take care! take care!
When the tempter lures to evil,
Take care!
Though he comes in guises civil,
Take care!
If there haunts thy spirit's dwelling,
One small voice the bribe repelling,
Take care! take care!
Do not pause to carp or palter,
Souls are lost that yield or falter
O'er the sacrificial altar,
Take care! take care! take care!

When the wassail-bout is loudest,
Take care !
When the hot-blood mounts the proudest,
Take care !
When the wine-cup sparkles brightest,
When the ringing laugh peals lightest,
Take care ! take care !
As the fevered pulses quicken,
Demons most vindictive thicken,
And the yielding heart is stricken !
Take care ! take care ! take care !

Other souls embrace thy doing,—
Take care !
Choose thy good or pluck thy ruin,
Take care !
Of thy weak brother *thou* art keeper,
If *he* fall *thy* hell is deeper !
Take care ! take care !
By thy hopes of ripe fruition,
By thy fears of dark perdition,
Heed this homely admonition,—
Take care ! take care ! take care !

THE MONARCH OF THE YEAR.

SPRING hath its violets, peeping from the mosses,
Summer hath its sunshine and Autumn hath its shade,

Every haunt is vocal
With a pæan local,
Keeping time to the chime
Of the turbulent cascade.

Winter hath its quietude — its pleasures ever dawning,
Its granaries and garnerers of Autumn's luscious fruit ;
There be phantom shadows
Creeping e'er the meadows,—
Sighs the sedge by the edge
Of the brooklet mute.

What though the swallow hath long since departed,
Gone ere the purple tints dye the maple leaves,
Every snow-flake airy
Cometh like a fairy,
Taking rest in her nest
'Neath the jutting eaves.

What though the blue sky is darkened by the tempest,
Vailing the sunbeam with its icy shroud,
There be merry faces
Where the fagot blazes ;
By the board amply stored,
Gentle beings crowd.

Joyous is the seed-time, days of promise hopeful,
And beautiful the husky sheaves that press the cum-
brous wain ;
Yet there's a *moral* earing,
In winter-time appearing,

Richer far its treasures are
Than sheaves of golden grain!

When the storm is raging around the creaking casement,
When the blast is wailing across the brow of night,
There be blossoms vernal,
Fadeless and eternal,
That impart to the heart
Most intense delight.

Spring hath its velvet robes, and Summer hath its verdure,
Autumn hath its riches in every ripened ear,
But Winter hath its glory
Like wisdom waxing hoary,
And holdeth reign on hill and plain,
The monarch of the year!

PESTILENCE.

A PEASANT sat beneath a shade of palm,
Within the suburbs of an eastern city,
Singing by turns a melancholy psalm
And playful ditty.

The sunshine slanted through the leafy shade,
With subtle glimmer at his doorway lagging,
And with fantastic figures overlaid
The tidy flagging.

And he was very poor ; but industry
The pangs of want was ever still repelling,

And calm content and unabated glee
Were in his dwelling.

And there he sat, still at his wonted toils,
And the warm current of his hopes did quicken,
But the destroyer came for ghastly spoils,
And he was stricken !

And there came messengers to ask the cause,
With brief authority their mission clothing,
But turned away, ere they had time to pause,
With stifled loathing !

And sudden fear like palsy seized their souls,
And grim contortions racked each livid creature,
And plague spots, luminous like living coals,
Marred every feature.

Then it was whispered that the plague had come
With deadly might and ravage universal,
And listening crowds with fear were stricken dumb
At each rehearsal !

Oh ! it was fearful ! Death, the gloomy while,
Was unconfined to age or rank or section,
For every way pestiferous and vile
Seethed with infection !

Each passing breeze that rustled sang a dirge,
And every where you saw the dead and dying ;
And to the mountains myriads from the scourge
Were madly flying.

The dead were all uncared for in the ways,
All plans and passions lapsed to chill inaction,
And every haunt of men became the place
Of putrefaction !

The jackall left his kennel in the wood,
And unmolested sought the piazza spacious,
And feasted on that most repulsive food,
With birds rapacious !

Along the marts of busy trade there passed
At morn a demon with its mission freighted,
At somber eventide that country vast
Was decimated !

A DREAM-SONG OF HOME.

I MIND me of a shrine, love,
Affection early found,
Where, like the branching vine, love,
Its clasping tendrils wound.
'T is like a golden memory,
And oft its rays are given
To light my spirit's firmament,
An orb that beams of heaven.

I mind me of a shrine, love,
Affection early found,
Where, like the branching vine, love,
Its clasping tendrils wound.

Amid a dream of fear, love,
When horror chilled my frame,
A seraph hovered near, love,—
I softly breathed *thy name!*
And when the bright illusion fled,
And dreams of thee were crushed,
A darkness entered in my soul,
And faintness o'er me rushed!
Amid a dream of fear, love,
When horror chilled my frame,
A seraph hovered near, love,—
I softly breathed *thy name!*

I pass a dreamer now, love,
From festive scenes apart,
A sadness on my brow, love,
And heaviness at heart;
And joyous is that dream that brings
Thy presence and its light,
And sad the wakefulness that flings
Thy image from my sight.
I pass a dreamer now, love,
From festive scenes apart,
A sadness on my brow, love,
And heaviness at heart!

ALBERTUS B. FOOTE,

OF RUTLAND.

WOULD YOU ?

BABY, crowing on your knee,
While you sing some little ditty,
Pulls your hair, or thumbs your "ee,"—
Would you think it wasn't pretty ?
Tell me, could you ?—
If you owned "the baby," would you ?

Wife, with arm about your neck,
Says you look just like the baby ;
Wants some cash to make "a spec ;"—
And you would refuse her—maybe ?—
Could you ? Should you ?
If you owned "the woman," would you ?

Little labor, little strife,
Little care, and little cot ;
Would you sigh for single life ?
Would you murmur at your lot ?
Tell me, should you ?—
If you owned "the cottage," would you ?

Health and comforts : children fair,
Wife to meet you at the door,

Fond hearts throbbing for you *there* ;—
Tell me, would you ask for more ?
Should you ? Could you ?—
If you owned “ the baby,” would you ?

THINKS I TO MYSELF.

I SAW her again but a few days ago,
When Kossuth came down to our city ;
The name of the lady I never did know,
But thinks I, she’s uncommonly pretty ;
And witty,
And clever, no doubt, as she’s pretty.

Thinks I to myself, I have seen her before —
Fine face, black eyes, and black hair ; —
But could not tell when, as I thought of it more,
And hang me if I could tell where ;
I declare,
I could not tell how, when or where.

But now both the time and the place I remember ;
I remember her pleasing address ;
At a certain hotel, in the month of September,
We met in the doorway — I guess —
Yes, yes ;
Thinks I, she’s the person, I guess.

Thinks I, she would make a good partner for life,
But she’s married or spoke for, I s’pose ;

Still, if that's not the case, and if—I had no wife,
Thinks I to myself, I'd "propose :"
Goodness knows,
If it wa'n't for all that, I'd propose.

But I'm married : thinks I to myself 'tis a pity ;
I'm tied, and I cannot undo it ;
Yet thinks I, there's no harm in just writing this ditty—
Though it's well that my wife doesn't know it—
Old poet !
'Tis well that your wife doesn't know it.

WINTER—SONG OF THE COBBLER.

THE cold wind whistles around the shop,
It whistles beneath the window-pane,
It whistles across the chimney-top—
But the cobbler whistles a merrier strain,
While "upper" and "sole" go flipity-flop,
And winds go whistling round the shop.

My rich old neighbor is troubled in mind
Lest his riches may suddenly put on wings ;
Lest his houses may burn in the night, when the wind
Is high—but the cobbler laughs, and sings,
And whistles, and works with a flipity-flop,
While night winds whistle around the shop.

O ye who shiver and shake out-doors,
Whose beards are frosty, but not with age,
Think of him who sits where the stove-pipe roars,
And laughs at the storm-king's impotent rage ;
While leather and last go flipity-flop,
And winds go whistling round the shop.

At home, there's need of a hood, a frock,
A book, a slate, or a nice new doll
For the youngest and brightest of all the flock—
There are four or five of the flock, in all,
For whom the leather goes flipity-flop,
While winds go whistling round the shop.

And in that home a slice may be found
For the stranger poor, who happens along
While winter snows are sifted around—
And while the cobbler is willing and strong
To make the hammer go flipity-flop—
And cold winds whistle around the shop.

O ye who fancy your joys are few,
And you who always repine at your lot,
Just call and see a philosopher true,
And learn to be glad for the good you've got :
And see the leather go flipity-flop,
And hear the whistling round the shop.

TRY ANOTHER—TRY AGAIN.

SHOULD your friend forsake, betray,
Try another ;
Don't distrust all others, pray ;
Try another.
Still, among life's motley crew,
There are manly hearts, and true,—
Keep *that* golden truth in view.

Should misfortune overtake you,
Try again ;
Bolder let each struggle make you ;
Try again.
Let your aim be pure and high—
Gentle Hope still whispering nigh—
Brother ! sit not down and sigh.

“HERE SHE LIES!”

FADED now are those love-beaming eyes ;
Stilled the fitful pulse, the feeble breath ;
To my waiting ear no more shall rise
Those mild accents—ah, they're hushed in death!—
Here she lies—
Faded now are those love-beaming eyes.

Come when softly glows the sunny sky,
Plant a myrtle here, with careful hand,
Where in dreamless sleep her ashes lie ;
Rear a rose-tree, in the breezes bland
Here to sigh ;
Come when softly glows the sunny sky.

When return the days of gentle Spring,
Then the rose may weep above her breast ;
And some bird, perchance, with snowy wing,
Here will come and build its tiny nest —
Mournful sing —
When return the days of gentle Spring.

Long we strove to stay the blighting pain ;
Wept to see her sinking, sinking so ;
Wept to see the life-lamp slowly wane ;
Strove to shield her from the Spoiler's blow —
All in vain !
Long we strove to stay the blighting pain.

As a lily on the mountain side,
Swept too harshly by the unpitying gale,
Meekly droops its head at eventide,
Meekly thus our sister, worn and pale,
Drooped and died ! —
As a lily on the mountain side.

A. S. BARTON,

OF LUDLOW.

WILL MOTHER EVER WAKE?

“FATHER, will mother ever wake?”

My little daughter said,
Then seized my hand and wildly cried,
“Oh, father! is she dead?”

Ah! Lucia, yes, thy mother's dead!

“And will she ever wake?”

Yes, daughter, when the voice of God
Her silent sleep shall break.

Yet many a Summer bright may pass,
And Winter shroud the plain,
And we must with thy mother sleep,
Ere she shall wake again.

Still in God's Holy Word we read—

And do not read in vain—

The wondrous and thrice-blessed truth,
The dead shall live again.

Then never doubt, my daughter dear,

That time will surely come,

When like our Savior she shall rise
Immortal from the tomb.

MARTIN MATTISON,

OF NORTH BENNINGTON.

HEROES OF '76.

THEY have gone to their rest — those brave heroes and
sages,

Who trod the rough war-path our freedom to gain ;
But their deeds were all written on fame's brightest pages,
When a tyrant's rude host were all scattered and slain.

They have gone to their rest, as bright stars sink in glory,
And hallow the spot where their valor was shown ;
Yet but few are there left us to tell the glad story,
How victory was gained and the mighty o'erthrown.

They have gone to their rest, 'midst a halo bright shining,
The day star of hope was their guide through the tomb,
While Columbia's fair daughters their triumphs were
singing,
And a nation burst forth from its deep shrouded gloom.

They have gone to their rest, we no longer behold them,
Though memory their virtues will ever hold dear ;
When the deeds of those sires to their sons shall be told
them,
In the silence of grief shall descend the warm tear.

DORR.

MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR,

OF CENTER RUTLAND.

ELSIE'S CHILD.

A LEGEND OF SWITZERLAND.

“COME and sit beside me, Elsie — put your little wheel
away —

Have you quite forgotten, darling wife, this is our wedding day ?”

Elsie turned her bright face toward him, fairer now than
when a bride,

But she did not cease her spinning, while to Ulric she
replied :

“No, I have not quite forgotten ; all day long my happy
brain

Has been living o’er the moments of that blessed day
again ;

I will come and sit beside you when the twilight shadows
fall,

You shall sing me some old love-song, while the darkness
covers all ;

But while golden sunbeams linger in the vale and on the
hill,

Ask me not to bid the music of my merry wheel be still.”

• “If its humdrum notes are sweeter than thy husband’s
voice to thee,

Mind thy spinning, Madame Elsie — do not come to sit
with me !”

“ Do n’t be angry with me, Ulric ; see, the sun is almost
down,

And its last red rays are gilding the far steeples of the
town ;

I will come to you directly, and will kiss that frown
away,

You must not be angry, Ulric, for this is our wedding
day.”

“ If it were not I should care not that you will not come
to me,

But this evening, prithee, Elsie, let that tiresome spin-
ning be !”

“ Why, to-morrow is the fair-day, do you not remember,
dear ?

I must spin a little longer ; ’t is the last skein I have
here,

On the wall are others hanging, very fine and soft are
they,

And for them old Father Maurice will his money gladly
pay.”

“ You can buy a silken bodice, and a ribbon for your hair,
Or a hooded crimson mantle — they will make you very
fair !

Or a necklace sparkling grandly, or a kerchief bright
and gay —

Yonder Henri drives the cows home, I will join him on
the way.”

“ Oh, no, Ulric, do not leave me,” cried she, springing
to his side,

I have done my weary spinning, and the last knot I have
tied ;

Come with me within the cottage, where our Hugo lies
asleep,—
Never saw you rest as placid as his slumber soft and
deep ;
How the flaxen ringlets cluster round his forehead broad
and white !
Saw you ever, dearest Ulric, half so beautiful a sight ?
Now, if you will smile upon me, just as you were wont
to do,
While we sit here in the moonlight, I'll a secret tell to
you :
I shall buy no silken bodice, and no necklace grand and
gay ;
I'm a wife and mother, darling, and I've put such things
away ;
But a coat for little Hugo — of bright scarlet it shall be,
Trimmed with braid and shining buttons, and the richest
broidery.
Lady Alice, at the castle, soon will give her birthday
fete,
And last night I chanced to meet her, as I passed the
western gate,
She was walking with her maidens, but she bent her
stately head,
Kissed our little Hugo's forehead, as she sweetly smiled
and said :
'Bring him to the castle, Elsie, lovelier boy was never
seen —
Bring him with you, on my fete-day, to the dance upon
the green ;'

So to-morrow, dearest Ulric, you must surely go with
me,
And I'll buy for little Hugo just the prettiest coat I see."

II.

"There, my Hugo, you are ready, run out now before
the door,
And I'll come to join my little one, in just five minutes
more.

How the scarlet coat becomes him ! Ulric, do but see him
now,
As he shakes his head and tosses back the light curls
from his brow."

"What a vain young mother, Elsie ! from the window
come away,
You'll have time enough to glory in your pretty pet to-
day.

Bind up now your own bright tresses ; here are roses
sweet and rare,
With the dew still lingering on them—you must put
them in your hair ;

You must wear the scarf I gave you, and the bracelets,
and I ween
That my Elsie'll be the fairest one that dances on the
green."

"Which is now the vainest, Ulric, tell me, is it you or I ?
I'll be ready in one minute, look if you can Hugo spy ;
It may be that he will wander where the purple berries
grow ;

For the world I would not have him, they will stain his
new coat so."

“Elsie! Elsie!” In a moment rose and scarf were
dashed aside,
And she stood within the doorway—“Where is Hugo?”
then she cried.

“I have traced his little footsteps where the purple
berries shine,
But I can see nothing of him; do not tremble, Elsie
mine.

Very likely he has wandered toward the castle; for he
knew—

Little wise one!—we were going, and that he was going
too;

We will find him very quickly—he cannot have strayed
away;

It is not five minutes, darling, since you bade him go
and play.”

All day long they sought for Hugo, sought him utterly
in vain,

Sought him midst the rocks and glaciers, and beneath
them, on the plain.

From the castle Lady Alice sent her servants far and wide,
Mirth was lost in bitter mourning, and the voice of music
died.

Through the day the air resounded with the little lost
one’s name,

And at night, with myriad torches, hills and woods were
all aflame.

But they found not pretty Hugo; where the purple ber-
ries grew

They could see his tiny footsteps—but they nothing
further knew.

III.

“ Henri ! Henri ! don’t be gazing at the eagle’s nest all day ;

Long ago you should have started forth, to drive the cows away.”

“ But come here one moment, mother, just one moment, can you see

Naught that flutters like a banner when the wind is blowing free ? ”

“ Oh, my eyes are dim and aged,” was the withered crone’s reply ;

“ You must look yourself, good Henri, for I nothing can espy.”

“ Then do you come here, Enrica ; does my sight deceive me so ?

You can see it, I am certain, when the wind begins to blow.”

But Enrica’s cheek grew palid, and she turned her eyes away,

Crying “ Elsie, my poor Elsie ! ” It was all that she could say,

For within that lofty aerie, on the mountain’s craggy hight,

Hung the coat of little Hugo, gleaming in the morning light,

With its hue of brilliant scarlet, just as bright as bright could be,

With its gaily shining buttons, and its rich embroidery !

Months and years rolled slowly onward — Elsie’s sunny hair turned gray,

And the eagles left the aerie to its desolate decay.

But, alas ! whene'er the sun shone, and the wind was
blowing free,
Something fluttered like a banner, which no eye could
bear to see !

LYDIA E. WHITE,

OF TOPSHAM.

IMMORTALITY.

O, IF man's soul is but a spark
That sinks into the tomb,
And all beyond is void and dark,
And but an endless gloom ;
If its clear and glorious light
Is quenched by death for aye,
And if beyond this world of night
There is no endless day,

Why doth it yearn, and yearn for life
In a far higher sphere ?
To free itself from pain and strife
And every haunting fear ?
Why doth it strive to rise above
Its tenement of clay ?
Why doth it ever seek and love
A kindred spirit's ray ?

SARAH S. MILES.

A NATIVE of Morrisville, Vt., now residing at Fish Mills, Virginia.

GOD BE WITH THEE !

God be with thee ! God be with thee !
Can the human heart ask more
Than His sweet and gentle guidance,
Till 'tis safe on yon blest shore ?
Through the sunshine—through the shadows
That so oft becloud our way,
Still our fervent prayer we offer,—
May Our Father be thy stay.

God be with thee ! God be with thee !
How it trembleth on the tongue,
Sweeter far each melting cadence
Than hath e'er been told or sung.
And each tender thought, uprising,
From the heart to God above,
Smileth, through the glistening tear-drops,
From the earnest soul we love.

God be with thee ! God be with thee !
Still I seem to catch the tone,
Still the kiss—the warm clasp thrilleth,
Though, indeed, I am alone ;
But the whispers of the night-wind
Gently breathe the fond prayer o'er ;
O, may God in loving kindness
Be with thee forevermore !

REV. HENRY H. SAUNDERSON,

OF WALLINGFORD.

WORK — AN EXHORTATION.

Work! work! for idleness never
Made a man wealthy or happy or great;
Work! for 'tis ever on earnest endeavor
The smiles and the blessings of Providence wait;
Work! and ne'er doubt that success will attend you —
Be not a sluggard and be not a shirk,
For man shall befriend you and Heaven defend you,
As surely as you are found ready to work.

Work! work! life's zest is employment;
Work with the body and work with the mind,
Work! and ne'er think you will find true enjoyment
Except in the labor by Heaven designed.
Work! ne'er despising the humblest vocation,
Hold you no parley with fashion or pride,
But strive to be useful in filling your station,
For labor is honor whatever betide.

Work! work! 't is the mandate of Heaven,
Be in your calling, then patient and brave;
Work! 't was for this our probation was given —
There will be resting enough in the grave.
Work! and remember I give you the warning,

Time was ne'er made to be squandered away,
And the bright, precious hours that are lost in life's
 morning
Can ne'er be made up at the close of the day.

Work! work! though wealth may surround you
Think not thy labor on that account done;
Work! though the chaplet of honor has crowned you,
Thy mission, it may be, is only begun;
Strive to attain the true end of your being,
Find to do good both a way and a will,
Walk in uprightness before the All-Seeing,
And while the day lingers keep laboring still.

A HEALTH.

HERE'S to one whose name's forbidden,
Lest some wanton lip profane it;
In my heart that name is hidden,
Where no breath can stain it;
One to whom a form is given,
Fair as those of earliest birth
When Immortals came from Heaven
To learn love on earth.

Hebe's youth and Psyche's brightness,
In her countenance are glowing,
And adown her neck's pure whiteness
Auburn locks are flowing,

And around her, like the splendor
Round some lovely orb of light,
Are all charms, the mild, the tender,
Beautiful and bright.

Her soft voice is music stealing,
Distance-mellowed, from the ocean,
Calming every troubled feeling
To a sweet emotion ;
Waking fond and pure affections
As the zephyr wakes the flowers,
Freighted with the recollections
Of unsullied hours.

Oh ! to see her in her gladness,
Radiant as a dew-gemmed morning,
Lifts my soul o'er clay-born sadness
And this cold world's scorning ;
And a thought that love is duty
Haunts me as she moves along,
For each motion breathes of beauty
As the rill of song.

Then to her whose name's forbidden,
Will I quaff this crystal measure,
In my heart that name is hidden
Like a secret treasure.
Not more dear the hour when closes
Day, to laborer then set free,
Stars to evening, dew to roses,
Than that name to me.

WE MET.

WE met, and I never had met her before,
But that meeting I ne'er shall forget,
For the spell of that hour, though I meet her no more,
Will linger till life's sun has set.

Her heart was as sunny and bright as her clime,
And she dwelt where the orange-flower glows,
And no chillness may come in the sweet winter-time,
To blight the young buds of the rose.

Our converse ran sweetly o'er many a theme,
And I knew by her answering smile,
And the pleasure-like glow of her eye's sunny beam,
There was joy in her spirit the while.

We talked of the bard who our young hearts had wove
In the woof of his exquisite songs,
Who first taught our youth the sweet lessons of love,
And to weep o'er the patriot's wrongs.

And we spoke of the time when a fetter no more
Should shackle the limbs of the brave,
When oppression's dark reign should forever be o'er,
And the sun should not shine on a slave.

And thus brightly and sweetly the time glided on,
While heart was communing with heart,
Till at length the short hours of her tarrying was gone,
And with sorrow I heard we must part.

A tear glistened bright in her eloquent eye,
Which all-sparklingly told her regret,
And she gave her fair hand with a silent good-bye,
And we parted, but not to forget.

THE LAND OF PEACE.

THERE is a bright region beyond the dark tomb,
Where mortal eye never hath gazed on its bloom,
So radiant with beauty and glory and light
That earth's brightest visions are lost in the sight—
'T is the Land of Peace.

No light of the sun in that region is known,
No ray of a star on its evening is thrown ;
But, lit by the smile and the glory of Him
Before whom the sun and the planets are dim,
Is that Land of Peace.

And its flowers are not like the blossoms of earth,
Which fade 'mid the fragrance to which they give birth ;
But safe from decay and from tempest they rest,
And throw out their sweetness o'er bowers of the blest,
In that Land of Peace.

And there the dull cares of a cold world like this
Ne'er shadow the light of the pure spirit's bliss ;
For naught there can enter to mar its repose,
But joy like a river unceasingly flows,
Through that Land of Peace.

And there are the pure ones whose mission is done,
Whose warfare is ended, whose victory won ;
O ! bravely they breasted the storm and the strife,
And now sweetly they rest from the battle of life,
In that Land of Peace.

Oh ! happy, thrice happy, the heart that may win
That region unstained by earth's sorrow or sin ;
For where the redeemed have their endless abode,
And rejoice evermore in the smile of their God,
Is that Land of Peace.

TWO YEARS !

Two years ! alas, how brief were they !
We saw her smile and called her ours ;—
Two years ! and then she passed away,
And left us in the time of flowers.
We kissed her pale yet lovely cheek,
And placed fresh blossoms on her breast ;
Then, weeping, for our hearts were weak,
We laid her down to rest.

I say not for no words can tell
How much we miss her from our home ;
And though we know with her 't is well,
And that with angels she doth roam,
Yet oft the tear unbidden starts,
As we behold some treasured token
That brings fresh memories to our hearts
Of our sweet bud now broken.

It cannot be, I sometimes think,
That we no more shall see her here,
And from the very thought I shrink,
And deem our trials too severe ;
But hope soon soothes our bosom's pain,
And we look forward to the day
When we shall clasp our child again,
Who now has gone away.

TO ELLA.

Of all the blooming ones of Nisitit,
I fain would ask thee, Ella dear, why is it
That one alone seems fair ?
That when a hundred eyes are round me beaming,
Enough to set a frozen stoic dreaming,
I only ask a pair ?

Was there but one so made to be admired ?
Was there but one so formed to be desired,
And hold a heart in thrall ?
Not the rose only charms me 'mid the flowers,
When gentle Flora leads me through her bowers,
But I must love them all.

But when I stand amid earth's fairest creatures,
Then Rosa's, Hinda's, and Miranda's features
To me are all the same ;
And queen-like Evelyn, whose eye-beam flashes
Such floods of luster through her silken lashes,
Excites in me no flame.

But yet 't is not that brightest charms are wanting,
For others gaze and think them most enchanting,
Howe'er they seem to me.
Nor shall it be that I myself am stupid,
Oh ! no, 't is that unchristian villain, Cupid,
So blinds me I can't see.

But there is one I wish forever near me,
Whose eyes of gentle light so soothe and cheer me,
And through my spirit dart
That oft for hours I linger round about her,
And feel as if I could not do without her,
Then going, leave my heart.

Ask you her name ? Alas, within my bower
I only utter it at twilight hour,—
Too pure for other light.
So spare me now, sweet Ell, and I will wreathe it
In flowers for thee hereafter that shall breathe it
In fragrance and delight.

MRS. ELIZABETH C. SAUNDERSON,

OF WALLINGFORD.

ASKING REMEMBRANCE.

WHEN far thou wanderest from thy native mountains,
And all the haunts thy youth hath loved so well,

The laughing stream and wildly gushing fountains,
'Mid other scenes in milder climes to dwell ;
Though warmer, sunnier skies may bend above thee,
In that fair, glorious land in which you roam,
Wilt thou not still remember those who love thee,
In thy far-off and bright New England home ?

And as a train of pleasant recollections
Come thronging to thy mind at some sweet hour,
And all thou 'st treasured in thy heart's affections
Are with thee there by memory's spell of power,
While joys like summer flowers are gaily springing,
With every fond remembrance in thy breast,
'Mid all the gladness that the past is bringing,
One thought to her who e'er will wish thee blest.

MRS. CELIA B. BRIGHAM,

OF FAYSTON.

SINGING.

THE robin sings on the spray —
And the cricket sings in the hearth —
And the zephyr sings as it sweeps away,
O'er the beautiful laughing earth —
The swallow sings from the eaves,

Where her downy nestlings listen—
And a concert thrills the lilac leaves
Where silver and pearl wings glisten.

The rill with a merry chime
Responds to the wind-swayed tree,
And the eagle's fierce free song keeps time
With the voice of the deep-toned sea,
The notes of song have rang
From palace to cottage lowly,
Since the morning stars together sang
For joy, with the angels holy.

The babe in the cradle sings
In tune with the mother's heart—
And the convict sings to deaden the stings
Of memory's remorseful dart.
At eve, the maiden's song
Entrances the spell-bound lover—
And music softens the labor-gong
The toiling wide world over.

The tones of pride and power
Peal loud from the conqueror's tongue;
And the sailor cheers the midnight hour
With the hymn his mother sung.
The lays of his native shore
From the exile's lips are ringing,
And the Christian singeth evermore,
And the poet's life is singing.

O. L. SHAFTER.

FORMERLY of Townshend, Vt., now a resident of California.

LAMENT.

I LEFT them in their mountain home,
One sad, sad day —
I clasped them to my yearning heart,
Then tore myself away.
What cheered me in that hour of gloom ?
What hope illumed the sea,
As o'er the boundless deep I sped —
The boundless of the free ?

And when the far off bourne was reached —
What gave to purpose power
To whelm me in the strife of men,
And gild each lonely hour ?
The hope that when the strife was done,
The labor and the pain,
To clasp them in my mountain home,
Unto this yearning heart again.

That hope's no more ! my baby died,
Like flower upon its stem ;
And now my boy — for him has pealed
The solemn requiem.
Oh ! when across the wide, wide sea,
The wingéd death-knell came,
Then on my lip's high altar-stone,
Grew dim the vestal-flame.

The filial hope the heart possessed,
To cheer his parents' age,
To stay their footsteps toward the tomb,
Their dying pangs assuage.
My son! my son! my only son!
My joy, my hope, my pride,
Oh, life was severed from its ends,
And darkened when he died.

He's gathered to our early dead,
In his exultant morn,
Before the mid-day strife came on,
Or rose disclosed its thorn;
The lust of gold—the heart of pride,
Ambition's fitful dream,
The monumental woes that rise .
Above the ills between.

The broken hope—the exile's pain,
Temptation's trial hour,
And all the waste and wreck of life
And sin's destructive power,
By early death he's rescued from,
By early death set free;
And can I know the gain to him,
And mourn the loss to me?

Father! console thy smitten ones,
Forgive the tears that rise;
Our children—angels round thy throne—
But win us to the skies.

WALTER SCOTT ABBOTT,

OF SOUTH POMFRET.

JUNE.

ROSE-LADEN June, the beautiful,
Is with us once again,
The violets ope their laughing eyes
As she comes o'er the plain,
The robin trills the legends o'er
He learned beyond the sea,—
All nature sings in unison
A sweet, soul-stirring glee.

The maples don their gala-dress,
A livery of green;
The alders proudly nod to see
Their image in the stream,
The enthusiastic bob-o'-link
(We've wished him with us long,)
Glides through his varied programmá,
A polyglot of song.

Dame Nature, the old dowager,
Shows us a youthful face,
Her robe, with dandelions gemmed,
She wears with queenly grace.
Young poultry scour the garden walks,
Their sustenance to win,—
They'll make a *dinner* in the fall,
Though now they make a *din*.

The frogs, nocturnal knights of song,
Are *nightly* wide awake,—
I have no doubt they sing to sleep
The tadpoles small and great;
And e'en I fancy 'neath such strains
The happy "polliwogs"
Dilate with dreams of what they 'll do
When they are grown to frogs.

June is a holiday for thought,
A season yearly given,
In which the soul may catch the tints
With which to paint its Heaven.
The time when Nature stops awhile,
To beautify her bowers,
And grants before her harvest toil
A carnival of flowers.

SHADOWS.

A CLOUD comes o'er my spirit now,
A chilling presence fills the room,
Before whose icier front I bow,
And wait the messenger of doom.
The ghosts of hopes of other years,
The unrelenting specter calls,
And, lo, a motley throng appears,
Dark staring from the shading walls.

Ambitious boyhood's dreams are there,
And youthful aspirations grand ;
Stern manhood's petted imps of care,
Trip ghostly mazes, hand in hand.
Forgetfulness now sneaks away,
Though trembling conscience calls him back—
The ghouls are eager for their prey,
And memory cries, "There is no lack."

First from the shadowy throng floats out
A smiling phantom lithe and trim,
The lips with roguish humor pout ;
And yet, the picture is so dim,
The wavy cloud of hair scarce spots
The white-washed wall beyond it seen—
The eyes are blue "forget-me-nots,"
And she (the shade) "what-might-have-been."

And while the undulating form
In melting beauty glides away,
Dim as the first faint streak of morn,
Another shadow fills the way.
A sorrow wreathes the pallid face,
A grief hangs in the heavy eye ;
She moves with slow, unequal pace,
And mutters, "I am Destiny."

The musing specter slowly spreads
Before my burning eyes her store
Of crumbled idols—faded shreds—
Sad relics of the dreams of yore.

The laurel-crown so vainly sought,
Except its thorns, is dead and sere ;
The prize for which so long I wrought—
A broken heart, scarce worth a tear.

'Tis dark. The tearful specter flies ;
Another straightway fills her place,
Joy looks from out her laughing eyes,
She whispers, " I am Happiness."
" Celestial shadow, speak," I cry,
" Where is thy home ?" It melts in gloom,
While from the dark comes the reply—
" Beyond the tomb, beyond the tomb."

THE PLAINT OF THE OUTCAST.

ALMIGHTY God, 'neath whose life-giving eye
The worlds Thy hand hath fashioned tireless roll ;
Father of good—Jehovah—Deity—
I bring to Thee a poor, sin-hunted soul,
And ask, great Arbiter of destiny,
For strength, that I at last may reach the goal
Fixed by Thy fiat ; and I pray Thee send
To life's soul-tearing toil, a speedy end !

Father, am I, of all the damned, alone ?
Is there no sympathy for me—no friend ?
May I not hear a gentle, cheering tone ?
Must I toil on, uncared for, to the end ?

Almighty God, I fall before thy throne,
And beg the succor thou alone canst send ;
Give me *one* friend, at least, e'en though accurst,
One heart to bear with mine, or with it burst.

Why was my soul not made to fit my state ?
It should have been a gross, low, sottish thing ;
One not ambitious to be good or great,—
To sit contented with a trammelled wing,
To grovel with the herd, nor question fate
When shriveled care begins her knell to ring ;
A soul that cared not why or whence 't was fed,
And knew no greater grief than want of bread.

Eternal God ! thou knowest my brave heart
Fell, in the hand to hand affray with sin ;
Thou knowest, too, that *reason* stood apart,
Nor offered aid, except to still the din
Of brawling conscience ; the keen, poisoned dart,
Hurled by a sin disguised, yet festers in
The wound it gave. Did I not struggle well
Against the cunning, plotting hosts of Hell ?

Then take this soul again. 'Tis not for me,
It is for Nature's fortune-favored child,
Who sips at will the sweets of poesy ;
Whose every care is quick by love beguiled ;
One who can gaze into eternity
Unawed by fear, for time has always smiled ;—
Spotless and pure, great God I know 't is not,
But take it hence, and be its past forgot.

OLIVE E. PAINE,

OF PITTSFORD.

THE REAPER.

I CANNOT mind my work to-day,
Such fancies fill my brain;
My thoughts are wandering far away,
To yonder hill-side grain.
In waving light its golden tide
Is rippling in the air,
And Autumn's plenteous hours of pride,
A welcome harvest bear.

The roses twine the casement round,
They court in vain my eye,
More thoughts have I for yonder ground,
Where waves of sunlight lie.
Where golden sheaves the reaper binds,
And hours of noontide wane,
Cheered by the merry song of glee,
Among the hill-side grain.

My sewing idly lies, while I
With musing fancies dream,
Of a tall form and beaming eye,
And shining sickle's gleam.
That handsome lad, so proud and free,
Strive to forget were vain;
He has my heart, I sadly fear,
That reaper 'mid the grain.

CHARLES LINSLEY,

OF RUTLAND.

MY MOUNTAIN LAND.

GIVE me my own, my native land,
My rushing streams and swelling springs,
My verdant vales, where Flora flings
Her choicest flowers with lavish hand.
Give me the hills, where eagles soar ;
The frowning rocks, which storms defy ;
The fleecy clouds that proudly lie
On Carmel's towering summit hoar.
Give me Winooski's sparkling flow,
Ascutney's bosom swelling high,
The countless flocks and herds that lie
In gay white fields where clovers grow.

Give me the maid who breathes the air
Which circles round our snow-clad hills,
Or plucks beside our gushing rills
The wild rose for her dark brown hair.
She hath the beaming eye, the rosy cheek,
The bounding step, the witching smile,
The artless air, devoid of guile,
The faithful heart, the spirit meek.

Our hands are strong, our rifles true,
And though we're men of peace and laws,
Yet boldly we for freedom's cause
Will strike among our mountains blue.

We blanch not at the battle's noise ;
We quail not when the foe is nigh ;
On Plattsburgh plains our victor cry
Was heard, the bold " Green Mountain Boys."
For we were cradled in the storm,
And dauntless hearts possessed our sires ;
When Stark's and Warner's battle fires
Flashed high, the patriot's heart to warm.

New England's Nile our border laves,
New England's blood in us doth flow,
And heart and hand for her we'll go,
Where Champlain rolls her foaming waves.
Then give me my own mountain land,
My father-land, the land I love,
Whose dark green hills I prize above
Potosi's mines or India's strand.

THE SUN-FLOWER.

THE lofty flower that loves the sun,
And eager drinks his earliest rays,
Ne'er shuns the noonday's scorching blaze,
Dejected droops, when e'er his course is run.

And bending low her golden flowers,
With sadness sees his latest beams,
That softly throw, in fitful gleams,
Their light upon the closing hours.

In vain the bright-eyed evening star
May court her with a winning smile,
And seek her beauteous bosom while
Her flying day-god is afar.

And though the queen of heaven shall rise
And mildly pour her silvery light,
From where she wheels her splendid flight,
Along the pathway of the skies.

Though all her magic beams shall rest
Upon the sun's own flower of gold,
They cannot make her leaves unfold,
Or lure her bosom from the west.

But, when the rising god shall chase
The darkness from the eastern skies,
To catch the sunbeam as it flies,
She'll smiling turn her dew-steeped face.

Thus waits the generous maid whose charms
Inspire some loved one far away,
And sad she counts each lingering day,
That keeps her chosen from her arms.

Nor manly form, nor wit, nor art,
Nor all that wealth can e'er control,
Can shake the purpose of her soul,
Or lure away her constant heart.

THE DEPARTED YEAR.—AN EXTRACT.

How much of joy and woe, and hope and fear,
Have found a grave in the departed year.
How many cares are past,—how much of all
We love or dread is gone beyond recall ;
Full many a cloud has o'er our sunshine rolled,
And many a heart that loved us now is cold.
And yet the thoughts are sweet that memory brings,
As o'er the past she waves her tireless wings,
Gathers the sweetest flowers of days long past,
And decks the present year with garlands from the last,
While fancy brightens all our coming hours,
And robes the future in her golden showers.

Though cold our clime, and rude our mountain scenes,
Though snow-wreaths crown our hills of evergreens,
Yet here are cradled hearts that genius fires,
And here are those whose spirit fame inspires,
Who cherish noble thoughts, whose bosoms glow
With all the warmth that love and friendship know.
No barren heaths surround our frowning rocks,
Our loftiest hills are sprinkled o'er with flocks,
And plenty gaily fills her magic horn,
And Ceres crowns our fertile fields with corn.
Our sister States increase in wealth and power,
The storms of war no more around us lower ;
Our country's eagles wave o'er every sea,
Our stars unclouded and our commerce free ;
While smiling peace reigns o'er our happy land,
And every joy of life 's at our command.

Give me my lofty mountains, rocks and hills,
My deep green vales, where flow our sparkling rills.
Give me those long loved friends, that time endears,
That charming spot that nursed my early years,—
Let me but laugh, and live, and weep, and die
Among those scenes where all my friendships lie,
With lightsome heart I'll wish each brother mountaineer
A happy day, and many a happy year.

WILLIAM B. MCLEOD,

OF POULTNEY.

EVA FAY.

BENEATH a maple's leafy pride
One pleasant summer day,
I met by chance at even-tide
The gentle Eva Fay.

Young Eva Fay was queenly fair,
Yet modest was her mien,
And in her eyes lay reveries rare
As ever dreamed a queen.

I breathed her name but half aloud —
The birds sang merrily —
A rainbow looked from out a cloud
And smiled on her and me.

A timid hope, like wingéd dart,
Descending from the bow,
Alit upon my spell-bound heart
And bade its currents flow.

I told her all I dared to tell,
In love's low pleading tone ;
And answering thoughts, like village bells,
Responded to my own.

She listened to my story bold
With sweet forgiving grace,
And all the story left untold
She read within my face.

And oft I bless the omen bow
That on a summer day
Promised to me longtime ago
The gentle Eva Fay.

MRS. B. H. CRANE.

A NATIVE of Newfane, wife of Rev. D. M. Crane, now of Northampton, Mass.

HOME AGAIN!

To this sweet place of earth, this cradle fair
Amidst the hills, rocked by the forest winds
I turn my weary feet for quiet rest.
Long I have found a home mid distant vales

Where nature ope'd, with bounteous hand, her stores,
 And gentle zephyrs kissed the dew from flowers :
 When morning splendors came,— and evening gray
 'Lumed all her starry halls with moonlight soft,
 To charm the sense and lead the soul to God ;
 Yet glad I leave those scenes, and hie me here ;
 Joy to forget awhile life's upland toil,
 And lose myself amid the imagery
 Of bygone days. * * * * * *

I come again to see the gentle Spring
 Spread over hill and dale her robes of green,
 To see the moss-pinks crimson o'er the turf,
 To see the bright briar and the lilac's bloom,
 And dandelions gem the meadows gay,
 And speck with gold the sunny hill-side o'er,
 To see the peach trees ope their beauteous flowers
 That soon will scatter with the passing wind
 And look like rosy brilliants careless strewn
 Beside my path along the velvet sward —
 I come to cull the nosegay Flora brings
 Of honeysuckles wild and harebells blue,
 And violets meek, that lift their lowly heads
 Beside the rills, that slip through rocky clefts
 And, chiming as they fall on pebbly beds,
 'Till lost at length amid the matted grass
 Naught but the verdure of "a livelier green
 Betrays the secret of their silent course,"
 And while the breezes freshly fan my cheek,
 I'll listen to the harmony that steals
 From the young forest bowing 'neath its touch,
 That nature's charms may new-born thoughts inspire.

GEORGE L. WALKER,

OF PITTSFORD.

SPIRIT OF ALL THE AGES.—SONNETS.

I.

SPIRIT of all the Ages : One, the same
Through fluent tracts of cycled time ; to Thee
The vassal centuries their fealty
By homage, various in form and name,
Have paid. Faithful to serve thy sovereign claim
Now systems rose, now ruled, now ceased to be ;
Adventurous keels perturbed an unknown sea ;
Now borne by frantic zeal through blood and flame,
The cross gloomed horror dire. By mighty deed
For human weal, or blinded for its woe,
By arms, by song, pure faith or bigot creed,
With purpose single, through discordant ways,
Reverent the pilgrim ages sought *Thy* praise,
Spirit Eternal, and *their* love to show.

II.

To thee, Dread Power, our age, as ages old,
Its service brings ; service perchance as blind,
As aimless, passion-led, untaught in mind
As theirs. Most happy did its heart infold
A love more gentle, faith of stronger hold.
Serve we Thy pleasure, that our souls we bind
As thralls to Mammon ? that the crownéd mind
Glories with servile pride, its strength untold,

Of genius, passion, thought God-born to bow
In abject toil bond-slave to social pride,
While its true God-head, Love, hangs crucified ?
Wildly the Ages grope and reel ; but *Thou*,
In vaster hights enthroned, Thy praise dost hear,
While blindly Time bowls on the groaning sphere.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.—SONNET.

'Tis night—among these shadows night twice told ;
Grand, silent mountain-shadows, ocean-deep !
What dreams are brooding now in Nature's sleep ?
Memories dim of wondrous scenes of old ;
A mighty Power eternal, dread, unknown,
Called through the barren void of lonely earth,
“Awake and live ! Now is thine hour of birth !”
It felt the awful voice from zone to zone,
And instant every valley, plain and hill,
With verdure waved, a vital, billowy sea
Of living beauty, boundless, wild and free,
From which uprolled, struck by that mighty Breath,
Earth's first and grandest song. “Life, life from
Death !”—
Its lingering echoes haunt these mountains still.

CHRISTINA.

I HARDLY dared to push the door,
I shrank to cross the threshold o'er,
For her I should find here no more.

Stilly my heart! thy beating low
Breaks on the sacred backward flow
Of silent thought to her we know.

Oh! very lonely is the place,
And yet a nameless airy grace
Caught from her gentle, loving face,

Faint like the dreamy, dim perfume
Breathed from dying violet's bloom,
Lingers within the hallowed room.

Just here she sat, her hand in mine,
The while I traced each jetty line
That fringed her downcast eyes divine ;

And felt each lightest quiver thrill
My very soul, which trembles still
To memory's throb, despite my will.

And watched the thoughtful shadow's play
About her mouth ; faint, pure it lay,
Cast by her spirit's inner ray ;

And reveled in ringlet fair,
Eddying curls of tameless hair,
Flowing down her shoulder bare ;

And lingered on her throbbing tone,
Its every cadence hers alone,
And shrank so harshly jarred my own :

And felt—but this is weak I fear ;
One moment more I'll linger here ;
Hush ! evening shadows gather near.

THE GLOOMY DAY.

A GLOOMY day, which quenches hope ;
As futureless as 'twere the last ;
When life has but a backward slope,
And thought links only to the past.

When starting on the shading wall,
The faces of old hopes and fears
Peer through the dim and empty hall
In faded guise of other years.

And shadows in the corners sit,
Of joys and griefs that once were young ;
And quavering tones through silence flit,
Of gleeful songs that once were sung.

And loves and dreams of boyhood's time,
Or dimmer fancies years before,
Long merged and lost in manhood's prime,
Stare at me through the open door.

From out oblivion's rubbish heap—
The gathered waste of mortal things,
Mouldering in decaying sleep,
The dusty hand of memory brings

A feather of some childish pride,
A ringlet of some laughing glee,
A shroud which wound a hope that died,
A laurel-leaf of rivalry.

And linking hand in hand with mine,
She leads me through the narrowing way,
Undoing all the work of time
Backward toward my natal day.

Restoring all I've gained from earth,
Till Being's landmarks fail my sight ;
I seem to ebb from out my birth,
And lapse again in primal night.

F. C. HARRINGTON,

OF WEST CHARLESTON.

VERMONT FOR ME!

WHEN others boast of golden sands,
Of prairies rich and wide—
Of teeming cities, fertile lands,
Of ships on every tide ;
Of mines of lead and copper ore,
Of beauteous bud and tree,
I only love my home the more,
And say, Vermont for me !

Give them the land with "golden gate
That opens to the West,"
Give them the lead and copper State,
I love my own the best ;
She is the "star that never sets,"
Home of the brave and free,
And no Green Mountain Boy forgets
To say, Vermont for me !

MRS. A. M. PHILLIPS,

OF WILMINGTON.

WORK AND WORSHIP EVERYWHERE.

Ho ! sower of the furrowed soil,
With merry heart and merrier song,
Ply joyously thy early toil,
Nor shall the harvest tarry long.
Then haste and scatter wide the grain,
Rejoicing in thy constant care,
Wait patient for the gentle rain,
"And work and worship everywhere."

Ho ! binder of the ripened sheaf,
Around whose board fair plenty smiles,
Whose household feels no touch of grief,
Nor fear of penury beguiles.
There is no shadow on thy way,
No blight upon thy ripened fields,
No mildew on thy fragrant hay,

Which perfume sweet as roses yields.
Then pour thy soul in gladsome song,
In grateful love, in earnest prayer,
Be glad thy pleasant way along,
“And work and worship everywhere.”

Oh, woman, 'mid the daily care
That all along thy pathway lies,
Though little love thy lot may bear,
And little joy may bless thine eyes;
Though grief and fears may be thy dower,
Or light and sunshine bless thy way,
Trust Him whose ever watchful power
Makes light of darkness, night of day;
He'll guard, He'll keep in sun and storm,
Whate'er thy life, whate'er thy care,
In quiet peace thy task perform,
“And work and worship everywhere.”

Ho! ye who stand on Zion's walls,
And point to men the living way,
Who meekly bow where mercy calls,
And glad thy master's will obey,
Forget not in thy wasting strength,
Thy Savior toiled and bled and died;
Reward and duty meet at length,
Though far beyond Death's swelling tide,
Yet Heaven's own light is on thy way,
His blessing answers all thy prayers;
Speed on, speed on to perfect day,
“And work and worship everywhere.”

DANIEL ROBERTS,

OF BURLINGTON.

PRAIRIE MOUND.—JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

HERE, on this prairie mound, O let me stand
And gaze until I die, or until sleep
Shall touch my senses with dissolving wand,
And seal my eyelids with its magic deep ;
Then o'er my soul let softened shadows creep
Of this too radiant beauty, for my eye
Is quite o'erburdened with so full a gaze,
And thought entangled in this woven maze
Of glory, interlacing earth and sky.
The sun is sinking ; his broad wheel of fire
And burning axle almost touch their goal ;
Now glow his steeds with half-expended ire,
Whilst to their golden stalls his car they roll.
Phœbus Apollo ! of the golden lyre
Master and god, teach my untutored soul
To know its strains, my untaught voice to sing,
And hand to wake the slumber of its strings ;
That I may vent in tuneful words the thought
That struggles for expression, and is strong
For utterance ; and so inspire my song
With spirit of the scene and hour inwrought.
The sun is sinking, and a burst of light
Along the frescoed archway upward flies ;
The day toward heaven extends its longing sight,
And smiles the sweetest as it brightly dies.
The sky is gold, the clouds are rainbow things,
With which a god might love to deck his wings.

Broad miles of prairie stretch on either hand,
Meadows of nature, which no man hath mown,
Or furrowed with the share ; far o'er the land,
In dimming distance the free horse doth bound,
And the wild bull doth tear the easy ground,
And flout the burnished sky with fragments thrown.
How hushed and slumbrous—earth hath ne'er a tone
From beast, or bird, or insect, air or stream ;
Methinks she here is keeping Sabbath day,
Or, kissed to slumber by the sunset ray,
She early sleeps, dreaming some happy dream.
But yet she hath a language, though the ear
Doth hear it not ; yon dim gray line of trees,
This universal green, the swelling breeze,
The tall, lank grass, the flower that blossoms here,
Is each a character, a token, sign,
The glowing letters of a hand divine.
Not thus did nature woo my childhood—then
I saw the mountain where the sun did rise,
The mountain where he set ; the homes of men
Were in the valley, on the hill ; my eyes
Looked forth on nature with a glad surprise ;
So many forms she had—fountain and brook
And crystal lake, and tumbling water-fall,
And rock, and crag, and hill and shady nook,
Where babbling echoes kept their festal hall,
And plain, and meadow, and the crooked vale,
And grove, and wood, and bower and beechen tree ;
The air that kissed the mountains made me hale,
And in life's morning, life did frolic free.

O, land of rock and flood ! where'er I roam,
My heart will journey to its mountain home.

A SONG.

Carpe diem ; dum vivimus vivamus.

A BLIGHT is on the rose,
A change is in the sky ;
The whispering air reveals
How soon we die.

The hours come smiling in,
They go with sobbing breath,
And, sighing as they pass,
Tell us of death.

But lovelier is the night,
When melting into morn ;
The day too when it dies,
Than when 't is born.

Then wherefore mope and sigh,
That this brief day must close,
Since 't is the morning bounds
One night of woes ?

But gather up the flowers
Time scatters while he's flying ;
Their breath is sweetest then,
When they are dying.

And when life's latest hour
Shall fan us with its wing,
Like the death-stricken swan,
Then sweetly sing.

VIDE POCHE.

"WHAT ghastly, grisly, grimy thing art thou,
That comest unbidden in,
With lank and starv'd frame and withered brow,
And dried up, shrunken skin?
Back to thy grave, thou thing of sin,
Misshapen elf, I trow."

I looked again and knew that elfish one ;
Alas ! 't was Poverty !
A few old rags he wore, bleached by the sun,
Filthy, and dangling free ;
And at his elbow and his knee
I saw the pointed bone.

His eyes were like a meagre coal which glows
Upon a poor man's hearth ;
His cheeks were very hollow, and his nose
Had elsewhere raised my mirth,
'T was such a curious piece of earth—
Transparent it uprose.

A wolfish, hungry look had that strange man,
Ugly and old was he ;
Warped, crooked and shrunk, and withered, scarce a span

In girdle could he be ;
And he stood looking straight at me—
My blood froze as it ran.

And then I cried aloud, " Wizard, away !"
The grim thing movéd not ;
" I conjure thee, by Heaven !—avaunt, I say !"
He 's rooted to the spot ;
Ah me ! how sorry is my lot,
With such a guest to stay.

In my lone room I sit—my lamp I trim,
And fondly grasp my pen ;
In visions bright and warm my soul doth swim,
And I am happy then ;
And as I turn—lo ! there again
Stands forth that shadow grim.

I throw my pen aside in rage, and out
I go to join the throng ;
I bustle with the bustling, head the rout,
Exultant move along :
My soul is free again, and strong,—
For very joy I shout.

A touch upon my shoulder—" Ah, my son,
These things are not for thee ! "
" What, tattered devil ! wilt thou ne'er be gone,
Detested Poverty ? "
My heart then withers, root and tree,
And I stray forth alone.

A sorry fate ! and he a luckless wight,
Gaunt Poverty's sad child ;
The dark day's terror, incubus at night
Are his, and visions wild ;
Upon his birth the stars ne'er smiled,
The moon gave doubtful light.

O, had I pockets full of golden dollars,
Smiling with angel faces,
Methinks Time's steeds would race o'er hills and hollows,
Till they would strain their traces.
With pockets lank how sad our pace is,
Adversity's poor scholars.

OBADIAH A. BOWE.

A NATIVE of Wells, Vt. Born November 11, 1807. Served at the printing business in the *Spectator* office from 1825 to 1828. Has resided chiefly in the State of New York since 1829. Published the *Herkimer Journal*, *Herkimer Freeman*, and *Mohawk Times*, successively from 1838 to 1851. Now resident in New York City.

THE LOST MOTHER.

My mother's face !—I see it now,
Though death and dust are on her brow ;
Whatever else my thoughts embrace,
I'll not forget my mother's face.

My mother's form !—In memory's light
Her image stands all fair and bright ;
Oh, while my heart with life is warm,
I'll not forget my mother's form.

My mother's voice!—I seem to hear
 The tones that charmed my infant ear;
 'Tis fancy all—yet I rejoice
 To hear, e'en thus, my mother's voice.

My mother's love!—oh, 'twas a part
 Of that which fills our Maker's heart;
 The type of bliss that reigns above,
 I tasted in my mother's love.

Thou art not lost, oh, mother, dear!
 Though for a while I miss thee here;
 But when the waves of life are crossed,
 I'll find thee safe—thou art not lost.

A DAY OF DARKNESS.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE HON. ALEXANDER H. BUELL,
 M. C., OF FAIRFIELD, N. Y.

A DAY of darkness for the snowy hills!
 A day of clouds and gloom;
 A day of mourning for the woe that fills
 The widowed heart and home.
 The stricken village weeps, from life withdrawn,
 A dear and favorite son;
 The nation mourns a public servant gone,
 His race of duty run.
 Henceforth his voice, his grasp so frank and warm,
 The look our brother wore,

His step elastic, and his manly form,
Are known on earth no more.
Yet let us not, like those all hopeless, mourn
The ruin Fate hath wrought,—
Nor deem the stroke too heavy to be borne,
For 'tis the common lot.

The world is full of Death. The mourner's sigh,
And tone of wild despair,
Are heard alike beneath a wintry sky
And on the summer air.
The humble dwellers both of hill and dale,
Are forced to yield their breath ;
The hardy wrestlers with the ocean gale
Must all submit to Death.

The great must perish. Lo, the gifted CLAY
Within the coffin lies !

The princely WELLINGTON becomes a prey,
The mighty WEBSTER dies.

The hand that writes, the ever-busy tongue,
Will soon refuse their trust ;

Nay, thou bright eye, that readest these lines, ere long
Shalt be but common dust !

And is this all that Heaven to us can give,
And must we hope no more ?

Is man but dust, and will he cease to live
When this poor life is o'er ?

Desponding soul ! dismiss thy gloomy fear,
OUR FATHER is thy friend ;

Death is but transfer to a happier sphere,
Where life shall never end.

SARAH E. HALL,

OF ORWELL.

WHEN Winter flies with his scepter grim,
And gentle Spring is supplanting him ;
When the laughing rill from its ice-chain springs,
And the flying leaves unfold their wings ;
Then you 'll hear the robin in merry glee,
Piping his song on the apple tree —
“ Plow it, near it.”

When the stars fade out from the brightening sky,
And night's pale queen and her shadows fly ;
When the gates of morning are just ajar,
And the light streams in from the unknown far,
You 'll hear from the woods and dingles wild,
This happy song, so sweet and so mild —
“ Plow it, near it.”

When the crimson clouds hang o'er hill and lea,
Like gorgeous isles in the azure sea ;
When the plowman from the field comes home,
And the bells peal out from the old church dome,
Then softly down from the hill will float
This gentle song from the robin's throat —
“ Plow it, near it.”

And then when Summer and harvest are gone,
And the woods are changed from green to brown ;

When the sobbing wind moans over the plain,
And stern old Winter is coming again,
Then out from each lone and deserted dell,
The robin will sing you his sad farewell —
“ Plow it, near it.”

ELLEN H. SAMPSON,

A NATIVE of Vermont, residing in Michigan.

AND THE FLOWERS WHISPER OVER HER.*

CROWNED with meadow-blooms, and flushed with play,
In one charmed circle which the reapers spare,
Lulled to unmarred repose by soaring birds
And butterflies that fan the drowsy air,
Sweet Emma lies, aneath the hawthorn tree,
With dreams that chime with water rippling near,
O'er the far grain, wind-shadows come and go,
And the flowers whisper over her.

The lark soars heavenward in the early Spring,
From one charmed circle 'neath the hawthorn tree
And wakes no brown-eyes, starred with merry play.
With hands that clasped serene, autumnal flowers,
Sweet Emma lies, unwakened ; o'er her breast
Pale violets bud, and dreamy shadows creep,
And the flowers whisper over her.

* A TRIBUTE to the little daughter of P. T. WASHBURN, Esq., of Woodstock, Vermont.

JAMES HOPE.

MR. HOPE, the Vermont artist, resident at Castleton, is a native of Scotland.

FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

FAREWELL, ye green hills and ye heather-clad mountains!
Ye wild woody glens, and bright valleys below;
Farewell to the land of the lakes and the fountains!
The dearest on earth that my bosom can know.
I ne'er shall forget thee, my country—no, never!
Though I leave thee for years, and it may be—forever.

Adieu, silver Tweed! where in childhood I wandered,
Along thy green braes by thy murmuring stream;
Thy banks and thy bowers shall be ever remembered,
Thy soft music cease but with life's latest dream;
Wi' a tear in my e'e I now leave thee, sweet river!
It may be for years, or it may be, forever.

I leave you, dear friends of my childhood's bright hours,
O! sweet were the pleasures of life's early day;
But gone are those moments of sunshine and flowers,
And many a sweet blossom has faded away—
My heart's fit to break, while my trembling lips quiver,
With a farewell for years, and it may be, forever.

Farewell, ye gray halls! that my infancy sheltered,
The home of my sires, I can never forget;
Thine ivy-clad walls time and tempests may alter,
But thine old mossy stones shall be dear to me yet;

The strong ties that bind me to thee I must sever,
It may be for years, or it may be, forever.

When alone in some far foreign land I'm a ranger,
If the blue hills of Scotland I never may see ;
Ere they lay me to rest in the grave of a stranger,
My last breath shall rise for a blessing on thee.
Farewell, Caledonia ! from thee I now sever,
It may be for years—and it may be, forever !

COME BENEATH THE BIRKEN TREE.

COME my love, come wi' me,
Come beneath the birken tree,
There I'd pass the day wi' thee,
My bonnie dearie.

'Tis the wild bird's evening song,
Sounding the green woods among ;
To the forest let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

Come my love, &c.

Come to the rocky steep,
Where the crystal waters leap,
Where the slender birches weep,
O'er it sae fondly.
Come my love, &c.

We'll gae to the hazel glen,
Far frae the haunts o' men ;

A' the world needna' ken,
Love's joys sae sacred.
Come my love, &c.

Come to the greenwood bower,
Come at twilight's lonely hour,
There ye'll bloom the fairest flower,
Ever sae sweetly.

Come my love, come wi' me,
Come beneath the birken tree,
There I'd pass the day wi' thee,
My bonnie dearie.

TO MY DAUGHTER JESSIE.

O, SAW ye my Jessie, my sweet little Jessie,
My bonnie wee Jessie, the flower o' the lea;
Wi' smiles like the morning her face aye adorning?
She's my bonnie wee Jessie, the flower o' the lea.

She's blithe and she's bonnie, and sweeter than onie,
And the love-light aye sparkles sae bright in her e'e;
And pure as the snaw-drift that lies on the mountain,
Is the heart o' my Jessie, the flower o' the lea.

O dole on the day that shall part me frae Jessie,
And ill fa' the fate that takes Jessie frae me—
May Heaven's best blessing be wi' my dear lassie,
My bonnie sweet Jessie, the flower o' the lea.

EPISTLE TO H. L. S.—AN EXTRACT.

HAIL! brither Poet, alias brither sinner,
Wha lo'es a rhyme far better than a dinner ;
I send you here inclosed the wee bit sonnets
I promised you ; you may depend upon it,
They are but trash, and na' a poet's musing,
Just rhymes and blathers, never worth perusing.
My rustic muse has never made pretension
To classic lore—and I wad shame to mention
How at the fit o' the famed hill o' science,
Time slippit by in mony a fond alliance,
In greenwood bowers, 'mang witching naiads and graces,
But wha could e'er resist their sweet embraces.
E'en Solomon himsel' was never proof
Again' their wiles, and wha expects a coof
Like me, wha scarcely mair then kens his letters,
To set himsel' sae far aboon his betters ;
To ken and keep himsel' fra a' temptation,
Is wisdom fash'ed na' by this generation.
I ne'er contended in poetic races,
Nor e'er was mounted on the winged Pegasus ;
So I'm content to walk, wha canna ride,
And wander wi' her o'er the green hill side ;
Or by some whimpling burn, or woody nook,
And dream awa' o'er nature's living book ;
And catch frae breathing flowers my simple lays,
That's ever whispering forth the grateful praise
O' Him, wha ilka morning gies the drap
O' dew, to fill ilk' wee bit waiting cup.

Or when the sun comes down wi' scorching heat,
Mak' love to ither in some cool retreat ;
I ha'e seen flowers mak' love, and nod, and sigh,
And blush, and tears would glisten in their e'e.
Whilst listening to the wild bird's cheerfu' lay,
Wha sings o' love the leel-lang simmer day ;
Whiles on the mountains, whiles in lonely glens
The gipsy leads me ; whiles in caves and dens,
'Mang rocks and torrents, where the foming lin
Loups, roars, and plunges on in endless din ;
But mair o' sighs then smiles she'll aye bestow,
As life has less o' pleasure, mair o' woe.
But Nature, unlike Science, is free to a',
And ne'er confined within a college wa' ;
Her book o' beauty opes to rich and poor,
That each may read, love, worship, and adore,
Not the great works, but the Infinite Mind,
That made each good and glorious in their kind :
And I ha'e read it, but its teaching art,
Gie's us not words, but feelings to the heart ;
A recompense for want o' grammar rules,
Or a' the wisdom drawn frae books and schools—
That is, where peace and happiness is concerned,
Though Fame may save her laurels for the learned.
But fare-ye-well ! I fear that I too long
Ha'e tired your patience wi' my gingling song ;
"What's writ, is writ," and good or bad, no matter,
No long excuse will ever make it better.
May peace and plenty fill life's bicker fu',
And Fame twine many a Laurel Wreath for you.

REV. J. GOADBY,

OF POULTNEY.

DEATH.

DEATH! what is death? from friends we love, to sever?
No! 't is to live where friends are one forever.
Is it that sad, that gloomy, awful thing,
Life's constant dread and terror's fearful king?
No! 't is the christian's end of care and strife,
To him the entrance into endless life.
The pain, the weakness of his frame is o'er,
His spirit's bliss shall be restrained no more;
His soul, let loose from earthly shackles, flies
To revel in the banquet of the skies.
There joined with angels, all their bliss he shares,
Feels richer joys, sings sweeter songs than theirs.
Death! 't is his passport to the realms of light.
Death! 't is Heaven opening on his raptured sight.
Death! 't is the birthday of his ransomed soul.
Death! 't is his crowning day, earth's final goal.
Eternity's short porch, opening on nightless day.
Beyond the influence of time's cumbrous clay.
Language is weak, imagination vain,
Nor words, nor thoughts can estimate his gain;
If death makes all the gains of earth but loss,
He leads to all Christ purchased on the cross.
And this is death. O, may such death be mine,
And thine, kind reader, such glad death be thine.

OLIVER JOHNSON

WAS born in Peacham, Vt., 1809, and served an apprenticeship in the office of the *Montpelier Watchman*. He was one of "the twelve who formed, January 1, 1832, the present Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society," and from that day has been prominently identified with the anti-slavery cause; aiding it as lecturer and editing several of its leading papers in the country. He was associated with Garrison in the *Liberator* three years; an associate editor of the *New York Tribune* four years; since 1853 has edited the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, New York.

ANNIVERSARY ODE.

SUNG AT THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE CALEDONIA COUNTY
GRAMMAR SCHOOL, AT PEACHAM, JULY 1, 1846.

WHEN forests crowned these verdant hills,
Full fifty years ago,
And ringing through these fertile vales
Was heard the axman's blow ;
When Peace and Thrift came hand in hand
These woodland wilds among,
Above the settler's humble cot
A modest Temple sprung.

In faith our Fathers reared the shrine
To Truth and Knowledge given,
And lifted high a beacon-light
To guide the soul to Heaven !
That light, though kindled long ago,
Is burning brightly still ;
Its rays are now in beauty shed
O'er valley, plain and hill.

The Fount of Knowledge opened here,
From purest source supplied,

Hath sent afar its healing streams,
And showered its blessings wide ;
The dusky Indian of the West
Hath felt his soul reclaimed,
And e'en to heathen Isles its sons
The Gospel have proclaimed.

In honored places of the land
Its sons have served their age,
And won for it a noble name
On History's glowing page ;
In Pulpit, Court, and Council-hall
Their words of truth are heard,
And through the Press their clarion voice
The Nation's heart hath stirred.

On this dear spot, in youth's fair morn,
While yet our hopes were bright,
Wise Teachers sought to guide our feet
In paths of love and light ;
And now we come in manhood's hour
To pour our grateful song,
And offer up our fervent prayer
Where holiest memories throng.

The father, leaning on his staff,
This day renews his joy,
And in the mother's listening ear
Talks proudly of her boy ;
The widow's broken heart revives
To see her son return,

And Friendship's fires, once more renewed
With holy fervor burn.

O FATHER! in this joyful hour
Our thanks to Thee we bring,
And with united heart and voice
Thy glorious praises sing;
Thy love is boundless as the sea—
Thy mercy ever sure—
O may the shrine our Fathers reared
To latest time endure!

May EDUCATION's holy light
Extend on every hand,
Till War's foul blot and Slavery's curse
Be banished from the land!
And O may Freedom's sacred fires
On every altar flame,
And Temperance, Righteousness and Peace
Exalt our Nation's fame!

A PRAYER.

IN strong fraternal ties,
Lord bind our hearts as one,
And through the path where duty lies,
O gently lead us on.
From self, O set us free,
And each impure desire,

And may we never stray from Thee,
Nor in Thy service tire.
O let no party wall
Our loving souls divide,
But each, obedient to thy call,
Within thy fold abide.
And through life's darkest night,
When clouds our path surround,
May Love's pure fire and Friendship's light
In every heart abound.

REV. J. W. SHELTON,

OF MONTPELIER.

THE HARP OF STELLA.

["He trod upon the golden frets of an ancient and beautiful Harp, now ruined, and as he did so, the strings trembled, and the voice of a spirit seemed to whisper in his ear."—*Salander and the Dragon*.

THOU crushed and broken harp, thou only token
Of better days, of melody gone by,
Of hearts now cold, of living hearts now broken,
Of hopes which bud and blossom "but to die."
In many and many a night, through Winter hoary,
When wild winds wailed and whistled o'er the snows,
A cunning touch awakened Summer's glory,
And painted bright the color of the rose.

Where is the light of Stella's peerless beauty,
The tear-dashed eyes which thoughts of Heaven bring,

The voice which called the fainting heart to duty,
While Zephyr paused to buoy it on his wing ?
Gone with the melted snow, the rolling river,
The sun-drunk dew which glistened on the blade,
As shifting cloud forever and forever,
As color from the soft cheeks of the maid.

How rich, how rare the golden memories linger,
Like lasting odor of the perished vine ;
Can I forget the time when Stella's finger
Woody the warm tear-drops down these cheeks of mine ?
Thou seraph's music for the broken-hearted !
Come to me still in echo sweetest sprite,
To soothe the soul with thoughts of the departed,
Through all the cold and dreary winter night.

E. E. HERRICK,

OF BRADFORD.

FAREWELL.

WITHIN my heart a mournful murmur swells,
Sad as the roaring of a distant sea,
Or the grief-speaking toll of funeral bells.
To-night I linger on the dewy lea,
Where the still river flows perpetually ;
I watch the silent stars upon their way,
And they, with calm, cold gaze are watching me.

Here by the stream the willows bend for aye,
And sigh, and I to-night am sad and fond as they.

Within my heart a mournful murmur swells,
Sad as the pine-grove's ceaseless, solemn roar,
Dull as the drip of water into wells.
As the lost mariner on an island shore,
Hears the imprisoning waters evermore,
I hear of some inexorable ill,
The hollow dashing. Echoes, cast before
Their coming evil, round my heart are chill,
And I have tried in vain to keep its wailing still.

A dreary shadow in my way is thrown,
Nor can I check my steps or turn aside ;
A power impels, and I am thrust alone,
Where fall the gloom and darkness deep and wide.
No cherished hope to me hath been denied,
No sigh for vanished joy within me swells,
No friend is lost on whom my heart relied,
Nor have I known the chill of funeral knells ;
I only hear the sound of unpronounced farewells.

Sweet river, when the leaves of June were new,
Oft have I lingered here with thee, and when
The ivy vine grew crimson ; yet adieu !
Although my steps may seek thee not again,
My heart shall not forget what once hath been.
The world is full of greetings and farewells,
The old must still put on the new, with man
In every joy a dream of sorrow dwells ;
Oh ! heart, rejoice that faith a better life foretells !

ASA D. SMITH, D. D.

FORMERLY of Weston, Vt., now of New York City.

ODE.

FOR THE RE-UNION OF THE SONS OF WESTON, VT., JULY 4, 1853.

AMID our native hills,
Wild woods and sparkling rills,
And fountains clear,
We raise our mingled song,
The echoing notes prolong,
While visions round us throng
To memory dear.

Lo, childhood's joy returns !
On the old hearth-stone burns
The cheerful fire ;
The dear home-group are there,
Brothers, and sisters fair,
And, in " the old arm-chair,"
Mother and sire !

Ye friends of other days,
We meet your kindly gaze,
With throbbing heart.
How swift earth's glories flee !
What shadows all are we !
What broken ranks we see,
While tear-drops start !

Yet thanks for all the past !
Where'er our lot be cast,

Whate'er betide,
 He who the fathers kept,
 Till low in dust they slept,
 By gathering kindred wept,
 The sons shall guide.

God of these mountains grand,
 God of our native land,
 Our native vale!
 Here may thy grace abound,
 Thy choicest gifts be found,
 And here thy praise resound,
 Till time shall fail!

SPIRIT RAPPING,

OR, WHAT HAPPENED TO ME IN THE HOUSE OF MY
 FRIEND, THE REV. G——E D——D, JR.

As in the Quaker city I was quietly reposing,
 And my fancy, ever busy, was the gate of dreams
 unclosing,
 I was wakened—would you think it?—from my sweet
 and pleasant napping,
 In the silent midnight hour, by a soft and gentle tapping,
A rapping and a tapping, a soft and gentle rapping.
 I turned me on my pillow, and I listened half uprising,
 But the more I turned and listened, the more it seemed
 surprising.
 Had some vision of my slumber been my senses all
 entrapping?

Or was it a reality, this soft and gentle rapping —

This tapping and this rapping, this soft and gentle tapping ?

This home of peace and purity, where nothing good
seems wanting,

No spirit, sure, of darkness can have license to be
haunting.

No goblin from the pit can his somber wing be flapping,
Or his spirit-fingers ply in a soft and gentle tapping,

A rapping and a tapping, a soft and gentle rapping.

But I suddenly bethought me, there are spirits not so
mystic,

From ancient time of great renown in matters pugilistic ;
And in mine host they recognize a foeman stern and
strapping.

Oh, come they not to wreak their wrath, with soft deceit-
ful rapping —

A tapping and a rapping, a soft and gentle tapping ?

There's the spirit of John Barleycorn, from Maine so
lately routed,

And even in the land of Penn so likely to be flouted,
'Tis he, mayhap, with ill intent his fingers here is snapping,
He throweth here the gauntlet down, with a bold but
quiet tapping,

A rapping and a tapping, a soft and gentle rapping.

There's the spirit of the vine-fields, with courtly ones a
dweller,

'Mid the lustre of the drawing-room, or in the deep,
dark cellar ;

He cometh now, upbraided long, his pent up ire uncap-
ping,
To give mine host a deadly fright with this unearthly
rapping,
*This tapping and this rapping, this soft and gentle
tapping.*

Then I started from my pillow, and around the chamber
hieing,
I set myself to ascertain what phantom there was flying,
What subtle power on wall or door his ghostly palm was
slapping,
What fleshless fist amid the gloom was thus so strangely
tapping,
*Thus rapping and thus tapping, a soft and gentle
rapping.*

And soon the dark enigma was in clearest light unfolded,
And for my nervous restlessness my silly self I scolded.
It was nothing but the curtain o'er the open window
lapping,
Which, by incoming breezes stirred, upon the sash was
rapping,
With a tapping and a rapping, a soft and gentle tapping.

Yes, He by whom each secret force of nature's realm is
wielded,
From every harm, my friend beloved, thy dwelling still
hath shielded.
It was but his own minister, while night was earth
enwrapping,

The cooling breeze, that sought thy couch, with a soft and gentle tapping,

A rapping and a tapping, a soft and gentle rapping.

Then onward in the ceaseless strife for right and duty pressing,

Fear not, my friend, thou e'er shalt lack God's guidance or His blessing.

Thy course of life, a maze to thee, His wisdom shall be mapping,

And only His own angels kind be near thy pillow rapping,
With a tapping and a rapping, a soft and gentle tapping.

MRS. ELIZA A. DANA,

OF BRANDON.

WEBSTER.

NIGHT hovered o'er Columbia's wide domain—

The night of trial, danger and distress ;

Dark clouds were lowering over hill and plain,

And mist o'erhung each vale's sweet loneliness.

The morn was near, but darkness none the less

Seemed blotting out each struggling beam of light ;

Men hoped and feared, nor dared their fears confess,

And prophet there was none, whose piercing sight

Could tell if day would break, or darker gloom the night.

'T was then, that cradled 'mid the granite hills,
And nestled in a patriot's household band,
Lay one, whose name the niche of glory fills,
On Fame's proud summit evermore to stand.
The day indeed was breaking ; o'er the land
The sun of Freedom burst in splendor new ;
And 'mid stern virtues reared, by glory fanned,
Its strength inhaling with each breath he drew,
Firm as a mountain oak the youth to manhood grew.
And now, from hight to hight he strides amain,
While luminous with truth his pathway glows ;
Where others toil and strive to climb in vain,
He stands in calm, magnificent repose.
When to the stars on fancy's wings he rose,
There seemed his native element to be ;
And where the deepest undercurrent flows,
Down, down in thought's unfathomable sea,
He gathered gems and brought them to the sunlight free,
The love of country, an undying flame,
Pure and exalted in his bosom burned ;
And unto *One* alone — that sacred name —
With higher love or deeper reverence turned.
Falsehood and vice, and worldly lust he spurned —
And these alone ; for man was brother, friend ;
O'er human suffering his bosom yearned,
None e'er so low but he could lowlier bend —
None e'er so high but higher still he could ascend.
Watcher, defender on our walls he stood,
And scanned each tempest cloud that rose afar,
Our canvas spreading to each potent good,

The favoring breeze, the light of genial star.
No sophistry so fine the truth to mar
But he could ravel out each subtle thread ;
No plot so deep with human right at war
But he could trace the arrow whence it sped,
And almost wring the secret from the silent dead.
He spake, and listening Senates learned the law,
Tracing each streamlet to its fountain source,
The nations heard his words with wondering awe
Reverberate till their rocky shores were hoarse.
Anon, like swollen waters in their course,
Wave after wave his eloquence flows on,
Sublime, resistless in its mighty force,
Till stern hearts yield, by deep conviction won,
And error melts away like frostwork in the sun.
He stands upon the far-famed Plymouth rock,
And calls our fathers from their hoary graves.
Again the May Flower stems the tempest shock,
And spirits of the Pilgrims ride the waves ;
And they are free, and never will be slaves.
And there they plant the tree of Liberty,
And while the Atlantic round Columbia raves,
He tells the Pilgrims' sons how they may see
Their country honored, blest, their children's children free.
He stands on Bunker Hill and lifts his voice,
Swaying as one the waving multitude ;—
Holds high the balance of firm Freedom's choice,
Tears up for sacrifice the first green sod,—
And gathers up afresh the warm life-blood
Upon its altar laid. Heroes are there,

The living with the dead, where once they stood,
Each breast a target for the bolts of war,
And Freedom's sons will long remember every scar.
But he has vanished from the walks of men,
And we shall hear his thrilling voice no more ;
Nor shall we e'er " behold his like again,"
Nor list from other lips such lofty lore.
No golden circlet on his brow he bore,
Nor mailed armies waited on his nod ;
But from his burning eye there flashed a power
Electric, though it lights not the cold sod
Insensate where he lies,—his spirit is with God.
Oh! there is mourning now in all our gates,
On tower and temple wave the signs of woe ;
And that lone tomb in solemn silence waits
The long procession years on years shall show
Of pilgrims at that lowly shrine to bow.
'Tis meet a nation's tears should freely flow—
Meet that our banner in the dust should trail ;
'Tis fitting, wheresoe'er our breezes blow,
Our flag should droop its folds, our stars grow pale,
And mourning be for him whose loss we now bewail.
But while yon column meets the morning sun,
And on its summit lingers parting day,
His name is graven on each living stone,
And flashes luminous in every ray,
And while the sun of Freedom bright shall play
Round Liberty's broad temple reared so high,
And till its walls are crumbled into clay,
And till its stars are blotted from the sky,
His name shall live, nor even in its ruin die.

JULIA A. BARBER,

OF ORWELL.

DEATH OF HON. JAMES MEACHAM, M. C.

EARTH may not claim thee more ;
Her homage, and the wreath of fame prepared
To deck thy brow, is gemmed with many tears,
And laid upon thy tomb. 'Tis worthless now,
For thy freed soul doth wear its starry crown,
And in the presence of the King of Kings
Doth bow in prayer before the Great White Throne,
For loved ones who are treading life's dark way.

Within the halls
Of stern debate, thy voice shall ne'er again
Awake the sleeping echoes.

Never more
Wilt thou be found among the faithful few
Who love their Country, and the cause of Truth,
Better than Fame or gold.

A star has dropped from out
The firmament, and darker grows the night
To weary ones, who mark its shining track
In sadness, for the glory lost to earth.

And ye who sorrow for the gifted dead,
Endeared by ties of kindred to your hearts,
Bind the phylactery of "Praise to God"
Around your souls, for He hath given life
And immortality beyond the grave.

So may your night of sorrow gather stars
To shed their glory o'er the Heavenward path,
Till at the pearly gates, you greet once more
The loved and lost ones, who are gone before.

THE GRAVE OF MARGARET DAVIDSON,
GREENRIDGE CEMETERY, SARATOGA, N. Y.

It was a summer day. Weary and sad,
I stood beside the grave of one whose soul
Of melody and song had passed from earth,
To claim its heritage of bliss above.
Ere time had dimmed the beauty of her brow,
Or quenched the light of gladness in her eye,
She turned from earth's allurements, and with joy
Gave her young heart to Him who claims our love.
Think ye there was a bitterness in death
To one so gifted and beloved? Mourn ye
Her harp-strings broken—that no cunning hand
May waken those sweet echoes here again?
Go, learn of Him the blessedness of death,
In whom she trusted from her early years.
Yea, at his footstool low, a blessing find
In sweet submission to the will of Heaven.

And ye who lean upon a hollow reed,
And find in gayety and mirth your joy,
Come to this burial-place and learn how vain

Ambition's dreams, or earthly honors here,
Weighed in the balance with a Savior's love.

Weary of earth with all its buried joys,
I sought that cemetery's quiet shade,
And 'mid its solitude my spirit learned
To bear each heavy cross with cheerful heart,
And patient wait for God's appointed time.

A solemn lesson, ere I turned away,
Was treasured in that hour. The pride of earth,
Its honors, toils and gains—earth's treasures all—
As nothing seemed to Heaven's approving smile.
With soul attuned to gratitude and praise,
I turned from that lone cemetery and went forth
With chastened spirit and a grateful heart,
To mingle with the busy world again.

MARTHA J. HALL.

A NATIVE of Montpelier, now residing at Pavonia Place, New Jersey.

WE PRAY FOR THOSE WE LOVE.

THE wild night-winds moan drearily
Around our lowly cot;
We're watching, Oh! so wearily,
For one who cometh not.

God pity those on land or sea
This night compelled to rove,
For some lone hearts will tearfully
Pray now for those they love.

A loved one wandered from his home
To sorrow and to sin ;
Our thoughts are his where'er he roam,
We drop a tear for him.
We think how dear he was to us,
Ere folly lured to rove,
And overlook the guilty past,
And pray for him we love.

Another yet, to memory dear,
Who, when this life was new,
Shared all its hours of gladness here,
And shared its sorrows, too,
Till fate decreed with youth should end
The dream too early known ;
We breathe a prayer for him, though now
He is not all our own.

Thus ever as we journey on
Through sorrow and through strife,
Love guides the way when Hope has flown,
And cheers expiring life.
And if our thoughts can turn at eve,
To loved ones, though they rove,
Life cannot be a weariness,
When cheered by such a love.

HATTIE H. CHILDE,

OF WEYBRIDGE.

RUINS.

BEAUTY and Grandeur—strangely are ye mingled
Upon the ruins of yon castled steep ;
Its arching roofs and lofty walls are singled
To guard the billows of the surging deep !
Beauty and Grandeur in the thought that rushes
To whelm the soul in memories of the Past,
And beauty in the very tear that gushes
To water scenes Decay has overcast !

His evening air the gondolier is singing,
As glides his bark the shadowy way along,
While convent-bells their vesper chimes are ringing,
And wandering winds the harmony prolong.
The night-bird, too, its melody is chiming
Within its lofty and secluded bower
Amid the ivy branches, fondly twining,
And spreading verdure o'er the crumbling tower.

That ivy which with freshest life is creeping
To hide the presence of a sure decay,
As springeth verdure where the dead are sleeping,
The loved, the lost ones, called from earth away !
And while the stars their nightly watch are keeping
Alike above the living and the dead,
The clinging vines their dewy tears are weeping,
As drops of grief are by the stricken shed !

With solemn awe the thoughtless voice now hushes,
And checked are footsteps that were hastening fast,
The bosom heaves, the glowing feature flushes,
In dreams of Grandeur—all too bright to last!
We dream of eyes by drooping lashes shaded,
As leaflets bend the opening buds above,—
Of fragrance, ere the *flower of life* was faded,
When lighted by the luster hues of love.

Then in the mind Imagination dances;
Wild thoughts that all unbidden come and go;
While now a thousand quickly flitting fancies
Strew with brave deeds the days of “long ago!”
Deeds that are legended in song and story
Upon the page of Fame, a list sublime,
Of heroes decked with praise, whose sounding glory
Now echoes o’er the battlements of Time!

Here contemplation fondly loves to linger,
Where mysteries with knowledge intervene,
While thoughtful wisdom with prophetic finger
Points to the lofty *moral* of the scene.
But if the gloom in which the Past is clouded
Can awe the soul and mistify the heart,
What—when the mind in blackest night is shrouded,
Immortal mind—life’s noblest counterpart?

Oh! Mental ruins! ye are like the shattered
And storm-tost remnant of a fated boat,
Its proudest strength by wind and tempest shattered,
Alone sent forth in helplessness to float;

In darkest night the thunder-cloud is riven
Above the crew, all hopeless, sad and lone ;
Thus from the midnight of the mind is driven
The light of hope when Reason leaves her throne !

As sinks the sparkling diamond in the river,
Where dash the heaving waves so proudly by,
So sinks the gem of Intellect forever
In the dark torrent of insanity !
As when a meteor, with effulgence sparkling,
Darts to the limit of extended space,—
Thus does the star of Reason wander, darkling,
And vanishes without a name or trace.

The torch of Intellect—great gift to mortals—
Expires in darkness 'mid life's gala day ;
How sad to think within the spirit's portals
The glorious light of mind is quenched for aye !
To see the casket when the gem has perished,
The form still fair when all within is gloom,
Is sadder far than memories of the cherished
When Death has claimed them for the silent tomb.

The ruined mind is like a chamber, haunted
By images of fear and dark dismay ;
Within its cells, Thought, fearless and undaunted,
Would drive the phantom imageries away.
Wild gleaming Fancy through the brain is dancing,
Plumed for Imagination's frantic flight,
As lightnings, through the troubled heavens glancing,
Light up so lividly the gloom of night.

But what appeareth with grim shadows looming,
Darkening the heart with sorrow's sablest ray,
To blight the soul with ruin—sadly dooming
To endless night, to darkness and decay?
'Tis Moral ruin! doom so dread and fearful
That sainted cherubs in divine array
Might watch the scene from Heaven, till sad and tearful
They turn in speechless agony away!

The *moral fane* is like a hallowed dwelling,
Reared for the Pure, the Infinite alone;
Where anthem notes, with harp and organ swelling,
Ascend in sweetness to Jehovah's throne!
Genius and Talent—beacons brightly burning,
Aid us above this "vale of tears" to rise,
And teach the lofty thought, the spirit-yearning,
To win a fadeless, an immortal prize!

The trusting prayer, although the lips may falter,
Is sacred incense—offered at a shrine
Where, 'neath the tablet of the Spirit's altar,
Love, Hope and Faith in harmony entwine.
As when some stately dome the tempest crushes,
And o'er the wreck exults triumphantly,
Lo! from its hight this moral temple rushes,
Swept by the blasts of infidelity.

The light is quenched—"the golden bowl is broken,"
And Desolation marks it for his own;
The notes are hushed—there lingers not a token—
A voice of worship or a prayerful tone.

O'er *such* a wreck will ivy boughs united
Entwine as if in kindly sympathy?
Nay! when we see the *moral fabric* blighted,
Alone it stands, a fearful mockery!

Ruins of Eld! we mark thy former glory,
And know the breath of years has o'er thee swept;
Nor thine the blame that on thy summits hoary
The moss of time in sad decay hath crept.
And Mental ruin! gloom is o'er thee stealing,
A gloom whose origin is mystery;—
Yet unseen hands the dreaded blow is dealing,
And who shall murmur at the stern decree?

But Moral ruin! who can tell a reason
For infamy so perfect, so complete?
Go! ruined soul—acknowledging thy treason,
And sue for pardon at the Savior's feet.
And when, perchance, at yonder glowing portal,
The spirit-lyre to heavenly strains may chime,
Thine ivy wreath shall be a crown immortal,
Far, far above the wasting wrecks of Time!

FAIL ME NOT, THOU.

"You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will linger there still!"

THINK you because one little hour
Of cloud, or dreary rain,
Breaks in to hide the sun's full power
He ne'er will smile again?

Then doubt not woman's constancy,
Whate'er may hide her smile from thee !
Thou knowest the sun is true to earth,
Know, then, her heart is true to thee !

Think you if on some darksome day
The bird doth hush her song,
She ne'er again will tune her lay
In carol sweet and long ?
The lay still lives, though gloom and fear
May fright its echo from thine ear !
Sooner will every bird forget,
Than she the tone love renders dear !

If o'er the fountain hangs a veil
Of mist, to hide its play,
Think you its waters all must fail
In silent drouth away ?
Nay, nay ! the font of tenderness
In woman's heart is fathomless !
O, traitor doubt ! to think it gushed
But once, and nevermore could bless.

If droops a single floral gem
From where it freshly grew,
Dost think the self-same parent stem
Will never bloom anew ?
Fresh buds shall spring to glad thine eye,
Fair as the bow in Hope's young sky ;
The Past hath pressed its own bright flowers,
Then O, should Faith look up and sigh ?

When all the vine hath twined itself
 About the growing tree —
 As all my spirit thought hath clung,
 And clingeth still, to thee ; —
 Who would rebuke a tendril new
 That hung unfettered as it grew,
 And chide its seeming tardiness
 As though it were untrue ?

SONNET.

“O! DOUBT no more!
 'Till life be o'er;
 She loves — she will love thee yet!

MYSTIC and beautiful the tender light
 Yet lingering in that softly beaming eye ;
 Over us both the free and open sky
 Waves her broad wings to usher in the night.
 Now down the mountain's side does yonder stream
 Break in its waterfall each rising gleam,
 Eager to multiply the moonbeams bright.
 'Tis fair, 'tis holy ; but yon risen star
 Rules the hushed air as if with conscious might ;
 O ! let it witness what we dearly plight !
 That silver lamp lights happiness from far,
 Heaven looks to bless and sanctify the sight ;
 Even as the stream reflects the skies above
 Does each heart mirror back its heaven of love !

E. SUMMERS DANA,

OF MIDDLEBURY.

EPITHALAMIUM.

How sweetly Limerick's golden bells

Ring out their evening chime ;

Borne from Italia's classic dells

To Erin's mellow clime.

How softly from their molten cells,

With redolence of tone,

The notes of these sweet vesper-bells,

Seem blended into one.

How dearly, when two kindred hearts,

In Love's oblivious dream,

Moor in a fragile shell their bark,

Upon Affection's stream.

The golden wings of fairies beat

Sweet chimes upon that shore,

Till all their loves in music meet

And mingle evermore.

Thus two young hearts of noble mould,

Have twined about the hours

Of future bliss bright hues of gold

That deck the fairest flowers.

Ah ! may no griefs those hours beguile,

That swell their coming years,

Or, if they weep, may breaking smiles

Seem sweeter for the tears !

THE TWO FLOWERS.

A FRAGILE flower bent o'er the rippling wave,
A pearly dew-drop nestled lowly there,
The pure and limpid emblem Nature gave
To token to that bud, all blooming fair,
Its modest worth.

But soon a ruthless storm swept rudely by —
The crystal drop was shaken in the stream ;
The chilling waves pressed onward silently,
And soon each leaf, with day's last fitful gleam,
Mingled with earth.

A youthful form with hopes all beaming bright,
The sunlight of a circle loved and dear,
In whose dark eye beamed forth the fervent light
Of Love and Virtue in those early years,
Gladdened life's way.

But Spring, with genial breeze, came stealing o'er,
And veiled those hearts in dark and fearful gloom,
For that loved one, in saddest grief we bore
To her last home within the silent tomb,
Had passed away.

Each bloomed in love and beauty one bright day,
Bright gems from Paradise in Earth below —
Alike, they soon in silence passed away,
Leaving a void of dark and fearful woe,
To mortals given.

Soon shall the flower return to bloom again,
And soon shall we that lost one ever dear,
Meet in a world unknown to grief or pain ;
In blest re-union dwell through endless years
With Love in Heaven.

OUR DESTINY.

WE are such stuff
As dreams are made of.—*Tempest*.

COME there ever blessed moments to the flushed, beleag-
ured soul,
Lustrous with those large emotions, which, in limitless
control,
Sweep us onward from the present, presaging of thoughts
sublime,
Ripe with prophecies emblazoned on the heraldries of
Time !
Come there ever happy moments, when with angel-wings
above
Waving hushed and painful silence, droop sweet sympathy
and love ;
Thrilling with a glow that quickens to outstride the rush-
ing years,
And dispel their legioned terrors as with flash of cime-
ters :
When with swift, impatient impulse, and an eager, earn-
est power,
Come there crowding Life's sublimest joys to crown a
royal hour ;

Leashing all the holy memories and fruitful hopes to be
The guerdon of the signet-seal of two-fold destiny?
Never comes a dream of glory shadowed from empur-
pling skies,
But balmy-breathing winds there are missioned with mys-
teries—
Filling all the teeming future, lapsing all the falser strife
Circling round us in the freshness of new-born, immortal
life;
Life enkindling newer purpose, apt with proud defiant
schemes,
Earnest of victorious labor shadowed forth in earlier
dreams;
Prestige of a glorious harvest, when the autumn-fields
shall wave
In the mellow light that guides our nearing footsteps to
the grave.
Hope and Self in solemn council, with a vigorous debate,
Hold their sleepless vigils seeking what their Genius may
create;
Hope in glowing fervor clinging to sweet visions hovering
nigh,
While self seems lost forever in its mystic destiny.
Call them dreams or call them phantoms fleeting as the
mists of air,
Yet there lingers fearful power lurking in disguises there,
Underlaying all our nature, overlapping all desire,
Touching all the chords of soul like dropping of Prome-
thean fire.

Prates the cynic they are idle, sneering with a large
conceit,
All along the barren highways striding with impatient
feet,—
Lost to all the finer feelings, with a palsied heart and
eye,
Zoned in frigid constellations* by ill-starred misanthropy?
Yet the soul when frenzied *action* sweeps it onward 'mid
the jars,
And the long tumultuous struggle, and the drum-beat of
its wars
Clashing as with shock of ages, stretches forth with throb-
bing palm,
Grasping at those blessed shadows, dropping odors, breath-
ing balm.
In the coming years of earth-life a diviner purpose runs,
Swelling all the tides of feeling crimsoned under ripen-
ing suns,
Swaying every narrower impulse, and ignoring every
truth
Which had warped the fresher instincts in the bounding
pulse of youth.
Now the soul is mailed in armor, like a bucklered knight
of old
Sweeping on to tilt or tourney over fields in cloth of
gold,—
Steeled against the primal yearning, nerveless to the
softened tone

* ANCIENT astrologers were said to have traced prophetic signs in the constellations.

Of those musically tender notes that thrilled the hours
 agone ;—
Plunged in thickly coming conflicts, hurling back each
 maddened shaft,
Quenching all the fevered thirsting in the wild, delirious
 draught
Drained from out the poisoned chalice, where the nectar
 once had been,
When the rosy gods held Bachanals in triumph over men.
Can the battle-notes of action, driving on before the blast
And the trumpet-tones victorious revel over all the past?
Shall the chivalry or knighthood on the tented fields of
 strife
Crush the flowers garlanded to crown us in primeval life?
Dreamer! though thy longing spirit seeks the utter
 depths of lore,
Rives the waves and rides the whirlwinds, leaping on
 from shore to shore,
Runs through all the gloom of ages where the cycles
 rushing by
Shadowed with dark wings their trophies shrouding all
 in mystery;
Though it snatch from high Olympus thunderbolts to
 guide the storm,
And above it stands defiant with a proud and unscathed
 form;
Though it win a regal chaplet, if within its aching clasp
All the social joys shall wither, it shall perish in thy
 grasp!

Pause—ye champions that enter on the crowded lists of
Fame,
With a wild uncurbed ambition for the emptiness of
Name ;
“Life is real,”—“action god-like,” yet there lies in
mysteries
Underneath it all a fairy realm peopled with sympathies ;
Sympathies that cluster round us strengthening the
manly toil,
Fruitful in those dearer treasures which no touch of time
can soil.
He who battles on without them mocks at all the storied
years,
And the twice-born loves of angels elder than the
gleaming spheres.
Be he mad with broken visions burning in the feverish
brain,
Creeping with a flush of fulness riotous in every vein—
Let us pray that Pity linger soothing with her healing
wings,
Calling back an earlier wisdom and the solace that it
brings.
Let us guard the precious talisman that brings us cease-
less joy,—
Resting where Affection lingers when the earthly senses
cloy ;
Learning, later, that our dreamings of the brighter
realms above
Take their dearness that in Paradise there blooms immor-
tal love !

F. BENJAMIN GAGE,

OF ST. JOHNSBURY.

THE PLAY-GROUND BY THE CLYDE.

TO A BROTHER RESIDING IN THE WILDS OF FLORIDA—SINCE DECEASED.

A CHANGE has come over our dreams,
And over the flowing Clyde,
Since you and I were boys,
And played upon its side ;
The river is not so wide, Fred,
Nor so merry its flow and fall ;
A change has come over the Clyde,
Over you, and I, and all.

'Tis a sorrowful change to me,
A sorrowful change to you,
For the old school-house is gone,
And the play-ground with it, too.
And where are our schoolmates now ?
'Tis a sorrowful tale to tell !
They are sundered so far and wide,
Whom we used to love so well.

You are far away from here,
And you dream not how it looks
Where we used to gather flowers,
Or wade in the running brooks ;
You are far away in the South,
Where the bright magnolias wave,
And the orange and lemon trees
Bloom over the red man's grave.

Some are far away in the East,
That we ne'er shall see again,
And some in the mighty West,
And some on the roaring main ;
One is gathering the golden sand
By the Sacramento's tide ;
He's forgotten our little band,
And the play-ground by the Clyde.

There's Abby, whose locks of gold
O'er her shoulders used to wave ;
And Mary, who was so fair,
Asleep in the quiet grave ;
And George of the manly brow,
And Charles of the laughing eye—
You would weep to stand by the graves
Where our early school-mates lie !

There's a gloom in the summer air,
And the twilight is at hand,—
The hour when we used to meet,
A strong and happy band ;
But there's none to meet to-night,
They are scattered far and wide,
From the homes of their early youth,
And the play-ground by the Clyde.

There's a gloom in the twilight air,
And a gloom in our aching hearts,
When we see how the joys of earth,
And the glory of life departs ;
And we read in each whisper that comes
From the woods and waterfalls,

That a change has come over the Clyde,
Over you, and I, and all.

THE SWORD AND THE PLOUGH.

FAR back in time's departed years,
Ere earth was drenched in blood and tears,
Two brothers from their father's hearth,
Went forth to toil upon the earth ;
Each with stout heart and hardy frame,
And each in search of wealth and fame :
One was the Sword with haughty brow,
The other was the humble Plough.
The Sword, the fairest of the twain,
Was reckless, cruel, dark and vain ;
A daring and ambitious youth,
The foe of virtue, peace and truth.
Forth from his father's hearth he sprang,
While far and wide his praises rang ;
Yet mercy shuddered as he came,
And fled, affrighted, at his name !
Men shrank in terror from his wrath,
While cities blazed along his path !
Kingdoms into the dust he hurled,
And bound in chains a wondering world.
In every land, in every clime,
He wreathed his brow with blood and crime,
Yet still the life-devouring Sword
Was praised, exalted and adored.
As bold, the humble Plough went forth,
But not to desolate the earth —

To counteract God's wondrous plan,
And swell the countless woes of man ;
But with the heart and hand of toil
To break the deep and fruitful soil—
To scatter wealth on every hand,
And beautify and bless the land !
He made the nations thrive in peace,
And swelled their stores with rich increase ;
Bound the torn heart of want and woe,
And made the land with plenty flow ;
And scattered, wheresoe'er he trod,
The golden harvest-gifts of God !
Yet even then, and until now,
Men have despised the humble Plough.
Thus bow the nations to adore
The wretch who stains their hearths with gore,
And thus despise the humble mind
That toils to bless the human kind ;
Yet it shall not be so for "aye,"
For lo ! there comes a brighter day,
When, through the darkness of the past,
The sun of Truth shall gleam at last.
Then shall the carnage-loving Sword,
So long exalted and adored,
Sink in forgetfulness and shame
Till men shall cease to know his name ;
Then shall the Plough, despised so long,
Be theme for universal song :
The first of all in Honor's van,
The noblest of the friends of man !

BEYOND.

I HAVE a treasure in the blue Beyond !
She that bent o'er me in my earliest hours,
And watched my steps till manhood's years were nigh—
She turned in sorrow from this world of ours,
And when the golden Autumn had gone by,
Went out into the blue Beyond.

I have a treasure in the blue Beyond !
A loving creature linked her life with mine,
And one bright year was crowded with delight ;
And as I gazed, and grieved to see her pine,
An unseen angel, from my aching sight,
Led her into the blue Beyond.

I have a treasure in the blue Beyond !
A child, with six sweet Summers on her brow,
A rosy, wild, and fairy little thing,
That only lives in my fond memory now.
She, from our fire-side, in the early Spring,
Wandered into the blue Beyond.

I have a treasure in the blue Beyond !
And since my brow is wrinkled o'er with time,
And all my dearest hopes have passed away,
Seeking my treasures in that viewless clime,
I shall lay by my staff some Autumn day,
And pass into the blue Beyond.

REV. NATHAN BROWN,

WHOSE minority was spent in Vermont, graduated at Williams College in 1827, with the highest honors of his class. In 1832, with his wife, Eliza Ballard and one child (who died in India, and whose memoir is among the most interesting of our Sunday School books), he started for Burmah, where for twenty-three years he was missionary to Assam, under the patronage of the Woodstock Baptist Association. He is now in New York City editing the *American Baptist*, a paper devoted to the cause of Free Missions.

THE MISSIONARY.

My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit, like
A dream of night, that tells me I am on
Enchanted ground. Why live I here ? The vows
Of God are on me, and I may not stop
To play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers,
Till I my work have done, and rendered up
Account. The voice of my departed Lord,
“Go, teach all nations,” from the Eastern world
Comes on the night air and awakes my ear.

And I will go. I may no longer doubt
To give up all my friends and idol hopes,
And every tender tie that binds my heart
To thee, my country ! Why should I regard
Earth’s little store of borrowed sweets ? I sure
Have had enough of bitter in my cup,
To show that never was it His design
Who placed me here, that I should live in ease,
Or drink at pleasure’s fountain.

Henceforth, then,
It matters not if storm or sunshine be
My earthly lot,—bitter or sweet my cup,
I only pray, “God fit me for the work,—
God make me holy and my spirit nerve
For the stern hour of strife.” Let me but know
There is an arm unseen that holds me up,
An eye that kindly watches all my path,
Till I my weary pilgrimage have done—
Let me but know I have a friend that waits
To welcome me to glory,—and I joy
To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness.

And when I come to stretch me for the last,
In unattended agony, beneath
The cocoa’s shade, or lift my dying eyes
From Afric’s burning sands, it will be sweet
That I have toiled for other worlds than this.
I know I shall feel happier, than to die
On softer bed. And if I should reach Heaven,—
If one who has so deeply, darkly sinned,—
If one whom ruin and revolt have held
With such a fearful grasp,—if one for whom
Satan has struggled as he hath for me,
Should reach that blessed shore,—O, then
This heart will glow with gratitude and love?
And through the ages of eternal years,
Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent
That toil and suffering once were mine below.

THE LANDING OF MARSHMAN.

FROM the home of his sires, in a foreign bark
A stranger has come on the waters dark,
And the gorgeous East hath met his eye ;
But he passes the City of Palaces by,
For the Christian rulers its pomps that share,
No welcome give to the man of prayer.

The mists were rising o'er temple and tower,
Strange birds were singing in grove and bower,
As he trod the shore at the dawn of day
Where the shadows of ages unbroken lay ;
Where the flame and the car had their tribute of blood,
And its hecatombs drank the relentless flood.

And the struggle of hopes and fears untold
Over that lone heart in its anguish rolled,
As, on bended knees, to the earth's green breast
He sank, with the burden of souls oppressed ;
Oh God ! for thy blessing on this dark clime,
To be poured in fullness through coming time !

To the mansions of mercy arose the prayer,
And God's amen was recorded there !
And the cloud passed off from the weeper's mind,
Like the roll of the waves he had left behind ;
And there fell on his vision the morning ray
Of a glory that never shall pass away !

And there he sleeps,—and around that sod
Dark lips are chanting the praises of God ;

From valley and mountain and distant wave,
 They are hymning the Lord that came to save,
 And the roses of Sharon sweetly bloom
 O'er fanes that were sacred to guilt and gloom.

He has gone to his rest,—but the work begun
 Shall extend with the years of the rolling sun;
 And the saint, from his home in the sky, shall behold
 Glad throngs ever flocking to Jesus' fold;
 And precious to God shall be India's shore
 When the idols it loves are remembered no more.

WILLIAM G. BROWN,

BROTHER of the Rev. N. Brown, was born at Whitingham, Vt., in 1812; was educated at Williams College; was associate editor for a time of the *Vermont Telegraph*, afterward of the *Voice of Freedom*, both papers published at Brandon, Vt. Has been for about two years past editing the *Chicopee Journal*, Massachusetts.

MOTHER, HOME, HEAVEN.

THREE words fall sweetly on my soul
 As music from an Angel lyre,
 That bid my spirit spurn control
 And upward to its source aspire;
 The sweetest sounds to mortals given
 Are heard in Mother, Home, and Heaven.

Dear Mother! ne'er shall I forget
 Thy brow, thine eye, thy pleasant smile!
 Though in the sea of death hath set

Thy star of life, my guide awhile,
O never shall thy form depart
From the bright pictures in my heart.

And like a bird, that, from the flowers,
Wing-weary seeks her wonted nest,
My spirit, e'en in manhood's hours,
Turns back in childhood's Home to rest ;
The cottage, garden, hill and stream
Still linger like a pleasant dream.

And while to one ingulphing grave,
By time's swift tide we're driven,
How sweet the thought that every wave
But bears us nearer Heaven ;
There we shall meet when life is o'er
In that blest Home to part no more.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Oh, where will be the birds that sing
A hundred years to come ?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come ?
The rosy lip, the lofty brow,
The heart that beats so gaily now ?
Oh, where will be love's beaming eyes,
Joy's pleasant smile, and Sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come ?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street
A hundred years to come ?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come ?
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood, with its brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come ?

We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come !
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years to come !
But other men our lands shall till,
And others then our streets will fill ;
While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come !

DEATH OF HARRISON.

THERE'S a sound on the air like an army's tread,
As they march in their pride to the field of the dead ;
There's a sound on the air of the drum and the gun,
Like an army's shout when the battle is won.

And lo ! there are banners by white hands flung
To the winds, with the pæans by young lips sung ;
And the voice of their music floats sweet on the gale,
Where the lovely Potomac gives life to the vale.

“Long life to the hero!” whose brow we adorn
With a chaplet all fresh as the blossoms of morn,
And spangled with stars like the gems on the tree,
When the sunlight of Spring gleams on highland and lea.

“Long life to the hero!” whose chivalrous name,
From the lakes to the gulf, gilds the banner of fame;
High peal the shrill trumpet, far roll the loud gun—
Long life unto him who the battle hath won!

No thunder pealed forth, no terrible eye
Sent its lightning glance through the sunlit sky,
But his heart grew faint 'mid the pageant scene,
And his high brow pale 'neath its wreath of green.

A month passed away, and a grave was made
In a pleasant place 'neath the cypress shade,
And the dirge of a nation rung wild on the air,
As they laid him, the death-conquered hero, there.

C. R. BALLARD,

OF MONTPELIER.

HOW DOES THE RAIN COME?

How does the rain come? gently, gently,
Quiet as dew at the evening time,
Still as the manna to Israel given,
Coating the earth at the hour of prime;

Tripping so lightly over the meadows,
Scarcely starting the busy swain ;
Bidding the pride of man keep silence—
Gently, gently comes the rain.

How does the rain come ? noisy, noisy ;
Clouds are gathering, forest roars,
Winds are whistling, lightnings glancing,
Thunders rolling and down it pours !
Noisy 't is as myriad footsteps
Over the roof and over the pane,
Tripping in time with Nature's voices—
Noisy, noisy comes the rain.

How does the rain come ? kindly, kindly,
Wakening Nature which seems so dead ;
Freeing the earth of its pallid mantle,
Calling the flowers from wintery bed ;
Causing the fields to bud and blossom,
Bringing the fruits in its welcome train,
Filling the heart of man with gladness—
Kindly, kindly comes the rain.

How does the rain come ? pearly, pearly,
Every drop is a shining sphere,
When the glorious Bow of Promise
Says to man there is naught to fear ;
Gems of beauty with love resplendent,
Pledges that He will His wrath restrain ;
Jewels they are from Heaven's own casket—
Pearly, pearly comes the rain.

EDWIN RUTHVEN TOWLE,

OF EAST FRANKLIN.

MORNING IN SUMMER.

SEE, the sunlight bright and golden
Bathes the distant woodland trees,
And the emerald foliage rustles
Lightly in the morning breeze.

From the vales the dewy zephyrs
Laden with a rich perfume,
Scatter wide their incense treasures
From the fields of gorgeous bloom.

Down the glen the merry minstrels
Trill their spirit-stirring lays,
Sweeter than the pealing anthems
Of man's less melodious praise.

Murmuring brook and playing fountain
Have a music of their own,
And their soft tones fall refreshing
On the spirit sad and lone !

Incense fields and flowery meadows
Breathe a freshness on the air,
And earth's many voices whisper—
"There is beauty everywhere !"

N. W. BINGHAM,

OF IRASBURGH.

SONG OF OWL'S HEAD.

WAKE, earth ! the eastern sky is red,
I have watched your slumbers long ;
The shades of night o'er the hills have fled,
So I'll sing my morning song ;
Ho ! awake, awake,
The guard of the lake
Will sing his morning song :

The foe ne'er comes to my rugged hight,
He can forge no fetters for me ;
So I sullenly sit on my throne of might
And cradle the clouds on my knee ;
Aye, when in the blast
They come bellowing past,
I cradle them on my knee.

I was born on the couch of chaos wild ;
I was bred in the cradle of storms ;
And destruction had never a rougher child,
Or horror a wilder form ;
Oh, answer me if
With crag and cliff
You e'er saw a wilder form.

Long ages ago, in youthful pride,
With the greenwood on my brow,

I claimed the like as my joyous bride,
And I've watched o'er her sleep till now ;
Calmly and lone
With my cheek of stone,
I have watched o'er her sleep till now.

But my head is as bald as it e'er can be,
Where the moss of ages hath grown,
For time hath come with his scythe to me,
And hath furrowed my cheeks of stone ;
Ah, see you not him
On my features grim
As he furrows my cheek of stone ?

Mid the lightning flash, and the thunder's peal
I have stood without dismay,
When the tempest comes and the proud oaks kneel,
In the path of its checkless way,
With a form as bold
And a heart as cold
As you see me here to-day.

Unmoved, unmoved, when the nation reels,
In carnage, and fire and flood,
And the festering pestilence nightly steals,
Chilling the throbbing blood,
Unchanged and alone,
With my heart of stone
While the rivers of earth run blood.

So I'll shout, I'll shout on my throne of might,
Till the earth shakes and the sea ;

My torch is the lightning's vivid light,
 Burning alone for me
 With its lurid gleam,
 O'er the mountain stream,
Burning alone for me.

MRS. HANNAH C. PITKIN,
OF MARSHFIELD.

SWEET SPIRIT OF MY BURIED ONE.

SWEET spirit of my buried one, I long to feel thee near,
The dews of night are falling fast, as falls the silent tear,
And I am sad and weary love, come from thy home of
 light,
And with thy mother's stricken heart, communion hold
 to-night.
A little nearer, daughter, still, this hour to us is given,
The sweetest hour for me, perchance, this side the gate
 of Heaven ;
To tell thee once again my love, to tell *thee* all my grief,
How often thus in other days my spirit found relief.
The Spring, the joyous Spring returns ; the fountains
 burst their chain,
The birds will seek our maple shades and claim their
 nests again ;
The flowers will come, the blushing flowers, and nature
 gay will be—
But thou, my child, art with the dead, and *what is*
 Spring to me?

And how together we have watched the clouds at setting
day,

The sun's last fringe of golden light in beauty fade
away;

Oh! those were hours of deep toned joy—so fathomless
our bliss,

It seemed to link a better world with such a world as
this.

But they are passed—forever passed. I never more
shall see

Such beauty in the sunset clouds, as when I gazed with
thee.

But thou dost beckon me above—dost bid my spirit rise ;
What if my prospects fade on earth? They're bright-
ening for the skies.

One word, one word, Oh, whisper me, my daughter, ere
we part,

One word about thy blissful home, to cheer my aching
heart;

The thornless rose, the fadeless flower, say, dost thou cull
them there,

And joys which mortal may not know, with kindred
spirits share ?

'Tis well, 'tis well. Thy harp is tuned to notes of bliss
above,

The echo of its every strain is "Love, Redeeming Love."
I may not mourn. Through opening clouds a glimpse of
light I see,

I soon shall pass the portal, Death. I too shall soon be
free.

THE YOUNG EMIGRANT.

SHE sat upon the chilly deck,
A tear was in her eye
Which seemed to shun the idle gaze
Of every passer-by ;
Her lip was quivering, and her tone
So sorrowful—she was alone !

Not all alone,— when sad she turned
From her own home away,
A brother was her stay and guide ;
He is not here to-day,—
A death, a burial at sea
Left one lone weeper—it was she.

And they had hoped, by ceaseless toil,
To gain a little store,
And meet, though in a stranger land,
The dear beloved once more ;
The rudest hut, the coarsest fare,
’T were blessedness with these to share.

I saw the haughty look of scorn,
I saw the lip’s proud curl,
Which seemed to say, disdainfully,
“ She’s but an Irish girl ; ”—
Scorner, Heaven grant thee half the grace
Which beams in that young stranger’s face.

Oh, could she cross the deep again
And reach her cabin door,
Gaunt Famine, with her frightful forms,

Could drive her thence no more ;
How sweetly on her mother's breast
That fair young head would sink to rest.

Friend of the friendless ! on Thine arm
Her helplessness we lay—
Who hearest the unfledged raven's cry,
Hers will not turn away ;
Oh, life were one deep agony,
Father, without our trust in Thee !

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.

SEND back the slave ! It cannot be—
Our cradle song was Liberty !
Vermonters we, who, who shall dare
To tell us when, or why, or where
We may, or may not, as we please,
Assist him who from bondage flees
We, we, whose sires with sturdy blow
Have laid the giant forests low,
And raised a platform broad and sure
Where hearths and altars are secure.
We, who in childhood, o'er and o'er,
Listened to what our fathers bore ;
How often from their homes they fled,
And how they fought and how they bled,
While mothers kept the castle hearth
In winter's storm, and summer's dearth

For Liberty. Shall we, can we
A weary, fainting brother see,
Struggling to gain the promised land,
And never raise a helping hand?
No! Lifted as it e'er has been
Our latch shall be, to let him in;
And though our roof be rude and low,
'T will screen him from a cruel foe.
Though coarse and scanty be our fare,
'T is sweetened if the sufferer share;
And noble hearts unused to fear,
And hardy hands are with us here;
While these are waking he may sleep,
And rise refreshed his way to keep.
His Northern home indeed is far,
But God will guide the wanderer there,
And we our humble thanks will give
For hearts to help the Fugitive.

MRS. MARION HOOKER ROE,

OF BELLOWS FALLS.

NEARER HOME.

NEARER home, nearer home,
Every moment now I come;
Bright the eyes that watch for me,
Full of hope the young hearts be,

Love-tuned little voices say,
"Ma'ma's coming home to-day.

Nearer to my Heavenly home,
Every moment now I come ;
Often near the pearly gate,
Doth my angel mother wait,
And with more than mother-love,
Yearns to welcome me above.

Nearer to my cottage home,
Every moment now I come ;
Standing mid the eager band,
Holding "baby" by the hand,
Waits a manly form for me,
Earnest will his greeting be.

To my many mansioned home
Love-tuned voices bid me come ;
With robe and crown and harp prepared,
Waits for me an angel guard,
While midst those enhaloed bands,
Christ, my royal bridegroom, stands.

Joy ! the journey is not long ;
Pledged one ! see that radiant throng ;
Love lights up each well-known brow,
Christ to all is brother now,
But He loves those best who say,
"Ma'ma's coming home to-day."

THE PRIEST AND THE MAIDEN.

“BENEDICTE! child of sin,
I have come thy heart to win
From the gay and careless world,
That thy thoughts may all be furled
’Round the banner-staff of Heaven,
And thy soul to God be given.
Yonder, ’neath our convent’s dome,
Waits for thee a peaceful home ;
There are relics, saints and shrines,
Sacred lore and mystic lines ;
There the holy sister-band
Wait to take thee by the hand.
Leave thy childish, aimless life,
Nerve thee for the spirit’s strife ;
Leave thy vain and thoughtless friends,
Seek the path that Heavenward tends.”

“Oh, no! Holy Father, I still must be,
As I ever have been, unchecked and free ;
For I love, with a love that never will fade,
All the wonderful things that God has made :
The broad old fields where the wild flowers grow,
The deep ravines where the young brooks flow ;
The stern old rocks and the solemn trees,
And the playful, wandering and whispering breeze ;
And the birds and the stars, and the tempests wild,
I love them all, for I’m Nature’s child ;
And the friends that I love are ever true,
And I cannot leave them to go with you

In the joyousness of my budding bloom,
To immure myself in a living tomb ;
There is *one* with a dark and thoughtful eye
Who is to all others a mystery ;
But his soul is to me an open book,
And I read his mood in his slightest look ;
And shutting me up in your convent gray
Would be taking the light of his life away ;
And I never should kneel in my cloister dim,
But my thoughts would be far away with him ;
Nor the vesper-bell ever strike my ear,
But his low, deep voice I should list to hear,
Saying, ‘ Lora, come now to our altar-tree,
Lora, dear Lora, come worship with me.’
I know I’m a wicked and wayward child,
But there are a thousand voices mild
In the streamlet and flowers, in the forest and air,
That go up each moment in praise and prayer,
And the children who love them remembered are ;
And each brings an answer of peace from Heaven,
And each one whispers, ‘ thou art forgiven.’
Oh, no ! Holy Father, I still must be,
As I ever have been, unchecked and free !”

ANDREW J. HYDE,

OF ALBANY.

TELEMICHUS; OR, POWER OF SACRIFICE.

BEHOLD that broad arena wide
Drink human blood in dripping tide !
See thousands yearly pay the debt
Of folly, shame, remorse, regret ;
And these for Roman holidays
Are looked upon as boyish plays.
Still, few there are, a Christian band,
Who seek with a determined hand
To change the custom, though the great,
The wise, the proud, the wealth of state,
The popular mind, all one in will,
Uphold the warlike practice still.
They meet, they counsel, are about
To yield all hope, when rings a shout—
“I’ll not give up,” nor quit the field !
A Christian warrior may not yield !
In thoughtful mood, with upraised hands,
Telemichus before them stands.
“I have it now !” “*Alone*” he cries,
“I’ll yield myself a sacrifice.”
The gladiatorial combat comes
And calls the Romans from their homes.
The scenes begin in full array,
And many lives must tribute pay ;
Nay, there is one with kindling eye,

Who nobly comes for them to die.*
Strange sight within this guilty dome,
A priest revered in Christian Rome ;
He half divides the curious gaze
Of those who come to watch the plays,
For fixed his mind, his purpose great,
Telemichus awaits his fate.
The swords are drawn—he plunges down
Upon the red arena's frown,
And offers up his living frame
To stop the show and end the shame.
The spears are hurled, the javelins flung,
And weapons bright from sheaths are rung ;
His blood flows out—the bleeding wound
Brings the bold martyr to the ground.
Awe-struck the fierce combatants stop,
Survey the deed, their weapons drop ;
The crowds are mute with great surprise,
For drenched in blood the hero lies ;
And then the wildly thrilling cry—
“ The shows must end ”—rings loud and high.
His soul not yet with angels fled,
Telemichus uplifts his head,
Beholds, before his spirit flies,
The conquering power of sacrifice ;
Then sinks on his ensanguined bed
Though not to groan, or tear to shed ;
But looking to the opening skies,
The great, the illustrious martyr dies.

* TELEMICHUS, an Asiatic monk, who cast himself into the arena to stop the gladiators.—*Gibbon*.

MARY A. HUNTOON,

OF HYDEPARK.

THE GRAVE OF ETHAN ALLEN.—EXTRACTS.

UPON Winooski's pleasant shore
Brave Allen sleeps—his labors o'er—
And there beneath the murmuring pine
Is freedom's consecrated shrine.
And every patriot's heart will swell
With thoughts no human tongue can tell,
As, bending o'er that lowly grave,
He pays his homage to the brave.
Should war's dread clarion sound again,
His ear were silent to the strain ;
And Freedom's voice no more could thrill
That pulseless heart, so cold and still.
The old gray stone above his head
Might echo to a nation's tread,
Pressing with reverence the sod
Where slumbers that old hero-god ;
But all were powerless to break
The spell, and bid the warrior wake.
That keen bright eye that, undismayed,
Looked on the quivering battle-blade,
That powerful arm, whose lightest stroke
Could almost rend the mountain oak,
That voice, that raised the startling cry—
“Surrender !” at the fort of Ti,—
That courage, failure could not chill,
But hoped, believed, and struggled still,

That soul, that, scorning tyrants' laws,
Struck for his country and her cause —
At last was conquered by a foe
Who never strikes an erring blow.
He sank to rest ; but left a name
That shall a hero's honors claim,
In every clime, on every shore,
Till this fair land shall be no more—
This goodly land, to free whose soil
From tyrant rule, he spared no toil,
And lent his hand to aid her birth
Among the nations of the earth.
Beneath broad heaven's azure dome.
She stands, fair Freedom's chosen home,
Without a rival or a mate,
Our own beloved Green Mountain State.
Then let it be our earnest aim
To cherish every noble name ;
That ages yet to come may read
Each worthy name, each valiant deed,
And know with what a fearless hand
Our fathers struck for life and land.
Their names are many ; but among
That matchless crowd, that peerless throng,
There's one that shines for us alone,
Whose deathless glory is our own ;
His memory then should ever be
Dear to our hearts as liberty ;
And while our country has a name
Let us preserve our Allen's fame.

DEATH OF CORINNE.

It was at Florence, in a spacious room,
The dying Corinne lay. Her raven hair
O'ershadowed heavily that marble brow
Which once had nobly worn the Poet's crown.
Her eyes, whose sparkling glances once had swayed
The fiery hearts of Italy, were closed ;
And the long lashes cast a deathly shade
Upon her pallid cheek, whose brilliant hue
Could once have put the brightest rose to shame.
Her pale thin lips were slightly drawn apart,
Through which the laboring breath came faint and slow.
Close by her side there knelt a manly form
Bowed down in bitter agony. 'Twas he,
The weak destroyer of her earthly joys ;
The one whom she had loved with all the fire
Of her Italian nature, for whose love
She would have bartered all the gifts of earth,
Almost her hopes of Heaven.

Her eyes unclosed,
And turning full upon him their sad light,
From out her lonely breaking heart she poured,
In accents faint and low, this last farewell :

“ Oswald, I little thought upon that day,
When my proud forehead bore the Poet's crown,
That love for thee would bow my spirit down,
And thus to pass away.
Nor in those bright and happy days at Rome,

When we could never live one hour apart,
Did I then think that you would break my heart,
And send me to the tomb ?

No, to my ever trusting soul was given,
The blessed hope that thy dear love would shine
Forever holy, pure and bright as mine,
And light my way to Heaven.

But you have rendered all my blessings vain,
Have stolen from mine eye the Poet's fire,
Have crushed the magic strings of Genius' lyre,
Never to sound again.

Yet, from the depths of my torn heart, 'tis given
To pray for countless blessings on thy head ;
May angels comfort thee when I am dead,
And point thee up to Heaven.

And oh, for her who is thy bosom friend,
The sweet and timid partner of thy life,
The true, the loving, and the tender wife,
May peace her steps attend.

Oswold, farewell, my earthly race is o'er,
I seek a home where pleasures never die ;
Prepare to meet me in the World on High,
Where partings are no more."

She ceased—the lamp of life burned feebly dim,
And that pure heart, which once had quick replied
To every touch of Genius' holy fire,
Had almost ceased its beatings. Her dark eye
Rested with dying gaze upon the moon—

With feeble hand she pointed Oswold there,
He looked—his cheek grew deathly, and his eye
Was dark and terrible, as he beheld
That warning cloud, which twice before had thrown
Its shadow so prophetic on their fate,
He turned his gaze on Corinne, she was dead.

F. PRIOR,

OF PLYMOUTH.

GREATNESS AND GOODNESS.

GREATNESS without goodness
Is but an empty show ;
But O, how rich and beautiful
When they together grow.

If either should be wanting,
And I could have my way,
O, let me have the goodness,
Whate'er the world may say.

I might not look so lofty,
Nor wear so bright a crown ;
But then, the goodness of my heart
Would bring rich blessings down.

MRS. MARILLA M. M. PINEY,

OF PLYMOUTH.

STARS ARE SHINING STILL.

SOFT the snow is falling
Round our dwelling now ;
Soft the snow is mantled
O'er the mountain's brow.
All the trees enshrouded
With a wintery bloom,
In the winds are waving,
Like a warlike plume.

All the sky above us
Is with clouds o'erspread,
While the darkness cometh,
And the day has fled.
All the brilliant beauty
Of the starry sky,
Seemeth to have faded
From the vault on high.

Yet, the stars are shining
With unclouded light,
Far above the region
Of the darkening night.
Then, let me remember
When the world is chill,
When my sky is darkened,
Stars are shining still.

D. GILBERT DEXTER,

OF WILMINGTON.

NELLIE.

CHARMING little dark-eyed Nellie,
 Skipping like a fay
In and out across my vision,
 Fifty times a day.
With her heart so full of gladness,
 And her eyes so full of glee,
She is part of all the sunshine
 God has given me.

Yester-eve, it seems no longer,
 Yet 't was years ago,
When the elm-tree shadows lengthened
 In the vale below,
By the fountain in the hollow,
 Chanting drowsily,
I sat reading from a volume
 Open on my knee ;

And the quaint hymns of the poet
 Had a faint low chime,
Like the tinkle of the rain-drops
 In the summer time ;
And my eyes grew dim and dreamy
 With a wordless peace,
Sitting by myself and reading,
 Underneath the trees.

When the rustle of a footstep,
And a warbling voice,
Low and soft, but full of gladness,
Made my heart rejoice.
And I turned my head to see her—
The birds forgot to sing—
Little Nellie, darling Nellie,
Coming to the spring.

With her pitcher on her shoulder,
And her locks of gold,
Seemed she like a fairy maiden
In the tales of old.
I remember, I remember
How the young moon shone
Faintly on the dancing waters,
Ere we wandered home.

And our hearts beat to each other,
Though much we did not say,
And I do n't know why we homeward
Went the longest way.
But I carried Nellie's pitcher,
And I quite forgot my book,
And it lies there still, I fear me,
In the hollow by the brook.

EMILY R. PAGE,

OF SOUTH BRADFORD.

HAUNTED.

THE soft eyes of a little child
Half shadow and half shine,
That tremble with the light they hold,
Look hauntingly in mine.
I kiss the sunny brow and put
The baby from my knee,
For something in its mournful eyes
I cannot bear to see.

I hush the little voice and sit
Awhile with book outspread,
And try to read, but only see
The haunting eyes instead ;
They look up from each new-turned leaf,
And every thought engage—
They sit among the words, and steal
The meaning from the page.

Shading my hand above my eyes,
I look out where the sun
Drifts through the valleys, and the shades
Are lengthening into one ;
But still those eyes, so large and sad,
Are in the sunshine, too,
And where the shadows tripping come
With sandals tipped with dew.

The yellow May-moon, waxen full,
Is up above the hill,
And Eve goes gathering in the stars,
Her horn of light to fill.
I gaze, and yet I heed not aught,
For everywhere I see
The soft eyes of that little child
Between the night and me.

They mind me of the buried light,
That faded long ago,
Just as the sunset blushing lay
Along the hills of snow ;
And so I take the baby form
Again upon my knee,
And weep to see the vanished light,
They mirror back to me.

THE OLD CANOE.

WHERE the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep—
Where the ragged pine in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide ;
Where the reeds and rushes are tall and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank—
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
Lays at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm hath lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like folded hands when the work is done ;
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern, half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave ;
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding the mouldering dust away.
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the fallen tower ;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue,
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light winds play with the boat at will ;
And lazily in and out again,
It floats the length of its rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime ;
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick—
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick ;

And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were *two*,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe !

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings,
Have grown familiar with sterner things ;
But I love to think of the hours that flew,
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray threw,
Ere the blossoms waved, or the green moss grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

MARIE S. LADD,

OF NORTH HERO.

THE DREAMER.

A low, rude hut near a winding rill,
Half hidden from sight by a rough, steep hill,
And a tall elm-tree that swayed o'er the caves,
Carelessly waving its dark green leaves—

The good dame moved from day to day,
Doing her duties the same old way ;
And while she sat in the door and spun,
Diego would lay in the glinting sun,

With eyes half shut and a thoughtful brow,
Leaving his father to hold the plough ;
And the good old pair at night would say,
Diego had idled his time away.

- . The boy looked sad and would offer his aid
To help his mother, or use the spade ;
But he soon was afar in a sunny land,
And the work ran low from his idle hand.

“ Son,” said the dame, “ why sit you all day
Bending your head in that thoughtful way,
Talking strange talk for a little boy ?
Why heed you never your New Year toy ?
Go roll your hoop or bound your ball ;
Go train the wild vines on the wall,
Or help me churn, or milk the cow,—
’T will start a flush on your sickly brow ;
Oho ! ” she sighed, with a tearful look,
“ Our Ned ne’er spent his time o’er a book,
Or dreamt by the brook that babbles by ”—
She covered her face and began to cry.

“ Mother,” he said, his eyes were a gleam,
“ I never can plant or drive the team,
Or busy myself in childish play ;
My soul is afar in the world away ;
There are things to know and things I would see,
The great ones in thought are linked to me ;
I have dreams all night, and dreams all day,
I am useless here, I must go away.”

He wandered afar one sunny morn,
His father was busily hoeing the corn,
The dame was spinning, and threads of care
Ran with the flax and silvered her hair.

A brilliant life and a swift decay
Attended the steps of his winding way,
A meteor glare that lured him high,
Dropped him to earth from a glowing sky ;
He was weary once more, and longed to rest
In his father's hut, on his mother's breast ;
He wished no more of the world to see,
He would dream again 'neath the old elm-tree ;
The whole wide world seemed so empty now,
He could follow for aye his father's plough,
And guide his steps that were faint and few,
Or reel for his mother the whole day through.

He came one morn ; men were raking hay,
(The birds piped a merry roundelay,)
They leaned on their rakes and lifted their hair,
And told him a tale of the aged pair ;
They had two sons some years before—
"T were well, they said, they had no more,
They were but a blight to their humble love ;
One faded from earth, and one would rove,
His name was high and his praises fair,
His humble parents were ne'er his care ;
They were quietly laid to sleep hard by—
"T was a gift to the world that all could die.
Away he hied to the brown elm's shade—
There under its swinging branches laid ;

They found him, and lifted him up with care,
And smoothed from his face his shining hair,
For at night the reapers passed that way,
But Diego had dreamed his life away.

HOPE.

AWAY in the heart's deep shadows,
There singeth the livelong day
A little bird with a witching voice,
A gently soothing lay.

It singeth a song of sunshine,
Tossing the boughs about
That shaded with gloom the merry heart,
Till its light had nigh gone out.

It singeth a song so cheery,
It pleaseth the soul to hear,—
The eye-lid, no longer weary,
Ceaseth to drop the tear.

Winning the soul to gladness,
Winning it on to light,
Frightening away grim sadness,
That bringeth the heart its blight.

Though oft the voice is siren,
And its words contain no truth,
I care not so long as it singeth
The merry songs of youth.

MRS. ELLEN E. PHILLIPS.

It is true I am not a native of Vermont, my birthplace being the beautiful town of Andover, in Massachusetts; still, I am none the less "a child of Vermont." Her hills and valleys, her wood-crowned mountains and silver streams are none the less dear to me that I did not look upon them with the eyes of unconscious infancy. My father, the Rev. S. R. Hall, (now of Brownington, Vt.) removed to Craftsbury, Vt., when I was seven years of age. There I grew up to womanhood, and there most of my humble effusions were written. For about about four years I have resided in Wisconsin.

E. E. P.

BY MY COTTAGE WINDOW SITTING.

By my cottage window sitting, half reclined,
Many a busy thought is flitting through my mind ;
Memories of the chequered past, sad and bright—
Sunny hours with shades o'er cast—shades of night.

Mingled sounds are in my ear—sounds of yore—
Gentle voices, sweet and clear, heard no more ;
Silvery laughter ringing deep, whispers low—
Mournful tones that made me weep, long ago.

Visions flit before my eyes, landscapes bright—
Wood-crowned mountains towering high, bathed in light,
Quiet vales where Summer sheds rich perfume,
Where with fragrant, drooping heads, violets bloom.

That these Western plains are fair 'neath the glow
Of the balmy summer air, well I know ;
Yet a fairer, brighter land have I seen,
Where my native mountains stand, robed in green.

DANIEL BLISS DUDLEY,

OF WEST HARTFORD.

COLLEGE LIFE.—AN EXTRACT.

O! WHO a FRESHMAN'S joys can rightly sing?
How difficult to strike the proper string!
Let him who wanders through a Tempe's vale
Attune the harp and proud Aonia scale.
Aye, sweep the lyre, ye lovers of Mink Brook,
Along whose banks ye stroll without a hook.
The College halls! retreat of classic lore!
Here learning is dispensed, and still there's more;
So thinks the Freshman, when his obvious way
Is shown by dots in Chase's Algebra;
Elimination is his fond delight,
But oft the "minus sign" describes his plight.
The symmetry of circles he admires,
While angles kindle all his latent fires;
Triangles, right, obtuse, isoceles,
Ne'er shoot athwart his intellectual ease;
Perimeters his progress ne'er confine,
And oft he steers along a tangent's line.
And then, for pure diversion's wholesome sake,
A path 'mid fields more classic he doth take,
To dig for roots, a very precious sort,
Which make our learned schools their chief resort,
How favored, who those stubborn roots hath bared,
And never once has faltered, "not prepared!"

Vacations! resting-places of the year,
When all the loved delights of home appear;
These longed-for holidays but take away,
The walls of College might as well decay;
Parabolas would meet a fatal doom,
And ne'er again the rose of June might bloom.

How full, consoling is the student's bliss,
When accents, softer than a zephyr's kiss,
His waiting ear with melting music fill,
And gently stir his soul with rapture's thrill:
"Collegian!"—repeat that word again,
Let echoes whisper it o'er hill and plain,
Embalm its incense in a catalogue,
Be it the preface and the epilogue;
Let laughing children cease their guileless game,
At sound of such a literary name!
Great Webster went to college, all should learn,
And how can others his example spurn?

What ecstasy to be a SOPHOMORE!
Forgetful of those verdant days of yore,
He straight assumes the ripened phiz of man,
And nurses some moustaches—if he can;
Perchance a cane is swinging by his side;
Fresh oysters are his joy—cigars his pride;
His stores of science widely he extends,
And e'er the fame of Greece and Rome defends.

Mount Washington's ascent is hard and long,
So learning's hights may challenge well the strong;

But countless thanks to our inventive age,
Much labor of the peasant and the sage
Is haply saved by wonderful machines ;
By patent instruments and other means ;
And where pedestrians were counted wise,
They're foolish now, and "ponies" most you prize
For magic fleetness, and for mettle true—
O ! could but luckless Freshmen know this too !
Good Sophs. ride on to glory, and your goal,
And deftly make your mark from pole to pole.

Happy the man who loves to "rusticate !"
Full loth to part with powers of high estate,
Yet rural pleasures more his thoughts engage,
For once he studies Nature's varied page.
'Tis sweet the morning chapel-bell to hear,
To feel its chimes awake the sleeping ear ;
'Tis sweet to nobly strive for noble ends,
And know the strength which competition lends ;
But he prefers a soothing solitude—
To leave his *mater* for his *mater's* good !
And with some clergyman he goes to dwell ;
So self-denying he, that all is well,
If only this same clergyman is blest
With daughters, boon of all our boons the best !

A JUNIOR is a modest gentleman,
Affecting to believe that one more span
Will raise him to that lofty eminence
Where rests Ambition's envied recompense ;

Where Rhetoric and Logic find a vent,
And vanquish all with potent argument ;
Where are no Grecian cliffs nor Latin dales,
And where they never measure comets' tails ;
Where Optics never more will blind his sight,
Nor sad " reverses " check his soaring flight.

A SENIOR ! fertile theme for minstrel's lay !
And what degree is higher, better, pray ?
Dost think a Senior's all complacent ease
Would deign to pocket diplomatic fees ?
Would condescend a cabinet to grace ?
Or fill a niche in any common place ?
If tempted with the Presidential Chair,
Like statesmen, such a prize he could forbear.
Bright blossom of an academic birth,
He carries Dignity's becoming worth.
Arrived so near the summit of the hill,
He turns his glance adown the slope, until
His vision backward sweeps to Freshman year,
When problematic was this upper sphere.
'Tis then he feels how great the woof of change,
Which Time has woven, and how wide its range.
On scenes quadrennial he meditates —
On what will happen, when he graduates —
How such a fund of talent will effect
The world, and how society direct.
But whether rearing castles to the sky,
Or building other mansions, not so high,
He ever aims his watchful eye to keep
Upon the epidermis of a sheep !

A College Life is tinged with much Romance,
But plain Reality doth more enhance
The pleasures of its labors and its scenes —
The pleasures of the band which here convenes,
To vie for discipline of mind and heart ;
To gain the good which study's toils impart ;
And with a persevering hope and will,
To strive for knowledge and a worthy skill
In all that's most ennobling to mankind,
To polish bright the jewels of the mind.
'Tis for her kindness, for her guardian care,
For all her teachings, precepts, maxims rare ;
For these, we love our *Alma Mater* dear —
A love that lives and grows, devoid of fear,
Except the fear of erring in our course,
Of weakly yielding to temptation's force,
Of causing her to blush for children's shame,
To weep o'er ruined hopes and blasted fame.
And by this cherished love, so pure, so strong,
May we the right pursue, and not the wrong.
When lulling dreams entice, and falsely smile,
When error stalks abroad with cunning wile,
When wisdom is usurped by folly's train,
And men submit to passion's wretched reign,
Let Son's of Dartmouth arm at duty's call,
And burst the fetters, clanking to enthrall.
Let mind and right assert their mingled sway,
And march to victory in firm array !

DELIA C. POLLARD,

OF LUDLOW.

THE OLD MAN'S WINTER.

ALL the leaves of Spring are falling—
Falling in the gusty breeze ;
Drear the Autumn winds are sighing
'Mong these old familiar trees.

It is nature sadly mourning—
Mourning for her songsters fled,—
Mourning for the flowers of Summer,
Numbered with the silent dead.

All the trees are wildly swaying—
Swaying with a dirge of woe,
Wailing of the dreary present,
And the joys of "long ago."

Thus my heart is ever sighing,—
Sighing for the years gone by,
Mourning o'er the graves of pleasures,
Where my heart-hopes buried lie.

All my life is darkly shadowed—
Shadows thick my path obscure ;
Yet, bereft of life's best blessings,
May I nobly life *endure*.

LESTER A. MILLER,

OF WOODSTOCK.

A LITTLE GIRL.

A LITTLE girl, with sweet and blushing cheeks,

Whereon the smiling dimples gaily skip ;

A little girl, whose every word she speaks

Is sweetened tripping o'er her rosy lip.

A little girl, now in her morn of life,

While flowers and singing birds her pathway cheer ;

A little girl, whose buoyant hopes are rife

With rainbow visions crowning many a year.

A little girl—and does she know that FRIEND

Whose love throbs deeper than a parent's breast ?

O ! does there, from her youthful heart, ascend

Like incense, praise through grateful lips expressed ?

AN ORISON.—PROV. XVIII: 22.

FATHER of Good ! Thou seest a grateful heart

For that "good" gift—the sunshine of my life—

My smiling star, and oft my guiding chart

When stormy waves would whelm me in their strife.

Blot not that SUN from shining in my sky ;

Cloud not that STAR, nor stay its smiling light ;

Take not that CHART, no more to meet my eye,

Lest I may sink in sorrow's cheerless night.

FANNIE W. NUTT,

OF EAST MONTPELIER.

THE TWO CROWNS.

OVER ocean's deep blue waters,
In a home of royal pride,
Is a darling little baby,
Known throughout the world so wide.

I suppose that he is winning,
Just as other babies are ;
Laughing eyes and dimpled shoulders,
Brow as polished marble fair ;
Robes of costliest lace and muslin,
Showing forth his baby charms—
Strings of purest diamonds flashing
From his rosy neck and arms.

Tended by a score of servants,
Feeding from a golden bowl—
Worshiped by a mighty nation,—
Whence this homage of the whole ?

Ah, adown the misty future
They can see that baby-brow,
Seamed by many a care-worn furrow—
Not as fresh and fair as now ;
Robbed of all the golden ringlets,
That his beauty now enhance ;

Wearing, as to hide its wrinkles,
 The Imperial crown of France.

'Neath *our* roof-tree fondly nestles
 Just the dearest little thing,
That within an earth-home ever
 Folded up its tiny wing.

Eyes of blue, and golden tresses
 Waving round a brow of light,
Looks she like a little cherub
 In her flowing robes of white.
With no ornaments we deck her,
 But the charms that nature gives,
Save a pair of golden arrows,
 Looping up her little sleeves.

At her birth no bells were pealing,
 Save the silver bells of joy ;
At her feet bows no proud nation,
 As before the Emperor's boy ;

But I've often heard at twilight,
 Angel feet come tripping in ;
Bending o'er her midnight slumbers,
 Often angel forms have seen ;
And I almost hear them tell her
 That a *crown of glory* bright,
Waits to bind *our* baby's forehead
 In the blessed world of light.

MEMORIES.

COOL, fragrant, glorious, comes the still night on,
Spreading its dark wing o'er the azure sky ;
The air is full of many a lulling sound,
And each bright, blushing flower hath shut its eye,
While deep within my inmost soul, are stirred
Thoughts that I fain would fashion into words.

Memory is leading through the tangled years,
Back to a night as beauteous as this,
Where a white-haired old man smoothed back my curls,
And placed upon my rosy cheek a kiss,
And called me " baby," though five summers then
My feet had trod the paths of mortal men.

Next pauses memory at a new-made grave,
When the first bitter tears of childhood fell ;
They crossed the aged hands above the breast,
Closed the dear eyes whose light I loved so well,
Brushed the white hair back from the settled brow,
And told *me*, "*Grandpa is an angel now.*"

I could not fathom it — my childish eyes
Looked not through Faith's clear telescope to Heaven ;
Saw not the blood-washed robes, the waving palm,
Nor to that hoary head the bright crown given ;
I only knew that something dear had flown —
The old arm-chair was empty — I alone.

Since then I've passed through childhood's fair domain,
With bounding step in girlhood's realm have stood ;

And now, as passing years have wreathed my brow,
With the fair crown of early womanhood,
Once more have those green turfs been torn aside—
Another of our household treasures died.

She was a stranger with us, as it were,
For those who in life's early paths had trod
Beside her, one by one had turned away,
And laid their weary heads beneath the sod ;
Yet was she ever gathering, day by day,
Rich treasures of affection on her way.

They made another grave beneath the hill,
They reared another marble tomb-stone high ;
And though my tears fell faster than before,
They were less bitter ; for beyond the sky
I knew those earth-tired ones had found a home,
Ever through meadow-lands of bliss to roam.

And I have learned that sadder tears are wept
Than those we shed when kindred loved ones die ;
That there are deeper graves than those we make,
As flowery portals, leading to the sky —
Graves of our fondest hopes, our darling dreams,
Form the *heart's burial-ground* their tablets gleam.

And yet, to-night I thank Thee, Oh my God,
That e'er from Marah's wave my lips have quaffed ;
Though clouds and darkness round about Thee dwell,
Thy hands have mingled sweetness with the draught,
And taught me that each earthly hope that dies
Forms a bright link to draw us to the skies.

SARAH A. BOYCE,

OF DANBY.

A BARGAIN.

"GOING! going! going!

Who bids for the mother's care?

Who bids for the blue-eyed girl?

Her skin is fair, and her soft brown hair

Is guiltless of a curl!"

The mother clasped her babe

With an arm that love made strong;

She heaved no sigh, but her burning eye

Told of the spirit's wrong.

She gazed on the heartless crowd,

But no pitying glance she saw,

For the crushing woe her soul must know

Was sanctioned by the law.

"Going! gentlemen! going!

The child is worth your bids;

Here's a bargain to be gained,—

This chubby thing will one day bring

A pile of yellow gold."

"A dollar a pound!" cries a voice

Hoarsely from out the throng;

"Two! three! five!" it calls and the hammer falls;

"Five dollars, gentlemen, gone!"

Five dollars a pound! and his hand,

Just stretched to grasp the child,

Is smitten aside by the giant might

Of the maniac mother, wild.

One moment, and the loaded whip
Is poised above her head,
Then down, *down*, it came on her helpless frame,
Like a crushing weight of lead.
With a tightening grasp on her kidnapped child,
She falls to the cold, damp ground ;
And the baby is laid on the scales and weighed,
And sold for five dollars per pound !
And the eye of the sun looks down
Undimmed on such scenes of sin ;
And the freeman's tongue must be chained and dumb,
Though his spirit burn within.
O God ! for a million tongues
To thunder Freedom's name,
And to utter a cry which should pierce the sky,
The indignant cry of shame !
Our eagle's talons are red
With the reeking blood of the slave,
And he kindly flings his protecting wings
O'er the site of Freedom's grave !
How long, O Lord ! how long !
Awake in thy mercy and might,
And hasten the day which shall open the way
Of Truth, and Justice and Right.

LAMENT FOR DR. E. K. KANE,

WHO DIED AT HAVANA, FEBRUARY 16, 1867.

WAIL ! for the mighty is fallen !
Mourn ! for our loved one sleeps !

The pride of our nation in death lies low,
And the flower of our nation weeps !
The man who knew not fear
Has bowed to the foe at last ;
And the hero brave of our Northern Seas
In death is frozen fast.
Let the anguished wail ring out,
Our mountains and rocks among,
And the blackened cloud of woe be found
Where the morning sunbeams hung !
Mother ! thou 'st shed not thy tears alone !
A nation weeps for thy death-cold son !
Father ! mingling its tears with thine
A wide world bows at thy lost ones' shrine !
There is no beauty, nor glory, nor grace ;
There is no certain abiding place,
 Since he could die
 While his sun shone high,
While the blast of the silver trump of fame
Like music over his spirit came,
And the worshiping love of a nation's heart
 Was freely poured to him ;
But the star of his glory that flashed in pride
 In death is clouded and dim.
 Gone ! gone ! gone !
 We shall never see him more,
 Nevermore ! nevermore !
 His work is done !
His good brig is moored at last,
Sails are furled and cables fast,

And through ages long and chill
The same ice shall shroud it still,
 In its narrow home !
But the captain is not there !
Boundless fields of knowledge fair
 Now are all his own !
And the simple, earnest prayer
Breathed in suffering and care,
 “ Restore us to our home,”
God in mercy bowed to hear,
And beneath the sable bier
 Rests the wearied one !
The strong men of the sea,
 Whose hearts are true and bold,
Mourn that their loved and honored chief
 Lies in his earth-bed cold ;
And Hans in his distant Etah home,
 Will weep in the arms of his bride,
When he knows that the *naleyak* he loved
 Has laid him down and died.
Rest in thy slumber sweet !
 The laurel is on thy brow !
And the tears of a wide world's bleeding heart
 Are poured around thee now !
Thou knowest it not ; in thy Father's arms
 There is rest and peace for thee,
Where the weary soul “ remembereth not
 The moaning of the sea ! ”

FRANK PHELPS,

FORMERLY of Middlebury, now of Burlington, Iowa.

EXTRACT FROM AN OREGON LETTER.

DEAR BILLY, as you're interested
In my fortune and life in this clime,
A few naked facts I've invested,
In most ungrammatical rhyme.
'Tis in fact an *accusative* case,
And, that I may be well understood,
My verbal complaint I will trace
In a very *indicative* mood.

In exile and woods beyond measure,
I'm homesick and ready to die,
For, as for my visions of pleasure,
Alas! they were all in my eye.
No books in this vast desolation,
For nothing but *tree-leaves* are near,
And instead of refined conversation,
The *lo-cusses* sigh in my ear.

I dare not attempt e'en to write,—
My *rhetorical* flowers would be blighted—
If a rhyme I essayed to *indite*,
The Dryads would have me *indicted*.
Besides 't is so terribly hot,
I fear that, by natural laws,
Like a lobster put into a pot,
I'll be boiled in the midst of my *clause*.

My nose, too, confirms my conjectures—
 It looks about right to be bled ;
 E'en my whiskers, like Erdix's lectures,
 Are most unbecomingly *red*.

Of this drear life I've had quite enough,
 It's unsuited for peasant or dauphin ;
 I've a mind to run into a *cough*,
 To run myself into a *coffin* ;
 For often my weary soul yearns
 From this nest of warm clay to be flying,
 Like the plebeian fellow who earns
 A very good *living* by *dyeing*.

So I give up in heavy despair,
 And let go of the tax-list of fame,
 While my cronies who seek for it there,
 Will vainly look out for my name ;
 And my mother, in ignorance blest,
 Will think it is very surprising
 That her son, who went down to the West,
 Has so slender a prospect of rising !

THE ERRAND OF MEMORY.

THERE'S a mound among the mountains, where Missis-
 quoi's water flows,
 Perfumed and guarded daily by the willow and the rose ;
 And nestling in its close embrace, there sleeps the form
 of one
 Whom envious angels stole away ere life was scarce begun.

There 's a city on the prairie, and amid its ceaseless din,
To daily toil a tired youth is passing out and in ;
But his heart is with the sunrise, where its earliest morn-
ing wave
Rests, with a golden glory, upon his darling's grave.

So with us all. The longing soul will leave the plodding
feet
That gather dust and weariness on life's track-hardened
street,
To tread the grassy graveyard of the joys that Tempus
slays,
And wander 'mid the monuments of its departed days.
The buds that partly glisten in to-morrow's doubtful light,
May wither and be fragrantless before the fall of night ;
But the blessedness of yesterday is with us still to-day,
Locked with the treasure of the heart, and cannot fade
away.

Then guard with sacred jealousy the few perennial flowers
That graced the garden of the soul, in life's untainted
hours :

And when the book of memory is opened to thy gaze,
That thou mayst read the history of half-forgotten days,
Pardon the briny rivulet that drops along the cheek,—
The flesh obeys the spirit, and the record makes it weak.
As the bosom of the lake reflects the glory of the day,
When to the west the setting sun creeps stealthily away,

So all the brighter lights along the path of life were
given

As mirrors of our Father's love, to show the blaze of
Heaven.

Lo ! where the gleam of former years shoots down the
path ahead,

And lights with glorious radiance, the forest of the dead !
Follow the golden thread of fire, that when, at last, you
stand

Midway between the giant worlds that rise on either
hand,—

When in the darksome valley, you may lean upon the rod
And staff of our Great Comforter, and gently go to God.

THE MANGER BABY.

In Bethlehem's stable, when the keen
Blast of the night is loud and wild,
Amid the dreary gloom is seen
The smiling of a little child.

A light comes streaming down from God,
To fill the humble shed, and lave
The dwellers in that poor abode
With the bright silver of its wave.

Why to this world that none can bless,—
This world so full of grief and sin,
Where men are dead in trespasses,
Cometh the little stranger in ?

Be glad, oh ! sorrow-stricken earth,
Ye sons of men, sing out with joy,

For all the sadness and the death
Are scattered by the Virgin's boy.
Lord ! let us faithful, meek and good,
And pure as little children be,
And take us, hallowed by His blood,
To dwell with Christ, the Child, and Thee.

EGBERT PHELPS.

FORMERLY of Middlebury, now a resident of Alexandria, Louisiana.

SONG.

MY bonnie lassie 's far awa',
And life wi' me drags sair and weary,
Nae lightsome joy is in it a',
Till I again maun see my deary.
The gay birds sing on ilka tree,
The brook gaes onward, dancin', singin';
Each sang o' Nature's fu' o' glee,
But a' my heart wi' grief is ringin'.
Over hill and over dale,
And o'er the muir sae dark and dreary,
My weary soul gaes greeting sair
For ane I lo'e, my ain, my deary.
I count na' weeks, I count na' days,
I count na' hours sae dark and dreary ;
I only count my ain heart-beats,

Till I again maun see my deary.
 She 's fair as ony simmer flower,
 Her voice as sweet as winds at even ;
 Her merry laugh's a joy to me,
 And aye her e'e's a glimpse o' Heaven.
 Over hill and over dale, &c.

Her very step, sae light and free,
 Her merry sang, sae blithe and cheery ;
 Her every look is dear to me
 When absence parts me from my deary.
 Though time may dim those een sae bright,
 And a' youth's gowden chords may sever,
 To me, through life, till death's dark night,
 She'll aye be young and dear as ever.
 Over hill and over dale,
 And o'er the muir sae dark and dreary,
 My weary soul gaes greeting sair
 For ain I lo'e, my ain, my deary.

THE DREAM OF REMORSE.

'Tis done ! 'tis done ! the deed is done,
 And thy bleeding heart I see ;
 But the fiends of hell that urged me on
 From my withered heart are vanished and gone,
 And I'm left alone with thee.

I'm alone ! for see ! how each creeping thing,
 Crawls away from my living blight !

The wild bird flees on a frightened wing,
The serpent has sheathed his venomous sting,
And glides from my blasting sight.

No! no! not alone! they are here again!
Foul ghosts will ye leave me never?
Through life must I cling to this clanking chain,
And list to the taunts of that fiendish strain,
That will haunt my lost spirit forever?

The blood-red hours of the gory past
Flit over my dreaming eyes,
With their dead dreams hurrying thick and fast,
And my coward spirit stares aghast
At the specters that round me rise.

There are joys long urned in that phantom throng,
There are hope-leaves withered and sere;
There's a broken vow and a tuneless song,
A sigh and a prayer and a burning wrong,
A bitter and scalding tear.

There's a broken heart and a mocking laugh
Entwined on a skeleton bier;
There's a cup of woe that a fiend might quaff,
And a dancing mirth, too merry by half,
For a dream so lurid and drear.

They come! they come! I can see them now!
That gibbering, ghastly train;
And they write in fire on my shuddering brow—
They clutch in their talons a murdered vow;
They dance in my reeling brain.

Gods ! how these fiery letters scorch !
 How they seethe and simmer and glow !
 They have fired my soul with a flaming torch,
 To light them on in their tomb-ward march
 To their graves in the long ago.

Ha ! ha ! how they step with a corpse-like tread !
 How they gibber and gibe and jeer !
 And my heart grows chill with a ghostly dread,
 As I gaze on the forms of the long, long dead,
 All gathered in mockery here.

How their eye-balls gleam through the sulphurous air !
 How they glare on my phrensied eye !
 How they point with their long, long fingers there !
 How they howl a mad chorus of stark despair !
 How they mock at my agonized cry !

I will scoff with ye now, for I cannot weep —
 The fountains of tears are broken ;
 The waves are of hell that over me sweep,
 And the flames of delirum never will sleep,
 For the sentence of wrath is spoken.

IN MEMORIAM.

UNDER the sod in the flowery dell,
 Where the silver-toned breezes are sighing ;
 Down by the rivulet's murmuring swell,
 Under the lilies she loved so well,
 My sweet cousin Carrie is lying.

Bright are the flowrets that over her bloom,
Round her green mosses are twining ;
Sadly the willow droops over her tomb—
Softly the mellow light hallows its gloom,
Down from the spirit-land shining.

The low, modest tombstone, is crumbling and gray
With the shadow of years o'er it creeping ;
And the light of her memory is fading away
From the hearts of the loved of that earlier day ;
The dirges of memory are sleeping.
Yet I see her before me as clearly to-night
As she burst on my boyhood's young vision,
In those days when she danced in my dreams of delight ;
In those days that were happy and joyous and bright,
In that soul cherished season Elysian.

But that season is past, and I cannot recall
The joys that no longer are beaming,
For their brightness but served to embroider a pall,
And that grave in the valley has swallowed them all ;
They live but in memory's seeming.
Under the sod in the flowery dell,
Where the silver-toned breezes are sighing—
Under the sound of the rivulet's swell,
Under the lilies she loved so well,
My sweet cousin Carrie is lying.

SONG OF THE DEPARTED.

WEEP not! for angels in Heaven are singing
In joy o'er the ransomed whose earth-ties are riven ;
Weep not! for arches eternal are ringing—
Thy loss upon earth is a triumph in Heaven.
I'm waiting for thee where the glory-light lingers,
And blends its soft rays with the sunlight of peace ;
Where the songs of the harps, swept by seraphim's fingers,
Float on through eternity, never to cease.
Then dry thy sad tears and bewail me no longer,
Nor think that thy sorrow forever shall be ;
For the love of the soul is both purer and stronger,
In the land where I'm watching and waiting for thee.

NORMAN TAYLOR.

THE CROSSERS OF THE RHINE.

INVASION OF FRANCE BY THE ALLIED ARMIES IN 1813. -

FROM Russia's frozen regions,
From Circassia's icy hills,
From Sweden's cold, dark mountains
To the Tyrol's cliffs and dells ;
From Austria and from Prussia,
To the Asiatic line,
The war-battalions hasten
Toward the valley of the Rhine.

The Muscovita's black eagle,
And Austria's standard gay,
And Prussia's blood-red banner
Float above the dark array ;
Float above the dark array
That in almost endless line
Is pouring fiercely onward
Toward the valley of the Rhine.

Past Moscow's smouldering ruins —
Past the Kremlin's shattered form —
Past many a battle-field where raged
The deadly carnage storm —
Past Vienna's smitten walls,
Where fell war's scathing rod —
Past Schoenbruna's princely halls,
Where Napoleon's feet hath trod —
Past where Prince Louis sleepeth —
Past the Duke of Brunswick's grave —
Past where the Danube leapeth
Wildly toward the ocean's wave ;
Pass they on — each day gathering,
Gathering new revenge and hate
For him who made their cities
And their firesides desolate.
Pass they on, those stern legions,
In one broad and sweeping line ;
On, still hastening onward,
Toward the valley of the Rhine.

But between them and that valley
Stand those chieftains, eagle-eyed,

Who have oft in steel array
Led the battle's pouring tide ;
Who have crossed the mighty Alps,
Who have swept the German land,
Who have trod the snows of Russia
And Egypt's fiery sand.
Yes, between them and that valley
Gleams the carnage steel,
And the battle-legions glitter,
And slumbers the battle-peal
That waits in silence deep,
To pour its thunder forth
On the storm-like rushing columns
Of the cold and distant North.
Yes, through these stern and silent legions,
That dark, invading line
Must tread the path of carnage
To the valley of the Rhine.

Onward come the pouring armies,
As the fierce waves tread the main,
Through dark ravine and mountain gorge,
And o'er the vale and plain ;
Down on Napoleon's legions,
The fierce war-surges sweep,
As in the tempest-hour the clouds
Pour down upon the deep ;
And o'er the flaming cannon,
Through ranks of valient men ;
Through battle-blaze and flashing steel,

And through the battle din ;
O'er their own noble warriors,
By tens of thousands slain ;
O'er lines of fallen foemen ;
O'er the slaughter-reddened plain ;
Night and day still struggling on,
That stern, unyielding line
Hews its bloody way
To the valley of the Rhine.

France's firmest, bravest legions,
Fly before that cloud of steel ;
Back through the carnage-vapor,
Her defeated armies reel.
Horsemen and artillery,
In long, disordered line,
Torn ranks and broken columns,
In wild tumult cross the Rhine.

And on the flying Frank they press,
Those legions strong and brave,
Like the fierce, resistless tempest,
Or the rolling ocean wave ;
And still behind the conquering host
They come in broad and mighty line,
Still countless, countless legions
Pour along, along the Rhine.
Yes along that peaceful river,
Where in beauty lay the plain,
Where smiled the gentle flowers,
And waved the golden grain ;

Now the Cossack lances gleam,
And the Prussian bayonets shine,
And the Austrian sabers flash,
Along the valley of the Rhine.
On, onward sweeps the war-cloud,
On the flying enemy's track,
And behind the sable vapor,
Behind the curtain dark,
Fiercely glare the blazing cannon,
And gleams the surging line
That is pouring densely downward
From the valley of the Rhine.
All in vain Napoleon's genius—
All in vain his marshals brave,
Attempt to stay the progress
Of that sweeping battle-wave.
The flower of their noble army
Is swept down beneath the line,
On their cold bosoms press the feet
Of the crossers of the Rhine.

Now bursting through the battle-cloud
The thronging legions come,
With the exulting bugle blast,
And rolling battle-drum ;
Through the lofty gates of Paris
Sweeps along the gleaming line,
Floats along the streets the banners
Of the crossers of the Rhine.
The dark, stern host of Russia,

And Prussia's steel array,
And Austria's countless thousands
Fierce from the bloody fray ;
In each street of the splendid city,
The battle weapons shine,
And rumbles the heavy cannon
Of the crossers of the Rhine.
Beneath her conquerors' feet,
France torn and bleeding lies,
And her oft-victorious eagles,
Float not beneath her skies ;
And Napoleon's proud dynasty,
In the commencement of its line,
Is trampled by the feet
Of the crossers of the Rhine.

MRS. HELEN M. L. WARNER,

A NATIVE of South Hero, now a resident of Manteno, Illinois.

FARMERS' BOYS.

Out in every tempest, out in every gale,
Buffeting the weather, wind and storm and hail,
In the meadow mowing, in the shadowy wood,
Letting in the sunlight where the tall oaks stood,
Every fitting moment each skillful hand employs—
Bless me ! were there ever idle farmers' boys ?
Though the palm be callous holding fast the plough,
The round cheek is ruddy, and the open brow

Has no lines and furrows wrought by evil hours,
For the heart keeps wholesome, trained in Nature's
 bowers :

Healthy, hearty pastime, the spirit never cloy ;
Heaven bless the manly, honest farmers' boys.
At the merry husking, at the apple-bee,
How their hearts run over with genial, harmless glee ;
How the country maidens blush with conscious bliss,
At the love-words whispered with a parting kiss.
Then the winter evenings, with their social joys—
Bless me ! they are pleasant, spent with farmers' boys.

FARMERS' GIRLS.

Up in the early morning, just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy, turning the cows away,
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen, making the beds up
 stairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes, dusting the parlor chairs ;
Brushing the crumbs from the pantry, hunting for eggs
 at the barn,
Cleaning the turnips for dinner, spinning the stocking-
 yarn,
Spreading the whitening linen down on the bushes below,
Ransacking every meadow, where the red strawberries
 grow ;
Starching the " fixens " for Sunday, churning the snowy
 cream,
Rinsing the pails and strainer down in the running stream,

Feeding the geese and turkies, making the pumpkin pies,
Jogging the little one's cradle, driving away the flies;
Grace in every motion, music in every tone,
Beauty of form and feature, a princess might covet to
 own,
Cheeks that rival spring-roses, teeth the whitest of pearls,
One of these country maids are worth a score of your
 city girls.

THE HAPPIEST TIME.

THE setting sun shed its soft light across a cottage floor;
A little babe prattled and played beside that cottage door.
Grasping a box with pebbles filled she laughed to hear
 their chime ;

Her mother smiled, then sighed, and said, "This is her
 happiest time."

Beneath a spreading olden oak a tiny house was made ;
The babe now eight years old or more within its shadow
 played.

Her mimic house she spread with moss, and shadowed
 o'er with vine ;

An old man passing paused and said, "This is her hap-
 piest time."

A maiden at her mirror stood, and dressed her sunny hair ;
The rose was blushing on her cheek, her brow was pass-
 ing fair.

And while she warbled joyously from morn till vesper
chime,

An old dame listening murmured low, "This is her happiest time."

She stood before the altar, earth never seemed so gay ;
Love strewed her path with glorious flowers, hope lured
her on her way ;

She seemed an angel spirit sent from a celestial clime
To make earth beautiful,—was this to be her happiest
time ?

A cold and rigid form is dressed in snowy drapery now ;
The hair is smoothly braided o'er a quiet marble brow ;
The eye is shut, the cheek is pale, and yet the face I know :
The prattling babe,—the child,—the maid,—the bride
of long ago.

A strong man bends his head and moans, "God help,
else I repine ;"

An angel whispers, pointing up, "THIS is her happiest
time."

GEN. F. W. HOPKINS,

OF RUTLAND.

THE FALL OF MISSOLONGHI.

I STOOD on the land of the olden time,
Of the Grecian bard and the Attic rhyme,

While far away in the distance lay
The hosts of the Panym in proud array,
When the far-off roll of the deep tambour
Broke in like a knell on the silent hour!
To the Divan calling:—Ye sons of the proud!
Ye thirstful of blood! prepare the death-shroud
For the refuse of earth—the Heliote slave!
Oh! stay, ye 're preparing the Souliote's grave.
Then hushed was the hum of the tambour's deep call,
And death-like silence spread gloom over all,
Save the sea-gull's scream or Ionian's roar,
As he dashed his waves on Etolia's shore.
A star-like brilliancy lit up that even,
With all of the witchery of Alla's Heaven;
As reared they the cross, the crescent defying,
The emblem of death, the hope of the dying.
Woe to thee, city! the blackness of death
Hangs over thee now, and destruction's fierce breath
Shall sweep from thy sight the strong and the brave,
And scream a dirge over the Souliote's grave.
Wild on the air comes the father's last prayer,
Breathed o'er his sons in their sireless despair.
Woe to thee, city! from the graves of their sire
Those sons shall rush forth in the strife to expire;
No more shall thy minstrels attune the glad song,
Or breathe forth their strains thy fair groves among;
But from thy lone walls the hoarse cry of the owl
Shall mingle at night with the wild tempest's howl.
'Tis now in the deep of the midnight hour,
When spirits weird of the grave have power.

Hope the Souliote guides—the soul's vestal light,
Like the sailor's star through the clouds of night,
She leads him bold forth to meet the fierce hour,
With eye on the cross 'gainst proud Ibrahim's power,
While the high mount and vale bland Zephyrus fans,
And sleep holds the Moslem in mystic bands.
How quick beats the heart, how strains the fixed eye
The signal to catch as it shoots to the sky ;
And now in mid-air the bright signal gleams—
The eagle in fright from his aerie screams
The knell of the brave. Again all is still,
Save the music low of the murmuring rill.
Now steal forth in silence that Souliote band,
A wreck of what once 'gainst the mighty might stand.
They 've gone from the city—Oh ! shades of the blest !
Look ye on your remnant ! List Mercy's behest ;
Nay, hushed be thy prayer, the dark hour is nigh,
And fierce is the shout of the Moslems' war-cry.
O'erwhelming the rush of the billows of war,
And true is the lance and the fell cimeter.
Oh ! unearthly those sounds that mingle in air—
The groans of the dying, the shrieks of despair ;
But fiercer the cry that ends the mad hours—
“*Alla il Alla, the victory is ours !*”
The breeze of Zephyrus still sweeps o'er the plain,
The night-bird shrieks o'er the dust of the slain ;
But time's 'whelming tide, like the deep sea-wave,
Shall erase from memory the Souliote's grave.
O'er mountain and vale the moonbeams still play,
And the sun still sheds its bright golden ray ;

But brighter — far brighter, the star of the brave,
As its mild luster beams on the Souliote's grave.
The hope of the brave, with the slain shall ne'er rest,
The voice of the grave fired the Souliote's breast;
And its power o'er the nerved Grecian shall be,
Till his blood stain the land and wave of the sea.
Let the tide of thy triumph, Oh Panyon, flow strong;
Let the voice of thy Houris still cheer thee with song;
But I see o'er thy mirth the thick tempests lower,
And a black night shall close the day of thy power.

MRS. ANN E. PORTER,

OF SPRINGFIELD.

THE FIRSTBORN.

LIKE the sweet snow-drop mid its sheltering leaves,
I laid my babe within its cradle bed;
Its little hands were folded on its breast,
And calm as angel's brow its quiet sleep;
One tiny foot from 'neath the mantle's folds
Had strayed, all stainless from the dust of earth.
I bent me o'er the couch of this sweet babe,
And all the gushing tenderness of love
Came welling up from my fond, happy heart;
A mother's pangs were all forgotten then —
All lost in the o'erwhelming tide of love.

Just then the babe awoke and turned its eyes,
Its soft blue eyes, up to my own and smiled ;
'Twas his first smile ; and to my spirit seemed
Like Heaven's blessing on the holy bond.
O ! there are moments in this fleeting life
When every pulse beats love, and the soft air
Is full of fragrance from a purer clime ;
And then how sweet it is to pray—far better
Than to praise—that is the voice of gladness,
But deepest joy doth vent itself in prayer.
And thus my heart in humble reverence prayed :
O God, I thank Thee for this precious gift !
This gem from Heaven's regalia, fair and pure ;
O ! make me pure, my spirit fresh baptize,
That I may guard my Heaven-lent treasure well,
Nor dim its brightness with the breath of sin ;
But, with a sleepless vigil in a world
Of guilt, be faithful to the holy trust,
And bear it back to Thee when Thou shalt call,
All pure and polished for my Maker's crown.

MRS. A. D. HEMENWAY,

OF LUDLOW.

MY FOREST HOME.

My birth and early home were where
The wild flowers sweetly bloomed,
And mid the opening forest glade
The radiant morn perfumed.

No glittering spires or lofty domes
E'er met my youthful eye,
But the Green Mountain's archy brow
And blue transparent sky.

Each flowery bed and hill and stream,
All wore a charm for me,
And shadowing o'er the mossy turf,
There stood my favorite tree.
Beneath its branches oft I knelt
And breathed a vesper prayer,
While evening shades were gathering round,
And none but God was there.

But, like the morning's fragrant rose,
That sips the pearly dew,
Those sunny days of life's young morn
In swift succession flew.
And I have never found a home
So sweetly free from care,
As that dear forest home of mine,
So lovely and so fair.

AUTUMN.

THE Summer's golden days are past,
Its blooming tints are fled,
And Autumn's frost o'er hill and dale
A withering blight has spread.

The chilling blast sweeps wailing by,
And calls, Oh, man! to thee,—
Go, read upon the fading leaf
Thy future destiny.

As fairest blossoms withered lie,
Sad emblems of decay,
So time's rude frost will fade thy cheek,
And thou must pass away.

THE MINIATURE.

HERE in these pictured eyes I trace,
Sweet child, thy infant charms,
Till as I gaze I seem again
To fold thee in my arms.

The cherry lip, the dimpled cheek,
The fair, sweet baby-brow,
The winsome smile that played o'er all,
Are fresh before me now.

Yet while I fondly look, I know
It only doth portray
A casket that a jewel held,
That God hath reft away.

WHEN WE ARE GONE.

THE flowers will bloom when we are gone
As fresh and sweet as now,

And droop in beauty o'er the clay
That wraps our mouldered brow.
The stately trees will rear aloft,
Their leafy heads as high,
The gladsome breeze that through them steals
Will not *our* requiem sigh.

Those beauteous hills of green o'er which
Our youthful feet have trod,
Will still remain the same when we
Are slumbering 'neath the sod.
The flower, the tree, the green old hills,—
The years still gliding on—
Will smile back to the guardian stars
As bright, when we are gone.

E. HOWARD LATHROP,

OF MONTPELIER.

INVISIBLE BELLS.—AN EXTRACT.

HAST thou ever loved the Summer
With its buds and with its blossoms,
With its birds and all their music,
With its richly perfumed breezes
As they whirl in scented eddies,
Underneath the dark green arches
Of the old primeval forest?

Hast e'er laid beside the brooklet
On a bank of velvet richness,
And with half-shut eye been dreaming,
Watching with a curious vision
Golden insects flit through sunshine?
Have you ever heard the whisper
Of the zephyr-wind at nightfall?
Have you heard the rippling tinkle
Of the water in its gambols?
Have you heard the pearly dew-drops
As they fall in showers of brilliants
On the rose and on the lily?
I have wandered through the gardens
When the guardian stars were watching
Purple groups of half-blown roses,
Pinks that waste their lives in sweetness,
And when dying, drown in perfume;
And I've marked the slender lily,
With a seeming heavenly longing,
Lift her silver chalice upward—
An inverted bell of silver
With a tongue of gold, low beating
A soft chorus to the music
Of the stars that sang above it;—
And the paling of her beauty,
Fading like some meek "earth-angel,"
Moved and won the fond compassion
Of the gentle god of evening;
And he filled the offered chalice,
Poured rich wine from out the ether,
Filled it with the crystal dew-drops.

Every flower with bells is loaded,
Every vine is throbbing music,
Bells are hung on all its tendrils,
And the leaves are chiming with them.
Bells are strung from earth to heaven,
Strung on threads of quivering star light ;
And the sweet vibrations thrilling
Keep the trembling chords in motion,
Ringing chimes for those that love them.

A. W. SPRAGUE,

OF PLYMOUTH.

THE INSPIRED.

SHE stands beneath the arching dome,
Where thousand burning worlds shine dim,
Her dark hair floating in the breeze,
That softly chants its evening hymn.
Her brow is lifted to the sky,
Her flashing eye burns strangely bright,
As it had caught, from yonder stars
Or some bright heavenly world, its light.
Her lips are parted as to speak,
As if in strange, sweet, glad surprise ;
A light breaks over all her face,
Like morning's golden, sunlit skies.

She stands as though her beating soul
Had first caught glimpse of angel eyes,
And chained, enrapt, she lingers there,
Mute, motionless in glad surprise,
As though her ear first heard the tone
Of seraph voices in the air,
And cheek, and eye, and lip had caught
The glowing smile the angels wear.
As though she stood beneath that sky,
And on that green and grassy sod,
Baptized by angels passing by,
And consecrated unto God.

Ah! what a bursting of earth's bands,
And what a glad, triumphant hour—
The human soul asserts its right,
And feels, at last, Immortal Power.
The chords no mortal hand had waked,
Thrill with the symphony of Heaven,
And Godlike powers are born within,
By God and God's own angels given.
Great thoughts and glorious onward sweep
Like torrents that no power can bind,
Sublime in grandeur as they pass
To the great ocean of the Mind.
The mantle of the beautiful
Has fallen o'er her spirit now,
All bathed in light from that bright Home
Where angels and archangels bow.

LUCIA E. BARTON,

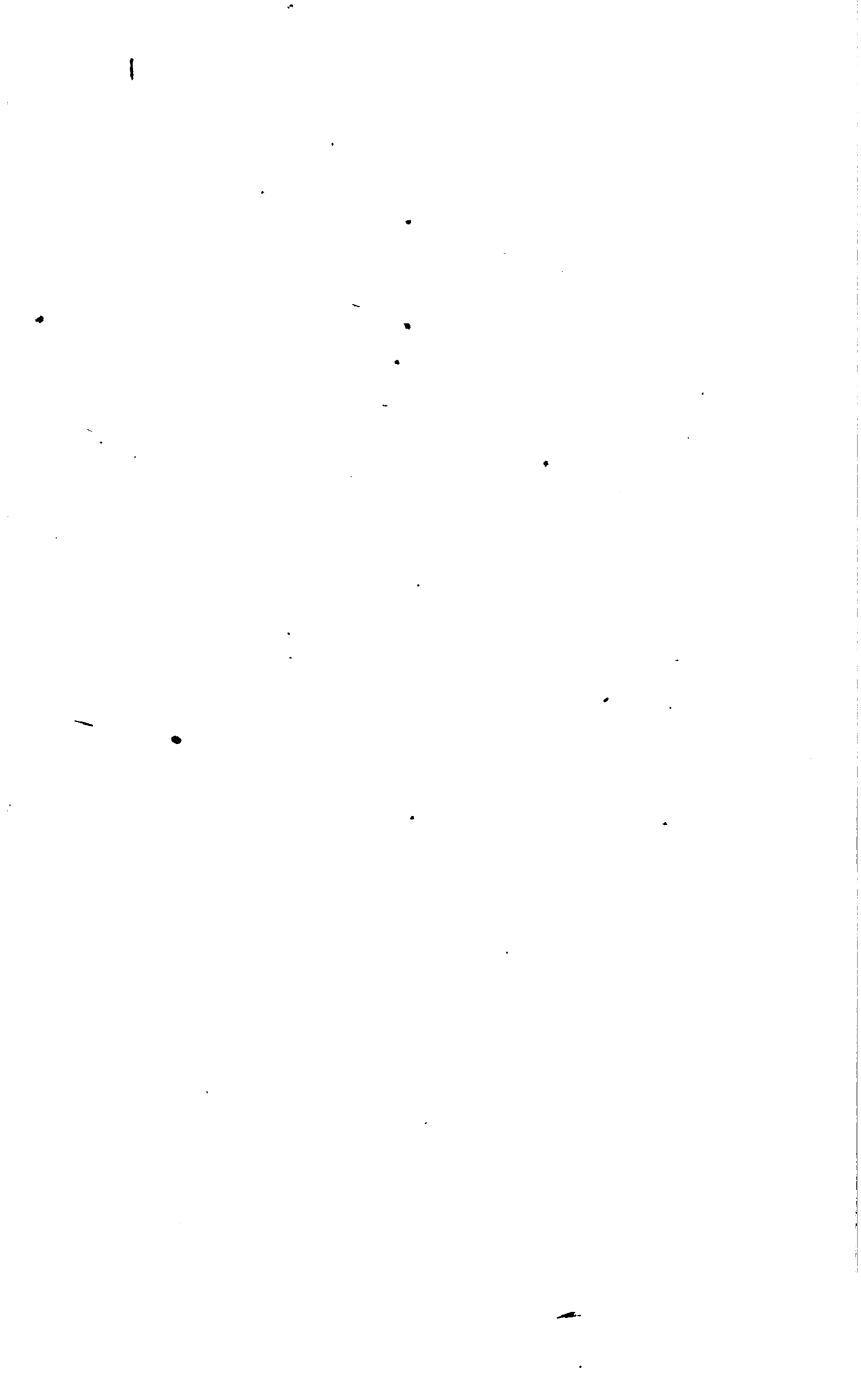
OF LUDLOW.

VERMONT.

THOUGH ne'er an ocean's surging waves
A sandy, beaten strand here laves ;
Nor Commerce spreads her freighted wings
And tribute to thy border brings ;
Nor glittering sands yield golden ore,
Thou hast of gifts as bright a store ;
For hills of lofty grandeur wild
Around thy cottage homes are piled,
Whose rugged scenes are fair to view
When crowned with clouds of golden hue.
And yonder waves a solemn wood
Where Indian brothers proudly stood ;
Those clustering pines, their branches spread
Where council-fires their light have shed.
No lovelier vales are elsewhere seen
Than nestle mid our mountains green,
When flow the merry Spring-time rills,
The air when Summer fragrance fills.
Here Knowledge lifts his hoary head,
And bland o'er all his smile is shed ;
And Freedom's rose, so rich and rare,
Sweet scents our mountains' balmy air.
My native State, so *free*, so dear—
Fresh Nature holds her revels here ;
From beauties rich she culled a gem,
And laid down here her diadem.







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